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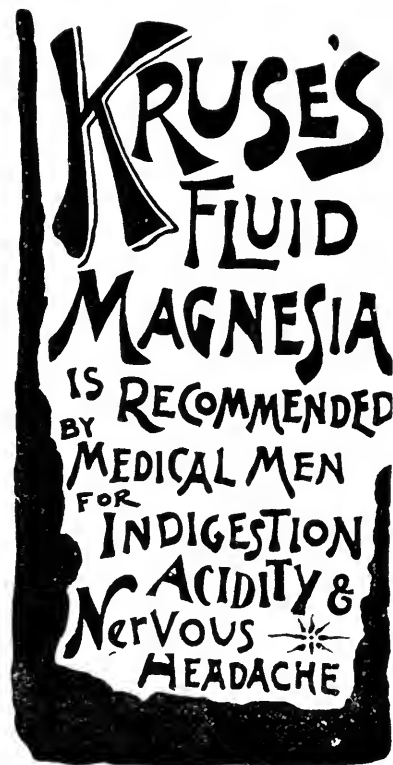
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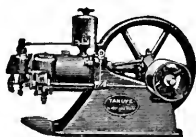
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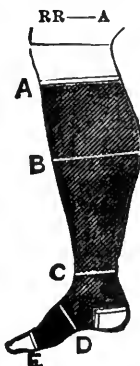
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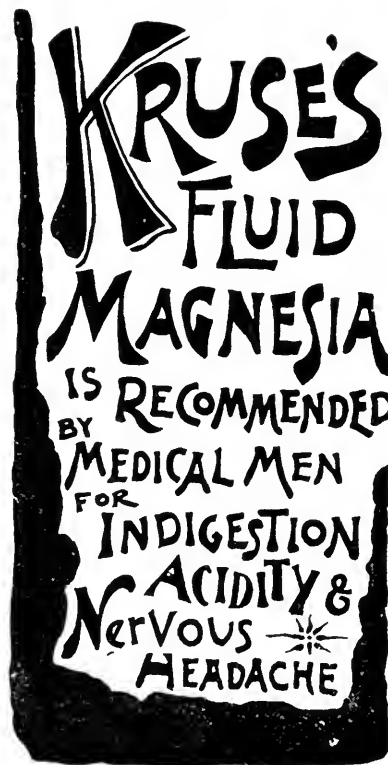
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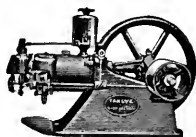
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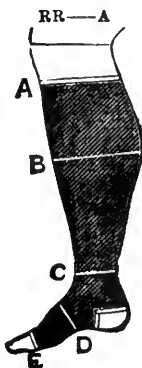
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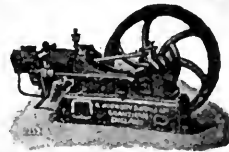
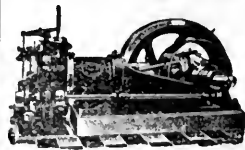
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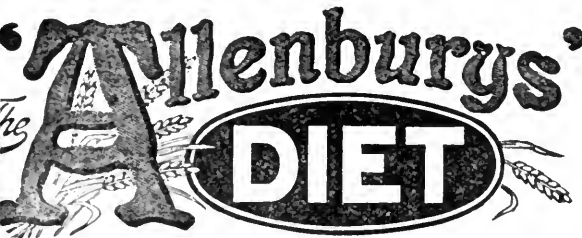
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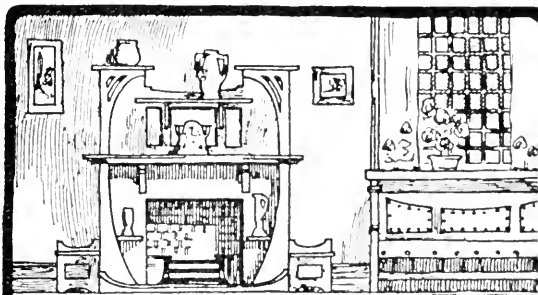
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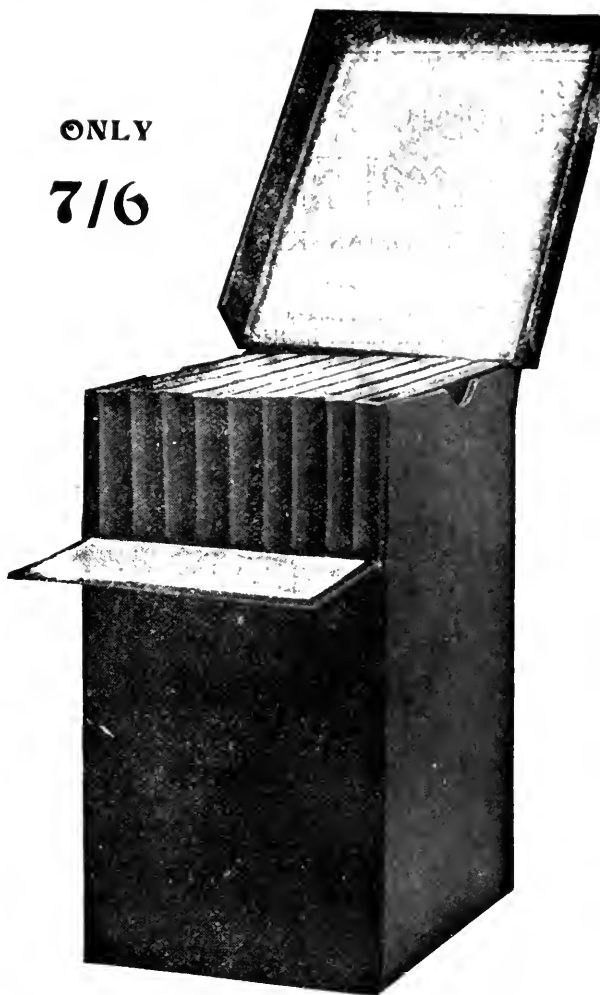
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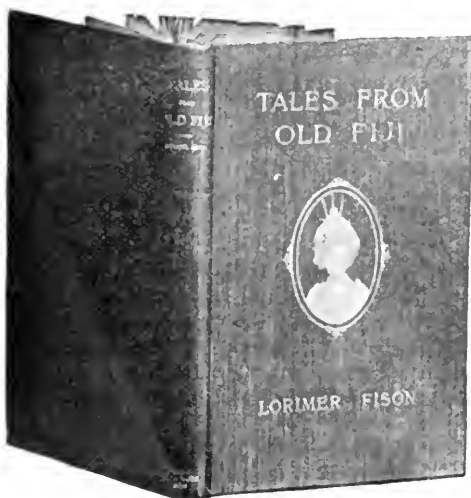
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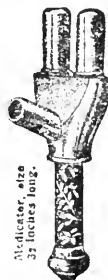


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Mr. W. G. Hearne.

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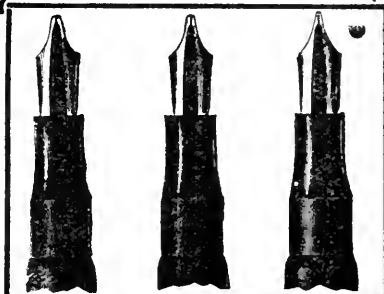
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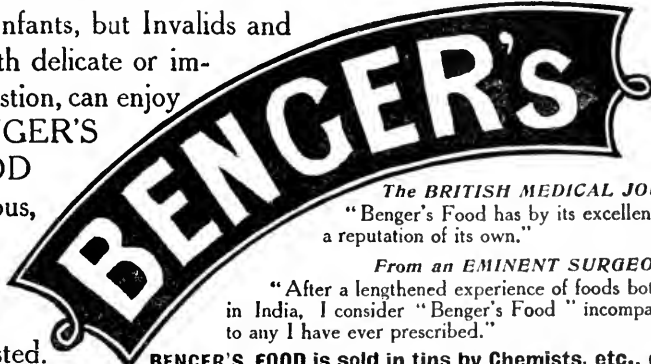
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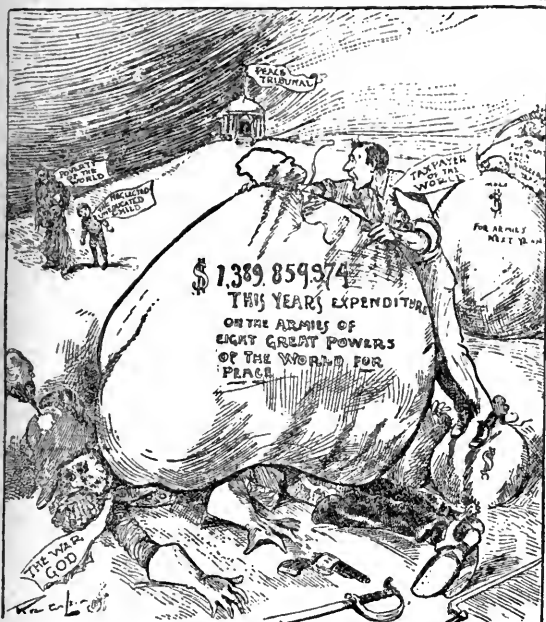
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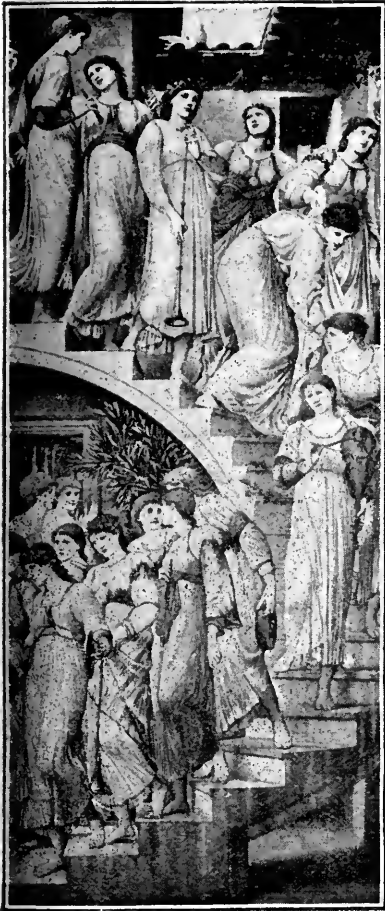
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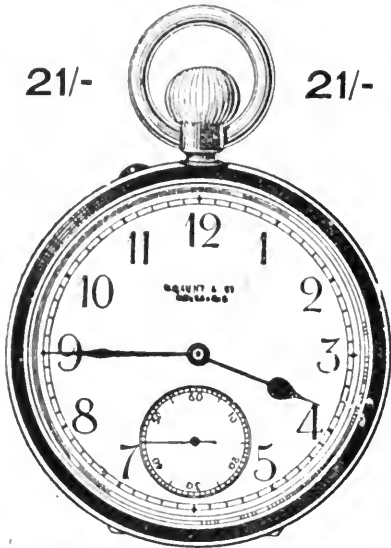
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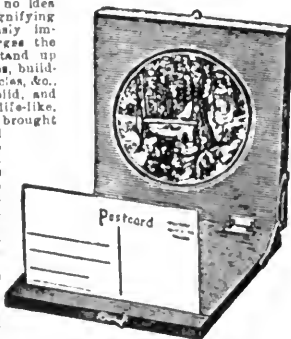
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(ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 8/6.)

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Editor "Review of Reviews" for Australasia.

DR. ALBERT SHAW,

Editor American "Review of Reviews."

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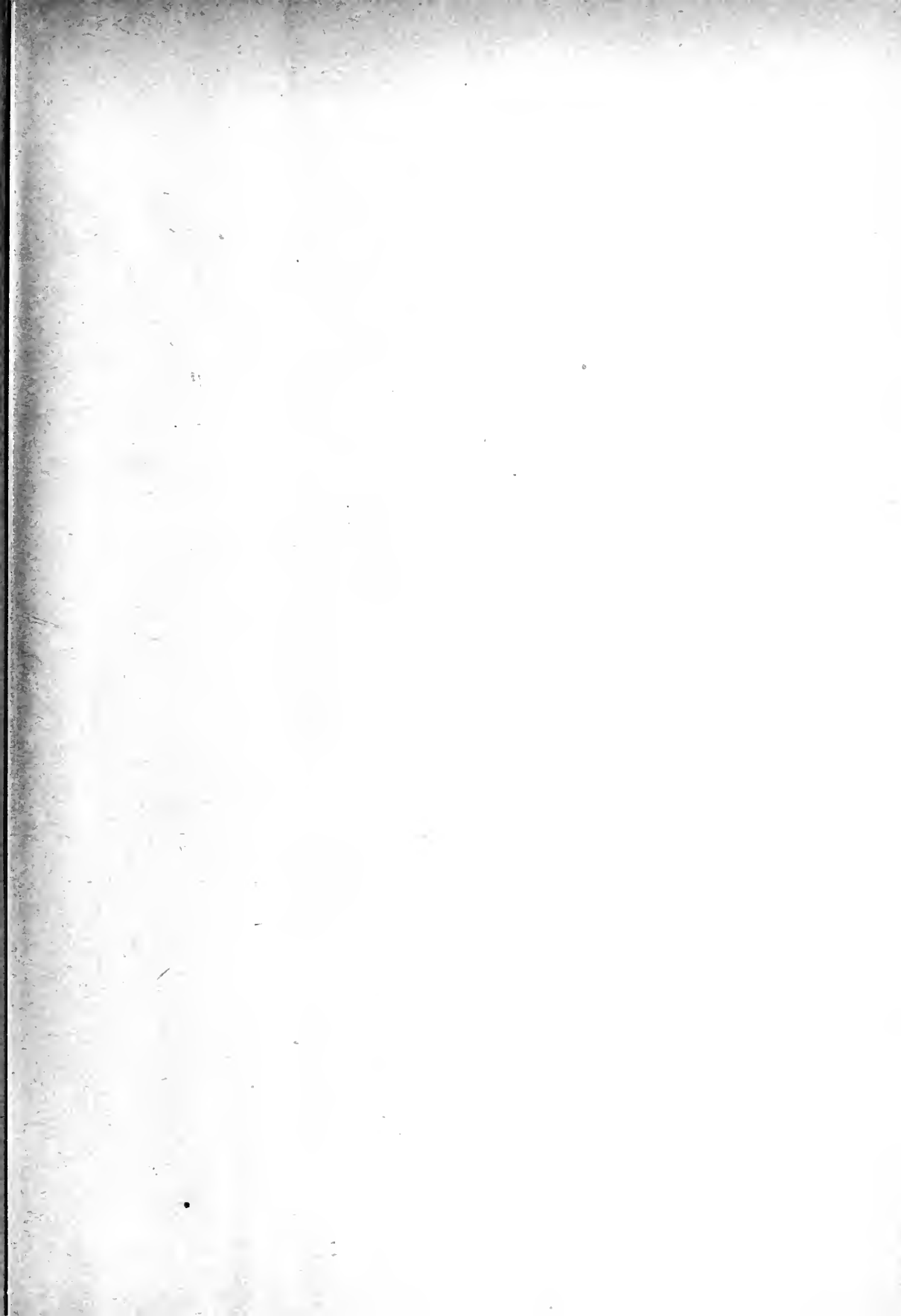
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THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

MELBOURNE, March 11th.

Federal Politics.

The Federal Parliament has met and dispersed without any change in the Government. There was a good deal of speculation as to what would take place, and loud hints of an attack upon the Government, but these turned out to be mere threats. In any case, it would have been rather ungracious thing to have precipitated a crisis on the eve of the arrangements for the members of the Navigation Commission and Mr. Deakin to attend the Conference in London. That would have been a blunder in tactics which the country would have resented; and the short session passed through without anything revolutionary happening.

The New Mail Contracts and Mailed Monopolies.

The new shipping company, formed to carry out a contract with the Federal Government for the carriage of mails to England, seems to have rather a devious way to tread. From indications it would seem as though some of the other shipping companies which are rather interested in Australian trade are doing their best to scotch the new arrangement. This seems all the more remarkable because it has been repeatedly stated on behalf of some companies that the Australian trade did not pay. Now that the contract has slipped through their fingers, it would appear that the trade is so good that it is worth a great deal of fighting for. Strange rumours have been afloat concerning what seemed to be determined efforts to prevent the successful formation of the company, and it looks as though it were going to be a battle between shipping monopolies and the Commonwealth. Mr. Bent has made a proposal to take up £150,000 worth of shares in the new company, and suggests that the other States should do likewise, his idea being, first, to help the company over any difficulty, and, second, to give the States a say in the question of storage and freights, but the other States are fighting shy. This may be an astuter move than at first sight. A financial interest makes Victoria practically a partner, and confers a right to much consideration. A large controlling interest by all the States would guarantee a satisfactory arrange-



[Bulletin.]

The Alleged Mail Contract Difficulty.

Even if the Mail Contract falls through what does it signify? It will only hasten the time when Australia will paddle its own canoe.

ment regarding time tables and freights. One very interesting feature of the proposal is that it has all the appearance of being the first step towards a State-owned shipping service, which, by the way, might not be any less satisfactory than State-owned railways. The only difference is that the vehicle travels on water instead of on steel rails. It is transportation all the same.

Immigration for Queensland.

The difficulty in the Queensland Government seems to have passed over without any trouble. It will be remembered that Mr. Denham, resigned from the Queensland Ministry, his belief

being that the present condition was unworkable. The Queensland Parliament, like nearly every other one, is divided up into a good many parties, and Mr. Denham thought the fusion of some might be possible. Mr. Kidson, however, felt that to do so would be an inconsistency, and he was not willing to sacrifice some of the men who had stood loyally by him and make room for others. Queensland is making such rapid strides in the question of immigration that some of the other States could very well take a leaf out of her book. Mr. Kidson states that it is the intention of his Government to strive to attract suitable immigrants to the State by offering worthy folk assisted passages at a rate somewhere about £3 to £5. It is also considering the question of making a free grant of 160 acres to immigrants who pay their own passages. It further proposes to do what is possible to introduce agricultural labourers without, of course, interfering with present labour conditions or allowing of the dumping of unsuitable men. In order to show what steps this progressive State is taking in other matters, the general programme of the Premier may be given:—

(1) The encouragement of mining; (2) the proposal to utilise the valuable motive power running to waste at Barron Falls, North Queensland; (3) the conservation of water for irrigation purposes; (4) the extension of the principle of grain-sheds; (5) the establishment of a Queensland university; (6) the nationalisation of grammar schools; (7) a referendum on religious instruction in State schools; (8) a referendum on Bills twice rejected by the Legislative Council; (9) a redistribution of seats and reduction of members in the Assembly; (10) a scheme for granting old age pensions; (11) reintroduction of the Shops and Factories Bill, with a provision for Wages Boards, and of the Trades Disputes Bill, both of which were rejected by the Council last session; (12) introduction of a Public Service Insurance and Superannuation Bill; (13) liquor law reform; (14) the establishment of Children's Courts; (15) amendment in the divorce law; (16) a Bill to provide for the maintenance of testators' families.

Legislation is certainly generally becoming more progressive. It would be a revelation to compare the States' present programmes with those of even ten years ago. New South Wales is planning an elaborate scheme for getting out farm labourers and settlers, and the outlook is brighter than it has been for a long time.

The Northern Territory.

Now that the Federal Government has practically made arrangements for the taking over of the Northern Territory from South Australia, it is only reasonable to suppose that something will be done with regard to the settlement of that important part of the Commonwealth. Until now it has been somewhat neglected, although one of the richest districts in the continent. The Federal Government will make a railway down into the interior to join the South Australian line, and the South Australian Government will give its consent to the survey of the West Australian railway line.

One hindrance to the Commonwealth Parliament making much progress with regard to immigration has been the lack of land. With this the States only, they having the land, have been able to deal, and the Federal Government has been hampered to that extent; and it is not unreasonable to expect that an active policy of land settlement will be carried through the Federal House this year. The Northern Territory is really the back door of the Commonwealth, and as such, lying open to the Eastern races, it needs settlement almost more than any other part of the Commonwealth.

The Northern Territory's Resources.

In connection with the opening up of the Northern Territory, it is very probable that the Governor-General will visit the Territory. Some idea of the value of this part of the continent may be obtained from a report from Judge Herbert, who is Government Resident:—

"The climate as a whole is extremely healthy. It is not what we generally term tropical. It is mostly sub-tropical, with a dry heat for the most part. There is no bad form of malaria, and unhealthy spots are few and far between. The territory has an almost unfailing rainfall, confined to a particular part of the year. The rainy season continues from December until April, and from that out dry weather can always be looked forward to. Plains extending for miles and miles need no clearing whatever, and there are vast stretches of open forest country. I am doubtful if any part of Australia has such a splendid river system. From the Macarthur River, on the east, to the Victoria River in the west, the coast is pierced by several waterways presenting facilities for irrigating the lands through which they flow. The Victoria River alone, serves no less than 90,000 square miles of country. From the Victoria Downs, in the west, to the table lands in the east, you have one of the finest pastoral areas in Australia. One cattle station is said to hold the record for the quantity of stock depastured. There are between 60,000 and 70,000, and the station brands from 14,000 to 15,000 calves a year. Some parts of the territory are suitable for sheep. There are only about 60,000 sheep in the country at present.

"Few, if any, minerals obtainable in Australia are not to be found in the Territory. Last year the total value of the mineral exports exceeded any previous year, although the number of miners engaged in the production was only about half of that previously employed. There is an immense stretch of tin-bearing country. Gold is found from the extreme north to the extreme south, and from east to west, while copper shows are everywhere. No development worthy of the name has yet taken place. There is a great extent of carboniferous country in the territory. This is now being tested by the diamond drill."

A Motor Train Service Across the Continent.

An interesting proposal has been made by a motor-car manufacturer in connection with the idea of instituting a service of some kind between the Northern Territory and Adelaide. It has been suggested that a motor service should be instituted, but there seem to be difficulties in the way of carrying this out. The proposal referred to, however, is this, that a light line of railway such as that used by Lord Kitchener in the Soudan, and which could be laid at the rate of about 20 miles a day, should be utilised, and on this motor-cars should be run. The idea is certainly a good one, and it would be worth while doing this before going to the expense of laying down a heavy line of rails. A light line such as that suggested might be able to serve the necessities of the country for some years to come.

Labour Walking Delegates.

A new step has been taken in connection with the Labour movement in Victoria that it is hoped will not develop into the iniquity that a similar institution has done in America. Both the Builders and the Bricklayers' Societies in Victoria have appointed what a prominent member of the Labour Party terms "walking delegates," whose business will be to visit contracts, and generally to keep the works and men under labour supervision. There is, of course, nothing to be complained of in this so long as it does not degenerate into an autocracy of terrorism. A move of this kind makes it more necessary than ever that all trades should be brought under the operation of Wages Boards, so that any disputes that occur may be settled without recourse to strikes. One or two of those involved protest that the duties do not include those generally attached to the position of "walking delegates" in America, but that it simply means a supervision of the Union's interests, and an endeavour to secure every man as a member. This is of course perfectly legitimate. It is a free country, and everybody has not only the right to combine for mutual purposes but to induce others so to do. The objection comes in only when either side resorts to undue pressure to secure their ends.

Australia and the New Hebrides.

The Blue Book issued by the Imperial Government in connection with the Anglo-French New Hebrides Convention ought to make serious reading for the Federal Parliament. It is ridiculous for us to talk about the importance of this group of islands and the necessity of doing what we can to retain them, unless we ourselves are prepared to do something with regard to the matter. But it really looks as though the powers that be expect the British Government to do everything while they do nothing. We have repeatedly pointed out that one of the best ways of encouraging British interests in the New Hebrides is to give an impulse



A Tribute to France

The Statue of Joan of Arc placed in front of the Museum and Free Library, Melbourne.

to British settlement, and one of the best ways to do that is to give British residents a better market in Australia than they have at the present time. A rebate on maize and coffee grown by Frenchmen in the New Hebrides is granted at Noumea, and, in addition to that, the authorities grant permission for 3,500,000 kilos of French-grown maize from the islands to enter free of duty. No action in the face of progressiveness like this means ruination to Australia's interests in the islands. Seeing that so much importance is attached to the question of the New Hebrides by us, it is inconceivable that there should be so much short-sightedness as not to be able to see that unless we make our interests in the islands we cannot complain if we are pushed on one side. The position is really in our own hands, and it is folly to ask the British Government to do in one way what we ourselves might more easily do in another, especially when the former plan would mean friction with another power, and the latter none.

State Elections.

As we go to press, preparations are in full progress in Victoria for the State elections, and in New South Wales there has already sounded the note of coming battle. A determined effort will be made in New South Wales by the anti-social reform party to try to capture seats in the interests of retrogression, but the social reform party, which is growing every day, may be depended upon to put up a good fight. In Victoria the battle is drawing to a close, and the issues will be decided on the 15th inst. There the note of social reform is very much in the air, although the precipitancy of Mr. Bent in bringing the elections on at a month's notice has prevented organisation, and has upset the calculations of everybody but sitting members. It is not probable that a very wide divergence from the present constitution of the House will take place, but in a few electorates it is almost certain that there will be a change for the better. One of the most notable events of the month in that State has been the fusion of the Independent party with the Government, Sir Alexander Peacock and Mr. Mackinnon, leaders of the former, having joined Mr. Bent's Cabinet. This practically reduces the parties in the House to two. On account of the opposition of some of the leaders of the Victorian Labour Party to social reform, it is expected that they will suffer a defeat. As a matter of fact, this would be the best thing that could happen to them as a party. It would teach Labour men generally this lesson, that the country looks to it to act in a progressive way in social reform, and to join in the effort to put down social wrongs, and that it will not countenance the inconsistency which permits a man to take a Labour pledge, and at the same time to adopt a most conservative attitude towards social reform. If people are really in earnest over the elevation of the community, it stands to reason that they must be opposed to public evils.

The Labour Party and Social Evils. Speaking at Broken Hill a little while ago, Mr. Arthur Griffith, M.L.A., stated that "neither money power, the power of the press, nor sectarian institutions could ever kill the Labour Party. Nothing would ever injure the movement unless it killed itself by an alliance with the grog trade and the gambling interest." These are true words, and in them Mr. Griffith put his finger upon the weak spot in connection with the movement as far as Victoria, at any rate, is concerned, for there the leaders have most unmistakably allied themselves with both of these evils. It is passing strange that a party which professes to stand for the improvement of the community in every way should so prostitute its principles as to ally itself with the things which, above all others, are the enemies of the working people. What lessons the elections in Victoria this month will teach, it is, of course, im-

possible to say, but there is not the slightest doubt that the effect upon the Labour Party must be very marked. True, not all of its members have surrendered themselves to the influence of these monopolies, but the leaders have certainly done so, and the whole party has in consequence come under popular ban. As a matter of fact, no better fate could overtake the Victorian Party than to receive such a sharp lesson as would unmistakably teach it that whatever its opinion may be with regard to other matters, the public regard the overthrow of these evils as the legitimate work of those who profess to stand for the interests of the masses of the people.

Tasmania.

The Governor of Tasmania predicts a somewhat better state of affairs for the tight little island than it has had for some time. He hopes that at the end of the financial year he will be able to wipe another £20,000 off the floating deficit. Judging by the tone of an address he lately made, Tasmania has turned the corner and is on the highway to better times. It is pleasant to see that he too intends to strenuously promote closer settlement. This is what Tasmania wants. She has been so long held in the grip of the great landowner that she has not half-developed. Given a progressive policy for the country, and the driving of Tattersall's from its borders, Tasmania would soon progress.

Domestic Workers' Demands

An indication that there is coming "a change o'er the spirit of the dream" with regard to industrial matters, is very evident from the action which has been taken by the Domestic Workers' Union in Wellington with regard to domestic workers. The Union has made certain demands and has submitted them to employers. The employers are invited to sign acquiescence to the demands in order to "obviate the unpleasantness of appealing personally or by agent before the Conciliation Board or Arbitration Court." The agreement which they are asked to sign runs as follows:—"I am willing to observe the conditions as stated in the claims of the Domestic Workers' Union, and will abide by the same in my future relationship with any domestic workers I may employ." The claims are as follows:—Eight classes of workers shall be recognised—namely, housekeepers, lady helps, generals, housemaids, nursemaids, kitchenmaids, laundrymaids and cooks. The week's work to consist of sixty-eight hours, and to commence every morning at 6.30 and cease at 7.30 p.m. on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, with three intervals of half an hour each for meals and one hour's interval every afternoon. On Thursdays and Sundays work to cease at 2 p.m., with two intervals of half an hour each for meals, but domesticities if required shall on alternate Sundays prepare tea between 5.30 and 6.30 p.m. On Wednesdays

work to cease at 10 p.m., with three half-hour intervals for meals and one hour interval in the afternoon. Two hours to be allowed on Sunday mornings for attending church. The holidays demanded are Christmas Day, Boxing Day, New Years Day, King's Birthday, Prince of Wales' Birthday, Anniversary Day, Easter Monday, Labour Day, and all statutory holidays. One shilling an hour to be paid for all work done on those days. Other provisions are, that all domestics shall be home at 10 p.m., except on Thursdays, when they may stay out until midnight; preference to unionists; uniform when required to be provided by the employer; well-ventilated bedrooms to be provided for domestic workers; disputes as to interpretation of any of the clauses in the demands to be referred to a committee of two representatives of the union and two representatives of the other party or parties interested and a chairman to be appointed by them.

New Guinea Matters.

Matters in connection with the New Guinea administration have for some time been known to be in a very unsatisfactory state. The

Royal Commission which was appointed some time ago to inquire into Papuan affairs has presented its report. A very unwholesome condition of things is disclosed. Dissatisfaction, it is stated, is rampant through the service, on account of a lack of administrative ability on the part of the administrator, of a disregard for those things which tend to secure discipline, and of the want of a true sense of justice and fair play. Judging by the report, the family of officials has been anything but a happy one. However, the Government intend to make somewhat of a clean sweep, and ex-Senator Staniforth Smith, who is an authority upon island matters, and who has contributed several well-written and informing articles to "The Review of Reviews," is to be appointed to the position of land administrator in the colony at a salary of £600 a year. His work will be chiefly to supervise arrangements for encouraging white settlement in the island. As far as can be seen, hindrances rather than helps have been given to this movement hitherto, and the consequence has been that not a great deal of settlement has taken place. There is no reason why this island should not become one of the richest parts of the Commonwealth. It would seem from reports that Captain Barton, in the interests of the natives, has not pushed forward white settlement as far as could have been; but from one point of view that action is extremely laudable. Unfortunately, the oncoming of the white man means the destruction of the black, and it is certain that if settlement be pushed forward in the island the result must inevitably be the reverse of advantageous to the natives. It would be nothing less than disastrous if the pendulum should swing the other way and bring any trouble to the natives. However,



Photo. 1

[Falk Studios]

Mr. Albert C. Rivett,

The Victorian winner of the Rhodes Scholarship of 1906.

one of the first duties of a responsible official in New Guinea is clearly to try to induce the natives to also cultivate their land and to depend less upon chance for their supplies.

The Improvement of Cities.

Any visitor who has had the pleasure of spending any time in Sydney, that most delightful of Australian cities, comes away with one great regret, and that is, that the business part of that progressive place is so crowded together, that at busy times traffic becomes a perfect jumble by reason of the narrowness of the streets. A proposal is now on foot to widen George-street, and Sydney may be congratulated on taking up in earnest a work which will be not simply of a local but of a national character. Now is the right time to undertake such a great work, for in a few years prices of land will be almost prohibitive. A much wider thoroughfare in place of George-street would add immensely to the general improvement and beautification of Sydney. It is cheering to note the improvement in taste which is taking place all over Australia. Nowhere is this more apparent than in Melbourne. Little odd corners that before were neglected are now transformed into charming rockeries and gardens, and the old plan of fencing off every small reserve and then neglecting it is fast giving way to a policy which throws them open and transforms them into gardens. As a natural con-

sequence, even the street roughs are learning lessons in the art of beautification and also in the ability to see and touch beautiful work without vandalism. If the same progress goes on, Melbourne will in time be converted into a great garden, the effect of which will be most delightful. In extension of this idea there is also a proposal on hand to improve the Yarra and to create a great lake beyond the Kew Asylum. It is impossible to conceive what a benefit this would confer upon the people of Melbourne. At the present time, the aquatic tastes of Melbournites, or at any rate those who do not care to venture upon the open waters of the Bay, cannot be gratified, but if the Yarra were straightened and the required surface of water provided close to the city, it would form a pleasure resort which would be more sought after than any other place near Melbourne. For all its magnificent situations in other respects, Melbourne very greatly lacks any such pleasure resort close to the city, and no finer work of that kind could be carried out in the interests of the present and future generations than that which is proposed.

Destitute South African Australians.

It is a curious comment upon South African affairs that so many destitute Australians are anxious to get back to their own country. It seems astounding that in a great country like South Africa there should be such a pitiful cry from some Australians to be repatriated. Both the Commonwealth Government and the States have signified their willingness to assist worthy people to come back again; but it is sincerely to be hoped that some who went out there will remain. This may be rather a selfish point of view, and in one way Australia might well be accounted responsible for some of those who went over, to the benefit of Australia, no doubt, but no less to the harm of South Africa. Some of them Australia is well rid of. But any deserving cases the Commonwealth is quite agreeable to assist. We may just as well take reputable people from there as from other parts of the world, and after all it is a plain duty to assist back again those who have found themselves stranded. At any rate it has been so decided.

Sydney and the Plague.

It is very unfortunate that plague has again broken out in Sydney. It seems almost impossible to stamp out this terrible disease. The authorities are not exhibiting any laxity in the work of extermination, but it is unfortunate that in so serious a matter they have to fight against apathy on the part of the very people whose interests are being considered. The matter is so serious that every householder should exert himself to the very utmost to put this terrible thing down.

Victorian Licensing Defects.

As was expected, the Victorian Licensing Bill, which was pushed through so hurriedly on the eve of the adjournment in order to save members of Parliament from fighting the question on the hustings, has been found to contain several anomalies, and it is certain that the question will have to be re-opened soon after the new Parliament meets. The law has been found defective as regards Sunday trading. The very clauses which were formulated in order to make it easy to prevent Sunday trading, that is with regard to persons being found in licensed premises during prohibited hours, have been decided on the question of a judge to be ineffective. This point was one of the most crucial in the whole of the debate. Those who were most interested in the passing of the Bill are not surprised that there should be some anomalies. The Bill was discussed for weeks, and every attempt that could be made was made to block it, but in the end the Bill was pushed through simply to get it out of the way. Therefore, it would not be a bad thing for the whole question to be re-opened, and Parliament may yet find that it is not a good thing to flout the wishes of a majority of the people, and that it will not countenance such ineffective attempts at legislation as were made last year.

Matters Industrial.

We have frequently commended in these columns the excellence of the Victorian method of settling industrial disputes through the medium of Wages Boards. It is so simple and so reasonable. In connection with any trade which is, by the Government, brought under Wages Boards, the representatives of employers and employes meet and discuss the question, and arrive at a common understanding. As a matter of fact, there may be at present appeals against this, but there is no reason why the decision of the Board should not be final. Although New Zealand led the way with regard to industrial arbitration, she has not by any means the best Act, for the Arbitration Court has sometimes been blocked with business, and the method does not seem to be one of the most acceptable. A very important sidelight is thrown upon the Act and its working by the fact that, at the time of writing, a conference of clothing manufacturers and employes of New Zealand is being held in Christchurch. With the exception of Auckland, all the leading clothing manufacturing firms in the colony are represented. The conference is being held in preference to going to the Arbitration Court, for the reason that the awards of the Court are in some respects unsatisfactory and unworkable, and it was thought that an amicable arrangement might be better arrived at by a conference than through the agency of the Court. This is a striking comment both on the inefficiency of the Arbitration Act and

upon the principle of mutual concession, and is also tribute to the method adopted by the Victorian Wages Board. It is probably the first time that a great section of industry has in so marked a way determined to settle its differences amicably, without reference to a court of law. It surely indicates the incoming of a better day when departments of industry are willing to recognise the application of the principle of discussion and agreement without going to the law. May it extend soon to private disputes. Parties to a dispute would be likely to get more justice at less expense.

The Care of the Child.

Nothing finer in the way of "child care" can be conceived than that which is possible under the Neglected Children and Juvenile

Offenders Act in New South Wales. It has fourteen inspectors employed, and five more are to be appointed. The inspectors have authority to go to any home, and, if in their belief a child is not properly maintained and cared for, to institute proceedings, remove it, and to see that it is cared for. As an illustration of what is possible under this

law, one of the inspectors, hearing a very bad report of a certain country district, visited it, and during the last five months of 1906 brought 140 children before the special Courts for protection. Eighty-four of these were released on probation, and the remainder were either handed over to Government institutions, or to the care of relatives. It was discovered that a great many of the children were living in conditions that could only tend to demoralise. Most of them were quite illiterate. It was found to be a common thing for a whole family to be living in a two-roomed hut, and in some cases conditions were so bad as to make one wonder whether they lived in a civilised country. These conditions obtain in every State more or less, in some parts, and New South Wales is to be congratulated upon the introduction and administration of such a beneficent law. It is coming to be more and more recognised that the keenest interest should be taken in the care of the child, and drastic measures of this kind ought to have the effect of stirring up interest among neglectful parents generally. The other States will do well to follow suit.

LONDON, FEB., 1907.

The German Elections.

The event of last month has been the General Election in Germany and its extraordinary and unexpected result. If one thing more

than another was taken for granted everywhere throughout the Continent it was that the Social Democrats would win a million votes and from five to twenty seats; that the other sections of the Opposition would retain their strength; and that the Government would be confronted by a new Reichstag more unmanageable than its predecessor. In many quarters the result was regarded as such a foregone conclusion that they were only interested in discussing how the Kaiser would face the hostile Reichstag: whether he would dissolve it again, or whether he would trim his sails to the storm. The Social Democrats were absolutely confident of their success. They had a capital election cry in the dearth of meat and the waste of apparently fruitless war. The steady increase at every previous election of their voting and parliamentary strength led people to regard it as certain that this year also they would improve their position. The appeal of the Chancellor of the Empire to the nation was one of the most ineffective electoral manifestoes ever issued. So when Germany went to the poll, everybody, or nearly everybody expected to hear that the Kaiser had got a bad black eye in the shape of the worst electoral defeat of his reign.

The Result.

When the ballot-boxes were opened and the votes counted it was discovered that everybody had been mistaken. It was the Social Democrats, and not the Kaiser, who had got the bad

black eye. Instead of winning from five to twenty seats, the Social Democrats, in the first round, only won one and lost nineteen—a net loss of eighteen seats, counting thirty-six on a division, with a certainty that they will lose yet more seats in the second ballot. The Government had calculated that they would be safe if they won thirteen seats from the Social Democrats, and lo! they had gained eighteen. Compared with this all the other ups and downs of the various sections counted as nought. The Catholic Centre, against which the chief attack of the Government had been directed, emerged unscathed. But the power of the Centrum lay in the strength of its allies. When the Unionists in 1886 defeated Home Rule, they achieved their victory not by winning a single seat from the serried ranks of the Irish Nationalists, but by defeating their Liberal auxiliaries in England, Scotland and Wales. So in Germany last month the Centrum remains as impregnable as the Irish phalanx, but the defeat of the Social Democrats reduces them to comparative impotence. The Poles are stronger than before. Although the second ballots have still to be taken, the German Government feels itself once more master in its own house. "The German nation," said Prince von Bülou, "is now in the saddle and will ride down all its adversaries." The prospect is more exhilarating to the Government than to the adversaries aforesaid.

The Hero of the Battle.

This extraordinary result has been brought about by an even more extraordinary means. Those who listened to the glowing words that fell from the lips of Dr. Frederick Dernburg as he laid the wreath from the German editors on Shake-

speare's tomb in Stratford-on-Avon last June, little imagined that the son of that man was destined, single-handed, to snatch the Kaiser from imminent danger of defeat, and to administer to Social Democracy the worst set-back it has received in our generation. Nobody who heard the eloquent tribute of the venerable German journalist to the genius of Shakespeare even so much as knew he had a son. To-day that son is the most famous man in Germany. For it was he, and he alone, and single-handed, who won the victory. Never was there an electoral campaign which was more of a one-man show. It was Mr. Dernburg who provoked the battle, it was Mr. Dernburg who bore the whole burden of the combat, and it is Mr. Dernburg who wears all the laurels of the victory. Mr. Gladstone's speeches in Midlothian were not more decisive in 1880 than those of Mr. Dernburg in 1907. But Mr. Gladstone was the Nestor of British politics. Mr. Dernburg was an unknown young man who had never made a political speech before in his life. And even more remarkable still was the fact that he wrested this verdict from the electorate upon the one subject of all others upon which it was believed the nation had grown weary—the Colonial Empire of Germany.

The Man of the Hour.

Mr. Dernburg is only forty-one. Before he was offered the management of the German Colonies he was unknown outside financial circles. He had lived two years in America, was manager of an important bank, and his energy and grasp and business instincts were so conspicuous that when he was asked to take the Colonies in hand he was a member of no fewer than thirty-eight boards of directors. He speaks English excellently, he learnt Russian in three months, and is a man of enormous grasp of facts and figures. He is a thorough-paced American hustler suddenly let loose in the china shop of German bureaucracy. He is full of faith in the future of German Colonies. Their cash value he estimates at £50,000,000 on the London market—a sanguine estimate which he will fortunately not be called upon to put to the test. It was he, and he alone, who roused the enthusiasm of the German people for the vast latent possibilities of their Colonial possessions. His magic lanterns pictured in glowing colours before the rustics the splendours of tropical scenery, the romance and the glamour of Colonial possession. "And all that is ours," was his refrain. He painted the resources of the Empire in Africa with the eloquence of a company promoter and the fervour of an apostle. He who had never spoken became the most popular orator in Germany. Over a million copies of one of his speeches were circulated by the simple method of an advertisement in a single newspaper offering to send a copy free to any applicant. As a result this daring and energetic standard-bearer rallied the

millions, smashed the Social Democrats, and saved the Emperor from a most humiliating defeat.

His Future.

His rise has been so sudden, his success so unparalleled, that it is enough to take away the breath. But to his restless soul he has begun his career. He is but a subordinate of the Foreign Office, to which the Colonies are attached as they were once in Britain attached to the War Office. His elevation to the rank of Colonial Secretary, with a department of his own, is inevitable and has probably been already decided upon. Meanwhile he is preparing for a tour round Africa. The Colonies have hitherto been regarded merely from the administrative point of view. He is going to change all that. The industrial development of German Africa is the order of the day. To set this on foot without delay he is gathering together some dozen Captains of Industry, financial magnates and business men, with whom he is going to make a tour of the African Colonies. "A colony is a business to be run on business principles," is one of his watchwords. "We make railways, we make no wars," is another. And "the interests of all white men in Africa are solidaire," is another. He is determined to make each Colony pay its way. On the day in which I dined with him at his father's house the Governor of Togoland had opened the Togoland railway. Togoland is already self-supporting. He is going to Kimberley to see how they mine for diamonds, for there are many promising diamond mines in South-West Africa, and he will study the irrigation of the Karoo in the Cape Colony. I heartily commend this new type of German *Colonialmensch* to all my friends and readers in Africa, from Dr. Jameson to President Steyn and all other Dutch and English who have bought at a great price any lessons of experience in African colonisation which they can share with him. With his advent I hope all rivalry and jealousy between the older and younger colonising powers in Africa may cease.

The Position of the Emperor.

The net result of the use of the Red Spectre to scare the middle classes into the Government fold and the Colonial enthusiasm generated by Mr. Dernburg, is to place the Kaiser for the first time in his life in a position of uncontrolled supremacy in Germany. Instead of inaugurating a constitutional era, the election has made the Kaiser absolute. It remains to be seen what effect the access of authority will have upon a monarch who has hitherto thought it necessary to use somewhat huge capital letters in impressing his ideas upon his subjects. It is not necessary to shout when every whisper is obeyed as a word of command. Neither will it be necessary for the Kaiser to seek for prestige abroad in order to buttress his authority at home.

He is now free to prove to all the world that in the real inner heart of him he is passionately anxious to maintain the peace of the world and to leave a record as an Emperor whose reign has never been stained by a single war.

Starving Russia.

The new Duma is getting itself slowly elected. It is a lengthy process, owing to the immense area of the Empire. The preliminary elections have hardly yet been completed, and it is too early to form any idea as to whether the new Duma will differ greatly from the old. The peasantry evidently have not lost their faith in it, for they have crowded the polls with as great an eagerness as ever. Ninety per cent. are said to have cast their votes. It is extremely probable that when the New Duma meets it will have more than sufficient to occupy its attention in devising means to cope with the terrible famine which seems likely to claim its victims by the tens of thousands. The magnitude of the catastrophe that has overwhelmed whole provinces owing to the almost complete failure of the crops is only now being dimly realised. The famine bids fair to become one of the most appalling calamities that have ever befallen Russia. Sixteen years ago, when the distress was less severe, 60,000 persons perished in the province of Samara alone. Now two million men, women and children during the next six months will be face to face with a lingering death by starvation, unless they can obtain Government relief or private charity. The peasants are not only without food: they have been reduced to the lowest depths of destitution. Hunger has forced them to sell everything that can be turned into food—clothing, utensils, cattle, even their cottages, their future crops, and labour. "The unfortunate peasants," says M. Nicolas Shishkoff, who has come direct from the heart of the famine-stricken district, "after selling all that can be sold, try to eke out their last supply of rye, flour or millet by mixing with it all kinds of eatable but useless ingredients—bran, grass seeds, chaff, and even straw. Often the husks of acorns are mixed with the meal to add to the volume of this awful food. The last resort of the famished people is to lie motionless day and night, as every movement trebles the pains of hunger. What wonder that a very few months of such diet end in wholesale epidemics of typhus and scurvy!" Over and above Government and private aid already provided, £385,000 are required to keep the people of the province of Samara from death's door. Three shillings are sufficient to keep a man alive for a month. M. Shishkoff's powerful and pathetic appeal to the generosity of the English and American people to assist him in the feeding of the starving Russian peasantry should meet with an immediate and liberal response.



Photo. by] [Dickinsons, New Bond Street.
Sir James Fergusson: a Victim of the Kingston Earthquake.
The portrait was taken two or three years ago. Sir James wearing the uniform of the Royal Company of Archers, the King's Bodyguard at Holyrood Palace.

The Jamaica Earthquake.

Within a year three important towns of the New World have been destroyed by earthquake and fire. San Francisco was wrecked in April of last year, Valparaiso in August, and now Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, has been wiped out. On the afternoon of Monday, the 14th of January, the city was overwhelmed by an earthquake which destroyed almost every house within a radius of ten miles. A fire completed the work of destruction. In a few hours Kingston was reduced to a heap of smouldering ashes. Over a thousand lives are reported to have been lost, among the dead being Sir James Fergusson, who was on a visit to the West Indies. He had only arrived the day before from Panama, and was buried beneath tons of brick and stone at the first shock. A party of English visitors, including Lord and Lady Dudley, Mr. Arnold Forster, and Mr. Henniker Heaton, had a very narrow escape. Although within the earthquake zone, the town had been immune for 250 years. The inhabitants had built houses with

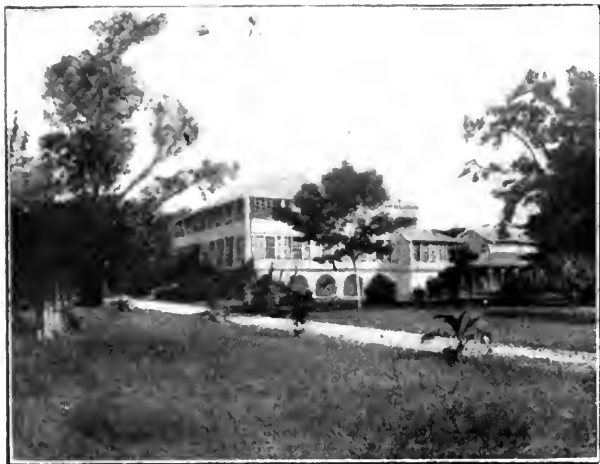


Photo. by]

[V. P. Parkhurst.

The Governor's Residence, near Kingston.

massive walls and heavy roofs, unsuited to resist shocks, with the result that at the first vibration they fell like a pack of cards. The disaster, it has been pointed out, may in reality prove a blessing in disguise. It has, at any rate, swept away the clotted mass of tropical slums that disgraced the Jamaican capital. That may be, but an earthquake is a rather drastic form of municipal spring cleaning.

Anglo-American Friendship.

The calamity evoked universal expressions of sympathy, which in many cases took the form of practical assistance. A Mansion House fund was promptly started, food and other necessities were hurriedly despatched from the United States, and other countries offered help in money or in kind. This demonstration of international goodwill was suddenly interrupted by a most amazing incident. Rear-Admiral Davis, in command of several American warships, had at once been despatched by his Government to render what assistance he could to the stricken city. At the request of the local authorities he landed marines, and took an active part in the maintenance of order and the organisation of relief. Everything was going admirably, when the Governor, Sir Alexander Swettenham, intervened, peremptorily declining any further help, and took up an attitude that left Admiral Davis no other course except to withdraw with dignity. The tone of the Governor's letter was inexcusable, and he has since withdrawn it and apologised for his discourtesy. It was read on both sides of the Atlantic with amazement and greeted with a chorus of condemnation. The English Press was even more outspoken than the American. It was universally recognised that if Sir A. Swettenham had lost his head in a moment of strain and excitement, that was no reason why two nations should follow his example. Sir Edward Grey lost no time in telegraph-

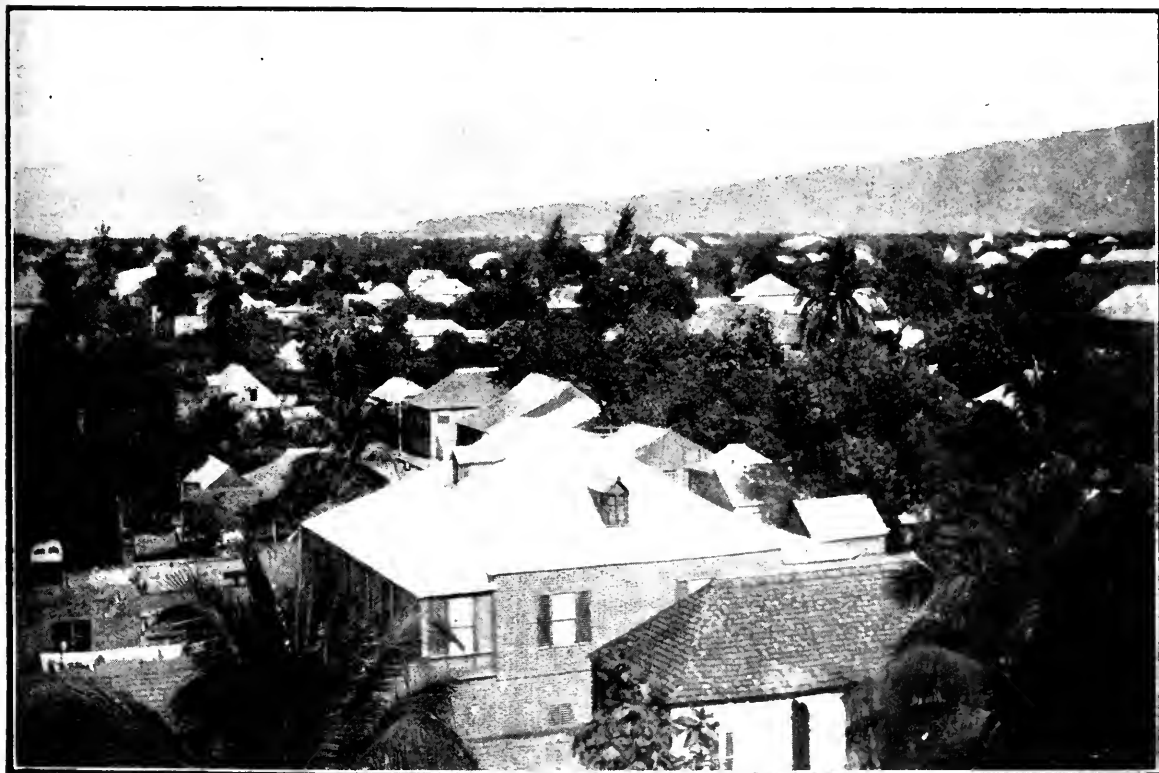
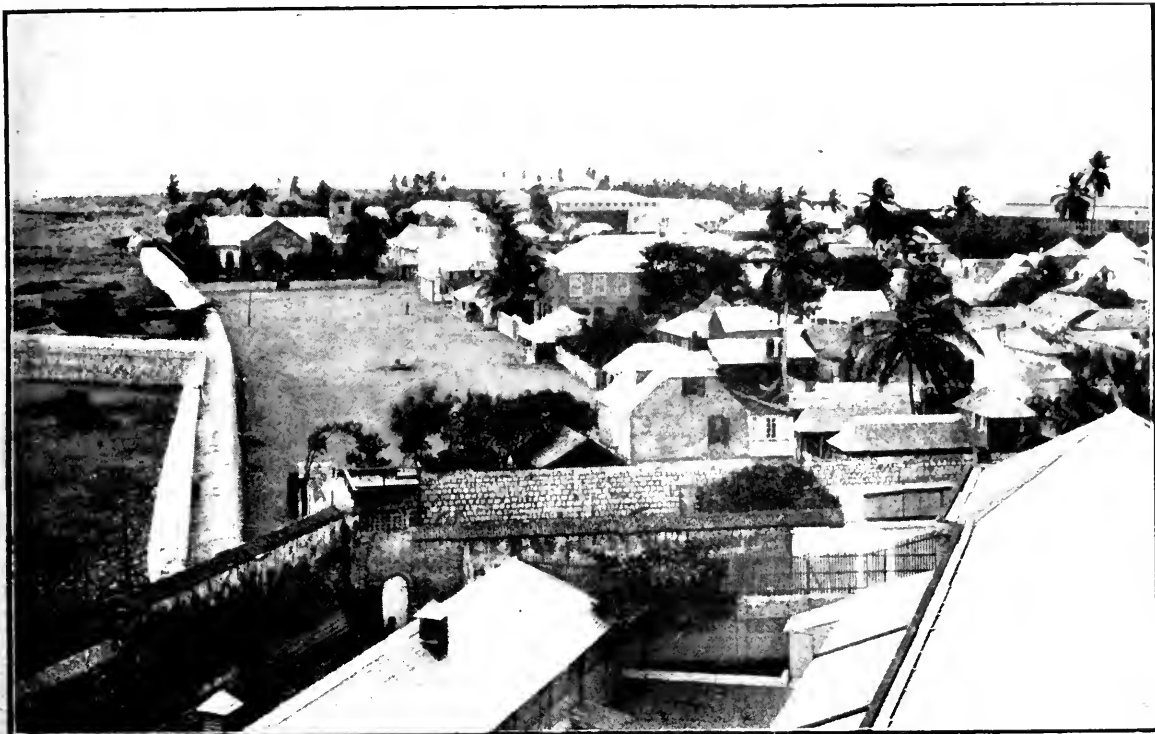
ing his thanks to the American Government for their "prompt and powerful assistance," and the incident was closed by a frank and friendly telegram from the President. It served, however, the useful purpose of proving to the world that neither people will tolerate any breach of the cordial relations that exist between England and the United States.

Mr. Root in Canada.

Mr. Root has been the guest of Lord Grey in Canada, and his visit should prepare the way for a general settlement of all outstanding questions between the Dominion and the Republic. With good-will on both sides this should no longer be impossible. It is Mr. Bryce's task within the next year or two to clean the slate of all unsettled questions that might give rise to friction in the future. His efforts will be heartily reciprocated by President Roosevelt and his administration. Mr. Root during his visit paid an eloquent tribute to the marvellous development of Canada. "Feeble, ill-compacted, separate, dependent colonies," he said, "have grown into a great and vigorous nation." His frank recognition of Canada as a sister State with national ideals of her own will do more to create good and neighbourly feeling than the most fervid panegyrics upon her wealth and prosperity. Nations, like individuals, at a certain stage of their development prefer a generous recognition of their independent manhood to the most cordial praise of the surprising growth. Mr. Root emphasised the remarkable fact that for ninety years the two nations had been living side by side at peace along a boundary line that stretched for 3000 miles across a continent, under a simple exchange of notes limiting the armament on the great lakes to two single 100-ton boats armed with 18-lb. cannon. That is a significant fact, indeed, and one of great potential import for the future.

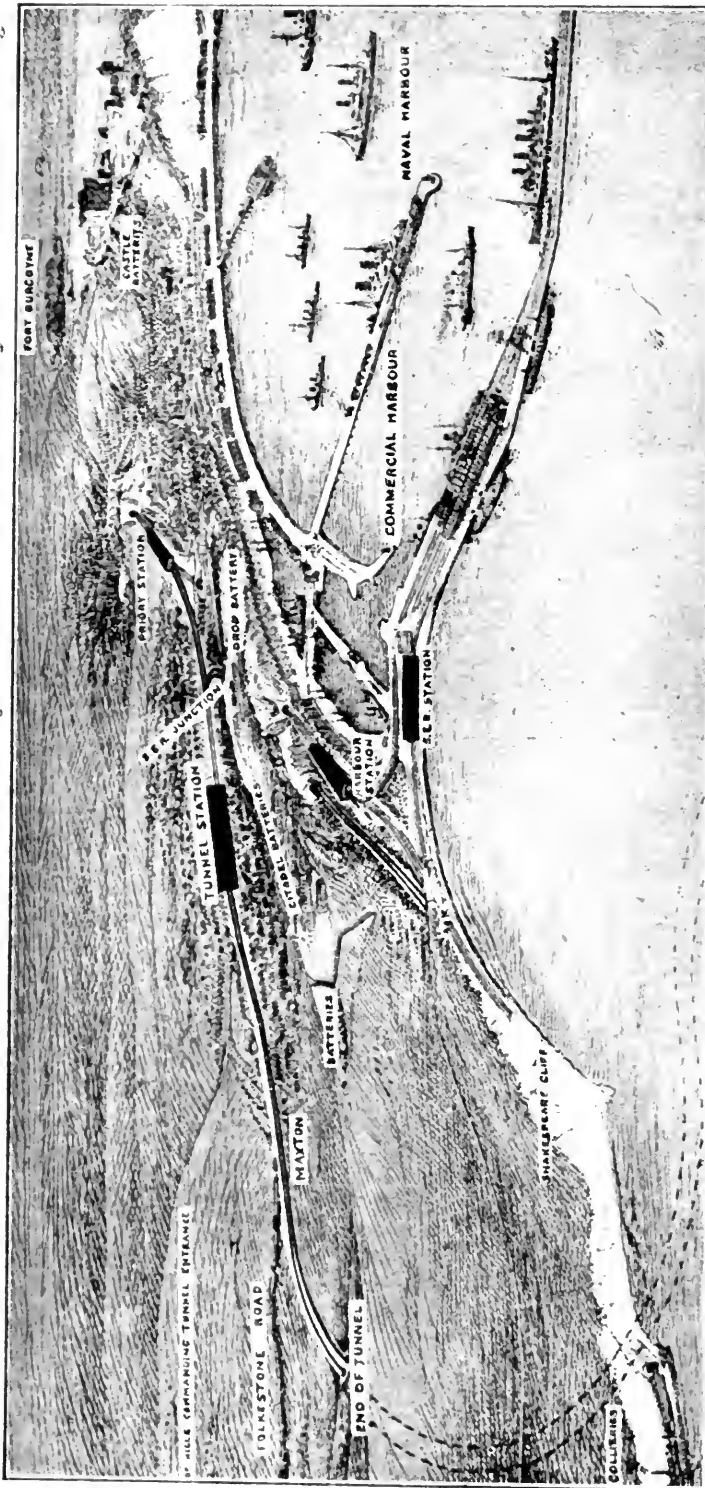
The Flight of Raisuli.

There really seems to be some prospect that Morocco will under pressure take steps to put her house in order. Raisuli, the famous brigand chief, who has for months terrorised and protected Tangiers, a city of 40,000 inhabitants and the seat of a dozen legations, has been compelled to retire, at least temporarily, into the unknown interior. The Moroccan army, two thousand strong, backed up by the moral support of French and Spanish warships in the offing, marched out against the redoubtable handit. Thousands of bullets and hundreds of shells were discharged, but the shooting being of the wildest description, little harm was done. The Shereefian troops were easily held in check by Raisuli's handful of supporters advantageously posted among the rocks. Next day, having procured the services of an Algerian officer who knew how to hit what he aimed at, they proceeded to demolish Raisuli's stronghold, only to



BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE VIEWS OF PORT ROYAL AND KINGSTON.

(Photos. by N. P. Edwards, Littlehampton.)



How the Channel Tunnel (if constructed) would be defended.

This sketch shows the position where it is proposed to make an entrance to the tunnel at Dover. Two tunnels are proposed. The entrances are in the valley about a mile to the west of Dover, and a mile inland, and are so situated as to be dominated by Dover Castle, Fort Burgoyne, and other batteries,

discover that he had disappeared during the night. For the moment he has vanished from the scene of his exploits but it is far from probable that we have heard the last of this remarkable man, half saint, half blackguard.

The Channel Tunnel.

There is a disposition on the part of the French to regard the opposition to the making of a tunnel across the Channel as a slight upon the *entente cordiale*. It says little, they say, for the faith of our dear friends across the sea in the sincerity of our friendship when they recoil with horror from a proposal to make the tunnel. There is no doubt that it could be made. The exact length of the tunnel under the sea would be twenty-four miles. There would be three miles of tunnel at each end of the land approach. It is estimated that it would take ten years to build; that it would cost £16,000,000, and that as it would be worked by electricity, no difficulty would be felt in securing its ventilation. It is proposed that two companies should be formed—one English, the other French—each to construct one-half of the tunnel. Against this there has been the usual outcry on the part of all the old fogeys, who would, if they could, wall themselves off from the rest of the world by a Chinese wall reaching up into the heavens. More serious is the contention of the military authorities, who protest that the tunnel would be a formidable addition to the dangers of foreign invasion. Most serious of all, however, is the argument of those who say that, while they absolutely reject all the objections made by the old fogeys and the soldiers, they are still of opinion that it would be unwise to make the tunnel until the public is a little wiser than it is at present. Those of us who have struggled for years, more or less unsuccessfully, against invasion panics, dread, not unnaturally, such a reinforcement of the materials of panic-mongering as would be afforded by the Channel Tunnel. We do not dread a French invasion, but we do fear the panicky nervousness of our own people. It would cost £16,000,000 to build the tunnel, or £480,000 per annum as interest on cost of construction. It might very easily cost an addition of ten times that amount to the Army Estimates. Hence, although all the sane people are in favour of the tunnel in the abstract,

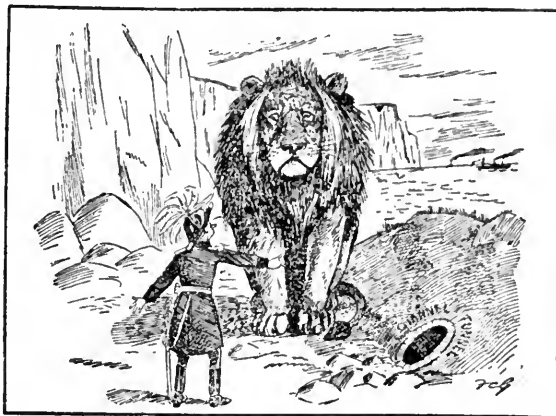
they are inclined to believe that there are too many insane people in Great Britain for it to be safe to scare them into fits of extravagant expenditure by "converting our tight little island into a peninsula." But it is rather foolish making such a fuss about constructing a tunnel which cannot be opened, even if begun at once, before 1917. Long before that time the aeroplane will have wiped out frontiers, converted ironclads into scrap iron, and revolutionised the fiscal system of Europe. Such, at least, is the calculation of those who know what has already been achieved by the bold pioneers who are bent upon the conquest of the air.

Deadlock in France.

Church and State in France are still at deadlock. The Pope has issued an Encyclical justifying and defending his action in regard to the Separation Law, and protesting that the aim of the French Government is to destroy the Church and dechristianise France. The French bishops have met once again in council, and have made a final proposal to the Government. It is, in substance, that they shall be granted simultaneously in all the 36,000 communes a lease giving them the undisturbed possession on their own conditions for fifteen years of all Church property. This proposal M. Clémenceau has rejected with indignation. The two parties, compelled by circumstances to negotiate by encyclical and parliamentary declarations, have at length reached the parting of the ways. Unless some method of accommodation is arrived at, and a working compromise arranged at the eleventh hour, the bishops may abandon the churches and resort to "private worship." This would mean religious chaos, the return of the exiled Orders, and the dispossession of the ordinary clergy.

The Strength of the State.

When in Paris I had the opportunity of discussing the question with, among others, Dr. Nordau. I asked him whether he thought the present war with Rome would terminate, like Bismarck's Kulturkampf in Germany, by a pilgrimage to Canossa. He said that was not his opinion, and for this reason. The German Government, while waging war upon the Pope, maintained as strongly as he that the maintenance of religion was a duty of the State. They insisted throughout the Kulturkampf that they recognised the supreme importance of religion as an element of social order, in which the State was bound, for its own sake, to take the liveliest interest. A Kulturkampf waged on such lines was bound to fail. The French Government had adopted other tactics. It ignored absolutely the need for religion. Private citizens might indulge in the practice of religion, if they pleased, as they might practise dancing. The State had nothing to do with such individual tastes. The State was secular in France. It was religious in Germany.



[Westminster Gazette.]

To Watch the Hole.

MILITARY PARTY: "Don't let them make that hole through to the other side—you can't tell what dreadful things might come through it, and you'd have to sit on it night and day!"

THE BRITISH LION: "Well, I don't see any harm in the hole myself, but if it means my spending my whole time sitting on it, it had better not be made."

A secular State can fight the Pope and win. A religious State was bound to fail.

The Church's Tactics.

The majority of Frenchmen, and no small proportion of educated Frenchwomen, have long ceased to take any active interest in the Christian religion. Even those who are nominally Catholic regard its practice as consisting chiefly in rites and ceremonies—a kind of conventional minuet, which ought to be correctly performed, but which has no direct, practical bearing upon their everyday life. Hence the astonishing absence of any strong popular feeling against the Government, which has expelled the religious Orders, disestablished the Church, disendowed the clergy, and laid profane hands upon Church property. The Government believe that so long as they are not driven to shut up the churches or imprison the clergy they may do as they please. Hence the struggle, so far as it is visible to outside observers, partakes largely of a game in which the object of the Church is to compel the State to make martyrs, and the object of the State is to evade that undesirable consummation.

Minister and Archbishop.

The skill with which this game is played on both sides is well illustrated by a story told by Ministers as to how they circumvented the ingenious device of the Church wirepullers to make a martyr of the ancient and venerable Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. M. Briand was appealed to by the Catholic leaders for information as to the hour when the Archbishop was to be turned out of his palace. Their ostensible reason was to prevent any

popular tumult. M. Briand commended their zeal, and told them the hour, pledging them to secrecy lest the news might cause a tumult. "I knew very well," he said, "that they would spread the news abroad, so I took my precautions." Sure enough, when the appointed hour came the street was filled with an immense crowd of the faithful, who declared their intention of removing the horses from the carriage of the good Archbishop and of dragging him in triumph through the town. In the hubbub the carriage might very easily be upset, and if the shock proved fatal to the nonagenarian prelate, a first-class martyr would have been secured at a minimum of pain and trouble. Alive, the old Cardinal was useless. Dead, he would have become an invaluable asset. "But," said M. Briand, who told the story to a friend of mine, "as that would not have suited us at all, I found it necessary to take my precautions. I told off twenty-four *agents de sûreté*, dressed them in plain clothes, and instructed them how to act. As a result, instead of there being any tumult, everything passed off in perfect order. The horses were removed quietly, the traces were handed over to a practised team of devotees, and the Archbishop, instead of being martyred, was transported to his new home in perfect safety. It was not till the following day that the Catholics discovered that the devout enthusiasts who drew the carriage through the streets were the agents of the Government, against whom the parade was arranged as a demonstration." The story may be true or it may only be well invented. But it is everywhere current in Paris, and its ready acceptance and the laughter which it excites show as well as anything how far Parisians are from taking tragically the religious war.

Ignorance of the Bible.

An Irish priest long resident in France, who is bitterly hostile to the Republic, nevertheless declares that the Church has brought all her tribulations upon herself. She has become the Church of the wealthy. She had heaped up riches for herself, and had built magnificent edifices for her own glory. But she had neglected the poor and the needy. She was in no living touch with the social aspirations of the working classes, and now, when the hour of judgment and of doom has come, there are none to rally to the defence of the Altar. This is probably an exaggeration. But there is enough truth in it to make it sting. As to the utter ignorance of the ordinary Frenchman of the Bible, I had a curious illustration in my own experience. At the General Election of 1900 I published a political pamphlet entitled "The Candidates of Cain," dedicated to all candidates who approved of the Boer War. A French publisher asked to be allowed to bring it out in a French translation in Paris. "But," he said, "you must give us another title. Nobody in France knows who Cain is." On

repeating this to some literary friends in Paris, they declared the publisher was right. "Are none of the Biblical characters known to this generation of Frenchmen?" I asked. "Not one," was the reply. "Nobody reads the Bible in France." "Stay," said another friend. "I think we have most of us heard of Joseph, but that is only because of that little affair with Potiphar's wife." To the few really earnest believing souls, to whom the Church is "the immaculate spouse of Christ, depository of revelation, of grace, and of the eternal ideal of the peoples, maker of saints, of martyrs and of heroes" the present crisis is inexpressibly sad. But in the land of St. Louis and of Jeanne d'Arc there seem to be few such. There is more outward and visible sign of feeling on both sides in Italy than in France.

Waiting for C.-B.

The question of the House of Lords will have to be dealt with during the coming session. That much is clear from the preliminary discussion that has gone on during the month. It is a plain issue that cannot be avoided, set on one side or shirked. On that point there is general agreement. The case against the Lords has been proved up to the hilt. That, too, is admitted, for even the friends of the Peers have abandoned the attempt to defend them. When we come to the best method of curtailing the power of the Upper Chamber, there is no doubt, we find a less general agreement. But the differences that exist are differences of preference rather than of principle. What is now required is the concentration upon one line of attack, and the pressing of it home to a successful issue. The responsibility rests on the Government. The Liberal Party has implicit confidence in C.-B. It looks to him for guidance in the matter of the choice of means. It is quite prepared to sink its own differences and preferences if he will give the party a strong leader and a practical plan of campaign.

Shall London Have Her Own?

The London County Council elections on March 2nd will have to decide as the chief issue, Who is to own the electricity of London? The private Trust or the people of London? The question so obviously answers itself that the advocates of private ownership try to darken counsel with other issues. The same journalists who rushed the nation into a waste of two hundred and fifty millions in South Africa—Imperial "Wastrels" they are charging the L.C.C. with all manner of extravagance. In the fury of their attack on the Council and all its works they have overreached themselves. The allegations of the *Standard* against the Highways Committee have not only involved in an action for libel, but have elicited from a le-

Moderate, Sir Melville Beachcroft, a repudiation of its charges and an indignant "I am proud to be a member of the Council." The effort of the Anti-Progressive Press to make out the L.C.C. tramways a failure has only made clear their success; until the Moderate leader declares it "madness" to back on the Council's tramway policy, and finds the tramways promise to pay well." The one hope of the Moderates is to exploit the natural man's dislike of paying rates so as to repeat in March the story it won them last November. But the Progressives are now wide awake, and the forces of labour are acting with them in complete accord. The Progressive Press is also working with tremendous vigour, not merely by print, but by lantern lecture and cinematograph. The fierceness of the attack may perhaps obscure the larger and non-partisan issues which the Royal Commission on London Traffic brought into prominence. The importance of these issues, and of taking longer views ahead of the needs of the Metropolis as a whole, are, however, being pressed upon the electors by Mr. Charles Booth and the Browning Hall Conference on Housing.



Photo. by]

[Lafayette, Dublin.

The Late Very Rev. R. H. Story, D.D..

Principal of Glasgow University.

"The New Theology."

Squabbling about religious opinions seems to be the order of the day. The grand tussle between Anglicans and Nonconformists over the Education Bill has apparently not exhausted the ecclesiastical appetite for controversy. A great hubbub has arisen in many quarters about what is called the New Theology. It all arose in a very simple way. Rev. J. R. Campbell, of the City Temple, unburdened his mind at a private conference of Congregational ministers on "the changing sanctions of modern theology." He declared that the world is untrue; the un-ideal character of the world is not due to man's fault, but God's will; sin is simply selfishness; the Judgment is ever proceeding; Jesus was and is divine; but so are we; to give for love is to be saved and to become a saviour, sin-bearer, a part of the perpetual Atonement. His theses got into print. The theological prize-fighters set to work. The Press saw its opportunity. Its columns have been humming ever since with vehement polemic. The man in the street, faithful ramophone of his daily paper, has joined in the fray. London in the twentieth century repeats the ardour of controversy which marked the Alexandria of Athanasius, when fishmongers at their stalls discussed the doctrine of Trinity. The peculiarity of the New Theology is that there is in it little theology strictly so called, and absolutely nothing new. The main positions are quite hoary. The only new thing about it is the megaphone which it has found in the eloquence and popularity of Mr. Campbell; and, we may add, the beating of the tom-tom in the halfpenny Press. The stir that has arisen is a great

tribute to Mr. Campbell's power as a popular preacher. One wishes that this great force had been turned to better account in booming some plain Christian duty. It is so easy to set men by the ears over religious opinions. It is so hard to get them to give home and life to the service of the poor.

After Pensions, Old Age Homes.

The gruesomeness of the Whiteley murder—the great shopkeeper suddenly shot dead on the spot where he made his millions by one who claimed to be his son, and who at the same moment tried to blow his own brains out—recalls the wild tragedies of Elizabethan or ancient classic drama. The horrors suggested are even more forbidding than those openly enacted. But whatever his private record, the charitable bequests of the deceased millionaire show the keen business man's sense of the new opportunity. As Old Age Pensions from the State have become more and more inevitable, the need of Old Age Homes appeals more and more strongly to private benevolence. Once the poor man has his five shillings a week from the Treasury, what more fitting than to provide him, if he be friendless or homeless, with a rent-free harbour for his declining years! William Whiteley has now left a sum not exceeding one million for the provision and maintenance of homes for the aged poor. Mr. Asquith had better hurry up with the Pension Bill, "the extreme urgency" of which he has, with the Prime Minister, openly affirmed.



Photo by]

Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple. [Reginald Haines,

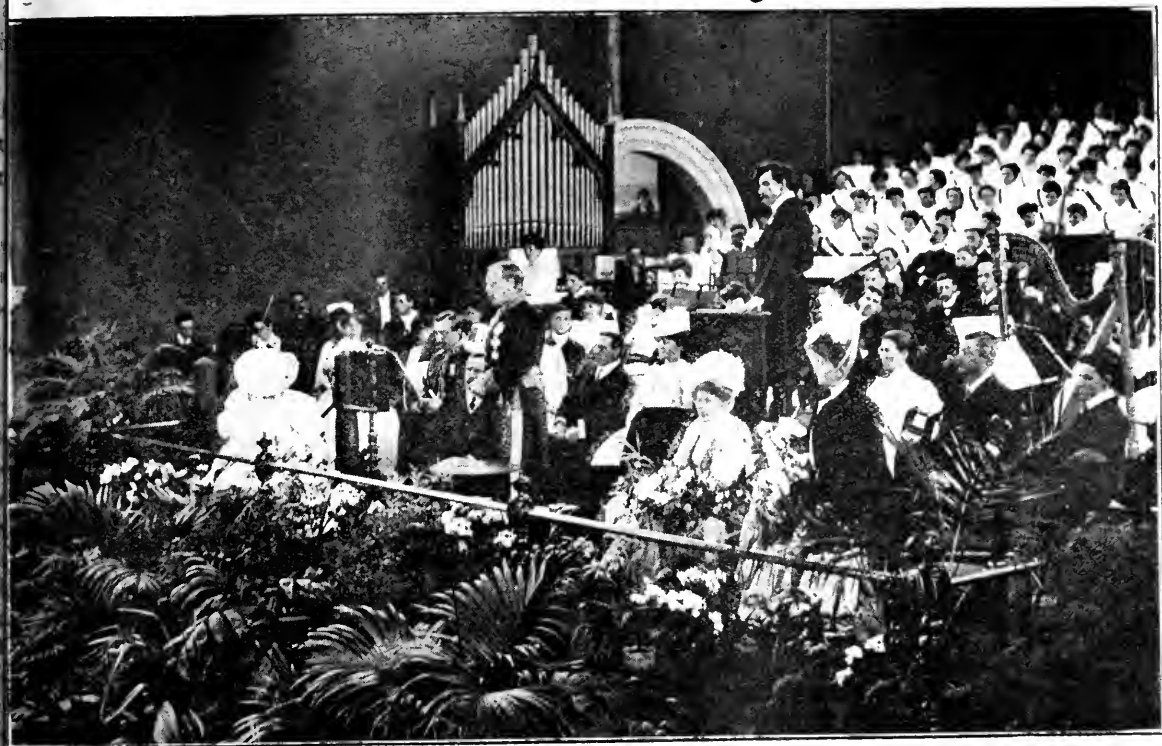
The Scandal of the Peers.

A black list of absentee Peers has been published.

has been compiled with considerable labour from list of attendances, as shown in Lords' Journals, for the Session 1905, the latest record available. It is a remarkable list in many ways. That the Peers neglect their duties is notorious. But here is an actual record showing the extent to which the members of the Upper House disregard the duties imposed upon them by the writ of summons by virtue of which they take their seats in the House of Lords. Fewer than 179 Peers failed to attend any of the 83 sittings of the Session; 53 more attended on one occasion only; while another 100 put in less than ten attendances during the year. That is to say, if the writs of summons of the Peers who had not attended their duties ten times during the session were to be cancelled, the members of the House of Lords entitled to a seat would at a stroke be reduced from 591 to 191. If twenty attendances were taken as a test of diligence in the performance of their duties, the number would be still further reduced to 105, or only about one-sixth of the present number. The average attendance during the Session was only 75. Here we see how the Peers actually value their privilege and how they perform the duties

connected with their position. It is a grave and flagrant scandal, and there could be no injustice in depriving those 400 absentee Peers of privilege which they value so lightly.





The Opening Ceremony.—The Governor Speaking.

THE NEW ZEALAND EXHIBITION.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

There is at all events one feature of the International Exhibition at Christchurch in which it is unquestionably fortunate above all its predecessors—and probably all its successors—in New Zealand; the singular fitness and beauty of its position. While Christchurch cannot compare in loveliness of scenery with the Queen City of the North—Auckland; while wind-swept Wellington and Scotch Fife in both possess hill-encircled harbours that lend an ever-changing variety to the view that the inland capital of Canterbury necessarily lacks; the Cathedral City is not without a charm all its own. Through its length and breadth there winds, with twists and turns innumerable, a river just large enough to escape being a big brook, but so clear, so limpid, so bewitchingly beautiful, with its alternations of ripple, and still reach, its emerald green banks, and graceful weeping willows, that one would no more dream of impeaching its dignity on the question of size than one would think of quarrelling with some exquisite miniature on the same score. The Christchurch Avon is unique in its charms; and it is on one of the loveliest reaches which the river can boast that the authorities have erected

the impressive pile of buildings that house the world's show. They have chosen the site wisely, and wisely they have made the most of it. Standing back, upon an absolute level some hundred yards from the avenue of trees that line the stream, they have laid out the intervening space in green lawns, studded with flower beds aglow with colour. Crossing the river by a small but ornate bridge, and following a broad gravel way, one approaches the grand entrance, and is fronted by an impressive dome flanked on either side with lofty towers. Once in the building and the Exhibition is as others are, and have been, only, so far as New Zealand is concerned, a little more so. It has been our lot to visit many Exhibitions in divers lands, and our impression is that the only variation between Exhibition and Exhibition is one of size. In each there is the same bewildering stretch of wooden streets, crossing each other at right angles, and flanked on either side by exhibits consisting of the essence of the shop window shows we see on the street. Away yonder is the machinery department, with its ceaseless whirr of wheels polished to the last degree of brightness or beautifully dressed in paint, and its



The Entrance Hall.

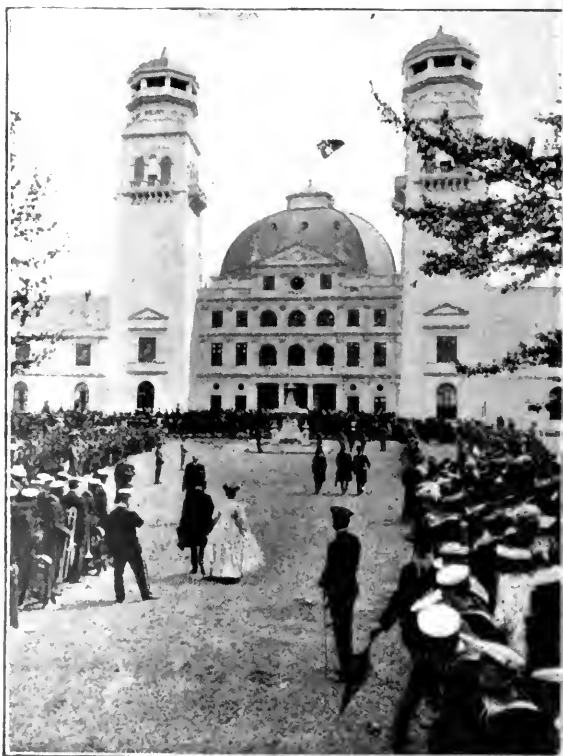
oil-pervaded atmosphere. Here cunningly constructed summer-houses of wheat in the ear, huge samples of roots, and piles of wool bales, with glass windows inserted in their sides, showing the whiteness and finish of their contents, proclaim the agricultural section.

While so far as New Zealand is concerned the Exhibition is really creditable and representative, it is impossible to regard it as really international. There are a few good and important British exhibits, but no foreign contributions worthy of mention. The Canadian Court is, perhaps, the most impressive feature of all, and the Canadian Commissioner (Mr. T. H. Race), a man of striking appearance, charming style and exceptional ability, has grown into extraordinary popularity. The Australian colonies have all courts, and make a fair show, but I do not think any of them have taken the matter very seriously.

The Victorian Court is splendidly situated, one of the special Exhibition bridges across the Avon, and a front entrance, leading right on to it. The gold obelisk representing the sixty odd million pounds of gold produced up to date by Victorian mining is confronted by an imposing pyramid of beer bottles—there, I suppose, to remind folk that the colony has spent 120 million pounds in liquor during the years it has taken to find sixty million pounds in gold. There are some paintings adorning the walls which attract a good deal of attention, and afford a great deal of pleasure. I noticed a very fine fur show-case of Nettleberg's, and an interesting exhibit of Victorian woods. There is a great Ned Kelly display that seems to thrill the small boys: Ned Kelly's armour, Ned Kelly's gun, a piece of fuse found in Ned Kelly's pocket, a written record of the cattle that Ned Kelly stole and the people that Ned Kelly shot. Probably the Government determined that it would serve no

good purpose to make a display really representative of the resources of Victoria. At all events, for whatever reason, they have rested content with sending just enough to show a friendly feeling and a desire not to be entirely out of it.

In New Zealand local rivalry has been stimulated by each province having its allotted court, and whatever section of the Exhibition may be missed by a country visitor, one may rest assured that "our court" will be carefully inspected and all excellences noted. We are afraid, however, that even the added stimulus of competition does not avail to secure from the average visitor a very patient and thorough inspection of the exhibits. The vast majority of the folk who stream through the turnstiles are not bent on self-education, but fun. They have no objection to assimilating any trifling knowledge that is interesting, and easy of acquisition; but solid study is the last thing they mean. They listen open-mouthed to the Marconi wireless telegraphic demonstrator, and, even if they do not understand him, they see the sparks fly. They are immensely interested in and tickled by the piano and are determined to buy one and hitch it on to the old piano at home until they ask the price. They walk with real enjoyment through the art gallery, the exquisite fernery, and the aquarium. But as a rule two or three hours avail for all the



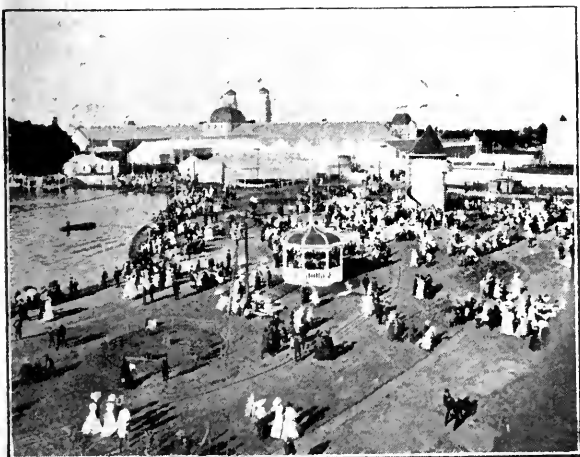
The Main Entrance at the Inaugural Celebration

ings, and side-shows and "Wonderland" claim the balance of the time. It is customary with some critics to rail against the management for making the Exhibition proper a mere appendage to an amusement haunt, but if the authorities lacked a high ideal they knew human nature and possessed common sense. Classic music is an excellent thing, but it hasn't the least effect upon empty benches. But for "Wonderland," with its water-chute, its toboggan slide, its helter-skelter, its groaning camels and the mile-an-hour dragon; but for the Katzenjammer Castle, the Marionettes, the pike, West's pictures, and rifle galleries and round-about, etc., etc., the attendance would long since have fizzled out, and the great Exhibition have become a dreary waste. As it is, wherever the money comes from, it comes. Butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers may have to give longer credit; patenter-familias may groan over the waste of funds and refer to the old-age pension, but day and night "Wonderland" varies from comfortably full to crowded. Water chute and toboggan slide are ever going, going, going, and the public continue to pay their sixpences and pour through the gates as though the show were a week instead of four months old. Whatever may be urged as to the educative value of an Exhibition, that at Christchurch has taught one lesson with special emphasis to the promoters of those of the future. It is that the pill must be carefully and lavishly gilded, that any amount of adjacent amusement must be provided if exhibitors are not after the first week to gaze the livelong day wearily and hopelessly down vacant aisles. In two directions, however, the Exhibition has undoubtedly proved valuably educative. A country so young, so crude, so sparsely populated as New Zealand is, whatever her desires may be, could not possibly accumulate in so short a period any great and worthy collection of art treasures. In



A Pretty Corner.

her four chief cities creditable commencements have been made, but they are but beginnings. That her people possess the artistic instinct and a keen appreciation of the beautiful is abundantly manifest to anyone who has lived long in their midst; but as yet, with two exceptions, we have no artists amongst us who are better than good. There has been, and is, a sad lack of "examples" to teach and inspire. Now while the art collection in the Exhibition may seem to the travelled man, familiar with the galleries of the old world, mediocre and disappointing, it is to the young New Zealander a glimpse into a new world—a revelation of things possible with canvas and colour that he had never dreamed of, and we are persuaded that its influence will be manifest long before 1907 is ended. What is true of painting is equally true of the sister art of music. The combined orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Alfred Hill has not only furnished the most intense delight to thousands of visitors who never before had the opportunity of listening to orchestral music on this level, or indeed of hearing at all many of the selections rendered, but it has given fresh impetus to musical circles the colony through. Equally beneficial have been the recitals of the Besses o' th' Barn Band. New Zealand is a great band country. Every little hamlet has its fifteen or twenty lusty blowers, and their worst enemy cannot deny them lung power. Bandsmen from every quarter of the country have poured into Christchurch to listen to the Lancashire men, and their astonishment at the combined sweetness and power of the visitors has been almost comical to watch. As they have listened it has dawned upon Dick and Tom and Harry, who blow the local cornet and bang the local drum, that noise is, after all, not the one great desideratum even when brass and sheepskin are all concerned. One other aspect, too, of the 1907 show must not be overlooked. At



Another View of the Building and Grounds.



A Glimpse of the Maori Village.



Fijian Fire-Walkers.

its inception the late Premier (the Hon. Richard Seddon) declared to the House that one of the chief aims of the directors would be to register before the world the progress that this colony has made during the first half-century of its history. This record has been made, and our progress has been registered at an hour when financiers tell us that we have touched the high-water mark of our prosperity. Whether that be the case or no it is a dull mind that is not impressed by the abounding evidence of push and progress collected within these Exhibition walls. A year ago the electric cars were first installed in Christchurch, and the occasion was made a gala day. Travelling by train that evening to a small country settlement, I had as my fellow passengers an old cockatoo farmer and his wife, who had both been up to see the sights. 'Ah!' soliloquised the old lady, "wunerful! wunerful! To see them there cars going along with nothin' but them fishing-rod things stickin' out on top. New Zealand do be a wost wunerful country, for sure." "Yes," said the old man, "but I'm no sure it leads the world, no matter what they newspaper fellows sez. Eddard he writes me and he do sav there be just as wunerful things in Lannon."

We smile at the quaint ignorance of the old couple, and we know how insignificant is the best that New Zealand can do compared with the achievements of the old land. But the old land is

an old land hoar with the gathered wisdom of the centuries. Have we no right to be a little proud of the record of our infancy? Barely a man's life ago New Zealand was no man's land. Maoris and wild pigs were its inhabitants, its rivers unbridged, its hills and valleys and vast plains roadless and untilled. "Pioneers, oh, pioneers!" if no Walt Whitman sing your praises, the million and a half people who visit this evidence of your toil, your bravery, your endurance, do you honour and recognise you have laid the foundation of a great nation's weal. But in a land so progressive as New Zealand is there absolutely no novelty to describe? We ponder vainly. We fear not—unless the Labour Bureau, with its models of Government working men's cottages, can make that plain. Eureka! We have it! Shame indeed to leave it unmentioned. What Exhibition authorities have ever so studied the matron and recognised the rights of the newly-born as to provide for babies a creche where, under the supervision of experienced mothers, cots and dolls and feeding bottles abound, and where for threepence the mother, instead of carrying her infant the whole day, can leave it to the care of others, with her own mind free of care, unless, indeed, the fear haunt her that on her return she may not be able, amid the crowd of babies, to recognise her own? But I hear my female readers say, "H'm! Some old bachelor!"



THE ARTESIAN WATERS OF AUSTRALIA.

W. GIBBONS COX, C.E., late Assoc. Instit. C.Es., London (author of "Irrigation and Land Drainage").

No. II.

Although a certain number of far-seeing colonists few in comparison with the great number who are directly interested in the vital question of increased water supply to the western districts of the country—had persistently advocated, through tedious current of years, the necessity of obtaining artesian water by means of boring, a long time elapsed before either the Governments or the pastoralists moved in the matter, the latter claiming that the initiative should lie with the Government. It had also been urged for many years by the public press, and by engineers through that medium, who had devoted their skill and energy to the adoption of it, and this during a time of prolific expenditure in the construction of costly railways and other public works, some of which have not yet paid their way. That highly practical and beneficial results had been all along probable in this part of the crust of the earth, was shown by the experience of other countries, and by shallow shafts which had been sunk to water in the western part of this country through promising strata, which deeper subsequent drilling has proved to overlie the artesian rocks.

The primitive and very obvious mode of marking the course of flood waters in creeks, damming it back, and thus conserving it for times of drought, had been universally practised by pastoralists. Having been adopted in the beginning, it had been adhered to, and had entered into the ordinary practice of the improvers of land, to the exclusion mainly of other modes of water supply, and large sums of money had been expended, not only in the first construction, but in subsequent repairs and maintenance of these really—in most cases—ineffective works; if, indeed, many were not totally ruined and abandoned. They were ineffective because the construction—simple as it appears—of an embankment, or drain, to impound water—especially flood water—involves some of the most intricate considerations in hydraulic engineering. It requires special material, strength, and mode of construction, and experienced supervision, to ensure success. The practice had, in fact, become a national habit.

With the condition of large surface rivers, water may, of course, be conserved by the construction of weirs, on a large scale, for the irrigation of great areas of country. Where these large surface supplies did not exist as a basis for operating, the other and most important one was finally adopted—that of artesian wells.



Weilmoringle Bore, New South Wales.

Depth, 1590 feet. Flow, 1,756,000 gallons per diem.
Temperature, 98 deg. Fah.

In the early times (I am writing of the year 1877) shaft-sinking was a common mode of obtaining underground water, 100 feet being considered a deep well. This was somewhat natural in a mining country of such great areas as those of the alluvial "diggings" of the time. Boring by hand-power had scarcely made a beginning. The shaft was, however, gradually superseded when the borer's drill showed better work, and that more water could be raised by cheap hand-pumping power from these bores—which were lined with watertight casing—than could be hauled up by



Walkden's Bore, New South Wales.

Depth, 1,604 feet. Flow, 200,000 gallons per diem.

bucket, and that the sinking was much faster, less costly, and safer than by means of slabbed shafts. There was a strong "opposition" at the time by the shaft-sinkers, and even the station people and selectors severely criticised the novel operations. A six-inch hole was so insignificant compared with a noble-sized shaft, and the bore would hold no water, and the operation in a physical sense was almost beneath notice, were a few of the opinions promulgated.

The knowledge of geology, which every hydraulic engineer should possess, combined with special experience I had gained during a period of six years in the United States of America, led me to infer, during subsequent work and travelling in New South Wales and Queensland, that artesian water certainly existed in those States. In boring in 1880 on McFarland Bros.' station (then just taken up), in the north-western district of Wilcannia, Darling River, I struck, in the first bore made there, perfectly good water at a depth of 180 feet, in strata which gave clear indication of artesian rocks below. I wrote at the time to the local paper, strongly advocating deeper drilling in the Darling country. The forecast proved correct, as very successful artesian flows have been since obtained—although some years afterwards—in that part of the State. One of my earliest recollections is that on going to Queensland, in 1882, I was able to approach the late Hon. James Tyson, at the old Queensland Club, Brisbane. Following a confirmed habit, I laid a well-digested scheme for deep drilling for water before him. His reply was that he was "committed to scoops and dam making," and could not see his way to support us. Many years afterwards I had another interview with Mr. Tyson at the present Queensland Club, when I begged to call his mind to our former interview. He then admitted his relinquishment of scoops and dam-making, and his entire conversion to artesian boring. He had, in fact, become a perfect enthusiast in the matter. This was, of course, gratifying, in its way, and some consolation to the engineers, but

what puzzled us was that, in spite of the well known acumen and foresight of Mr. Tyson and many other squatters of the time, to whom I had urged deep-drilling, that in spite of their well-known enterprise and world-wide reputation as scientific breeders, and all matters connected with live stock and its preservation, great readers, in touch with Europe and America, and suffering betimes acutely from droughts, they should have failed to support our proposition, but waited on the Government to "take the initiative" in the matter. There were, however, a few notable exceptions to this apathetic position.

One of my earliest "experiences" was the following:—A well-to-do selector, working 1200 acres of land in the "Downs" district, had, with difficulty, been persuaded by an enterprising station agent to have a bore put down on his selection which had been chronically suffering for many years from a lack of water. Finally we arrived with a plant at the selection, and on account of the

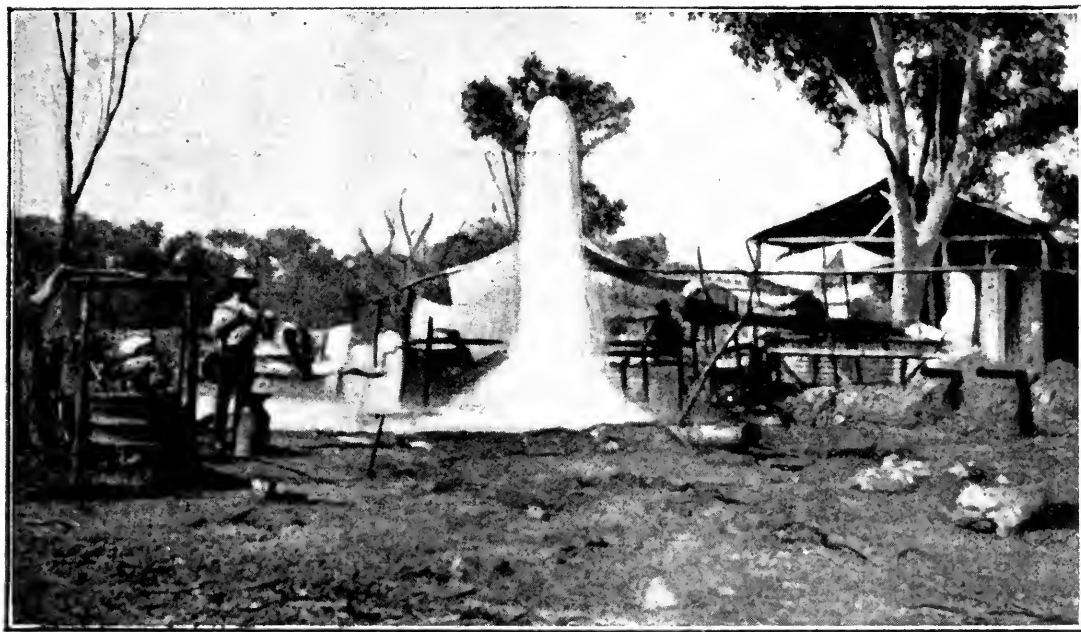


Thurulgoonah Bore, Queensland

Depth, 1,710 feet. Flow, 3,000,000 gallons per diem.

questionable reception we met with from the "guid life" we shrewdly suspected that it was to that good woman that Donald's hesitation was mainly due. We camped outside, but got our meals in the house. The bore got into pretty hard ground, which had to be pounded at for some weeks without any show of water, during which time the good man had a pretty bad time of it in the constant debates" we overheard upon the subject of his cash investment, the good wife furnishing the strong opposition," and reflecting upon us poor well-borers in unmistakable terms, and neglecting to pay us a single visit at the work, which we felt to be very discouraging, and more than a little disheartening. However, one Saturday afternoon a fine flow of perfectly good water was struck, and

In 1880, about two years after my first article in the press (the "Melbourne Leader"), a bore was made at Sale, in Gippsland, Victoria, in which artesian water was obtained at a depth of 234 feet, giving a supply of 30,000 gallons per diem. Government reports show that in New South Wales the first "flowing" well was sunk in 1881, by Mr. David Brown, on his Kallara Station. It was made in the midst of a number of "mud springs," common to the district. They are an indication of a permeable covering to the artesian rocks of the locality. The depth of the well was only 140 feet, but the water rose to 26 feet above the surface, and has been flowing without cessation ever since. The attention of the Government had been first drawn to artesian supplies by this well, but it was not



Yarmouth Bore, Queensland. Wool-scouring Plant.

on his return from a hot and thirsty ride from the township, we gave Donald a drink of it. Another sample was hilariously taken right away by him to the house. The bore got into pretty hard ground, in the "opposition," for the good wife brought a pail, and a lump of soap, to the bore, maintaining her position until the water had proved itself as good in quality as it was in quantity. Sequel: Refreshments, strong and weak, congratulations all round, and a latent, whole-souled apologetic remark from the thrifty good wife, "To think we've been on this land all our lives, longing for more water, and didn't know it was under our feet!" That bore was the first of others we made in the district, and the difficulty in getting it started was a minor one compared with those further west.

until the year 1884 that the first essay was made by the Department of Water Supply. Although artesian water had been previously tapped in a bore for coal near Lake Macquarie, and a bore had also been made at Goonery, in the Bourke—Wanaaring-road to a depth of 80 feet, at which a flow was obtained of 1000 gallons per hour. In 1885-6 a bore was made at Tuichelooka, on the same road, to a depth of 960 feet, with a flow of 33,000 gallons per diem. Other bores of moderate depth and flow followed, and it is, I think, fair to assume that scientific papers and contributions to the public press, as shown in particulars later on, had the greatest influence in this initiatory movement. The first "flow" in the adjoining continuous artesian country of Queensland was ob-

tained by the Railway Department at Back Creek, Barcaldine, the supply of which was small. Some years afterwards, what is known as the first Queensland artesian bore was made by the Government at Barcaldine in 1887. The great success of this bore brought artesian water into sudden notoriety and boundless appreciation, the word "artesian" becoming "as familiar in our mouths" as household words, and was the forerunner of the strong movement—the rush, in fact—in the direction of artesian water which immediately followed. When the Barcaldine water baptised the western plains it was felt that a new lease of life had been secured, and that drought had been robbed of some of its terrors. The flow is still 175,000 gallons per diem.

In South Australia geological surveys show a very large artesian area, embracing a wide cretaceous basin, extending from the Queensland and New South Wales borders to the outcrop of bed-rock near Farina. The colony was one of the first to move in artesian supplies. The late Sir Thomas Elder was in the van of the first far-seeing South Australians who took up the search. He fitted out a well-boring expedition about the year 1881, using camels to carry the boring plant to his back stations. A great number of successful flowing wells have since been made over a great extent of country, principally by the Government.

In West Australia the advent of artesian supplies was in comparatively recent times, i.e., during the gold rush in 1890-1. Previous to that time very little boring of any kind for water appears to have been done. Great quantities of water have been

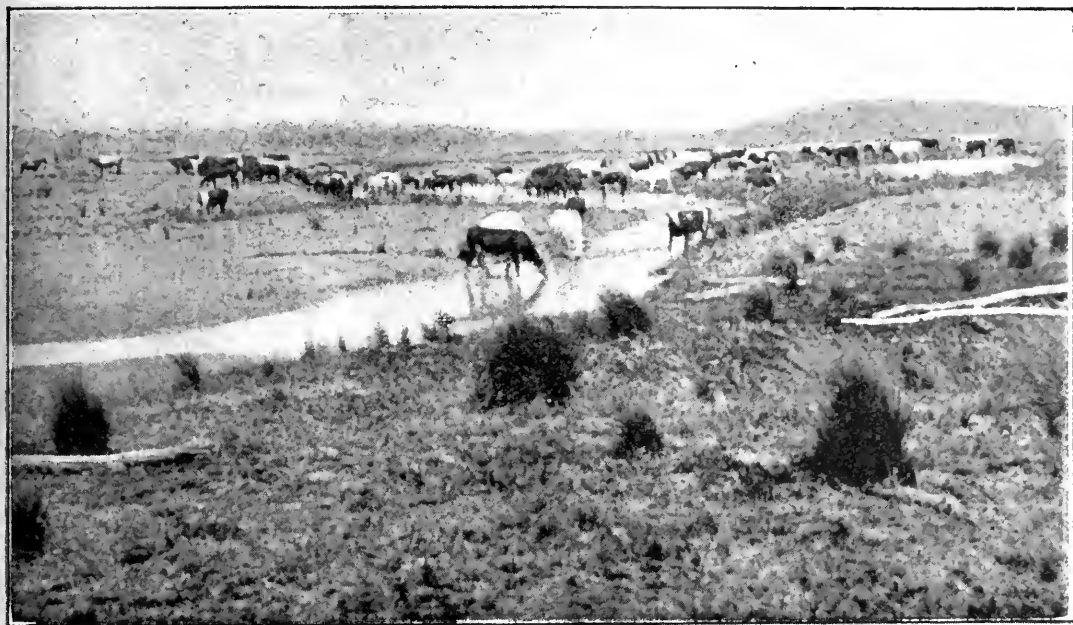
proved to exist in the interior in the cavernous limestone formations, but not under pressure sufficient to constitute it artesian.

One of the first artesian bores was made at the railway terminus, Perth, and it was a revelation. What with the gold discoveries and this unlooked for liquid asset, there was really an *embarras de richesses*, and the most buoyant hopefulness was thereby engendered in that hot and sandy city. The bore was sunk through 70 feet of clear sand which is doubtless the filling by wave action of an ancient ocean estuary, and the depth to water was 700 feet. It is a very fine flow, and more than fills the requirements both of the railway terminus and the municipal watering carts. The strata is calcareous sandrock of the cretaceous formation, and is called by geologists eolian sandstone. The cretaceous belt lies on the south-west coast, between that and the Blackall Ranges, on which is the outcrop of the artesian rocks. Further, very successful bores have been made in the Perth district, and at Bunbury, on the south coast, in the carboniferous formation, and also at Guildford, up the Swan River, eighteen miles from Perth. Although in an article of this kind one has to deal with hard scientific and practical facts, there is also an element of romance about Australian boring, as the following incident shows:—

At a Western Australian village (whilst I was in charge of artesian boring for the Government), which is almost an exact counterpart of one in the "old country," for it is a very old place for Australia—almost as old as Sydney—during a bad



Yarmouth Bore, Queensland. Wool Scouring.



Richmond Downs Bore, Queensland. Cattle Watering.

thought water had just been struck in a bore. The sun was setting on a still summer evening, and its last rays were playing on the column of pure water rising far above the surface, the background of green foliage affording greater beauty and prominence to its silvery sheen. Not far off an old man was returning to his native village, in which no knowledge or thought of artesian flows had ever penetrated. He was perplexed, puzzled, awestruck at the extraordinary appearance of the column of water, and begged me to give him an explanation. I referred him to the bore itself. He went away saying, and apparently convinced, that "it maun be wraith."

The scientific papers and contributions on the subject of artesian supplies, or bearing upon it, in the earliest part of the movement, placed in order of their publication, are concisely as follows:—

Rev. R. Daintree, "The Geology of Queensland" (Journal Geol. Magazine), 1872.

W. B. Clarke, "The Sedimentary Formation of New South Wales," Sydney, 1878.

W. Y. Cox, "Artesian Wells for Australia" (Leader, Melbourne), 1878.

R. L. Jack, "Report (Queensland) Explorations Cape York Peninsula," 1879.

E. F. Pittman, "Report Mines Department, New South Wales," 1880.

W. E. Abbott, "On Wells in the Liverpool Plains" (Journal Royal Society of New South Wales), 1880.

R. Tate, "Subterranean Water Supply in South Australia," Adelaide, 1880.

H. Y. L. Brown, "New South Wales Legislative Assembly Papers," 1881.

H. Cambridge, "Report on Road, Wilcannia, Mount Browne, and Poole," New South Wales Legislative Assembly Papers, 1881.

C. S. Wilkinson, Proc. Linn. Society, New South Wales, 1881.

J. E. T. Woods, "A New Cretaceous Deposit," Queensland, S. Science Record, 1881.

J. C. Cox, president's address, "Artesian Water in Australia," Proc. Linn. Society, New South Wales, 1882.

W. G. Cox, pamphlet and Brisbane Courier, "Artesian Wells for Country Districts," 1882.

J. B. Henderson, "Annual Report on Water Supply," Queensland, 1884.

J. M. Curran, Proc. Linn. Society, New South Wales, 1885.

J. W. E. David, "Notes on the Prospect of Obtaining Underground Water Between Byrock and Bourke," Annual Report Mines Department New South Wales, 1885.

A. C. Gregory, "Journal of Australian Explorations," Brisbane, 1885.

STATE BANKS V. STATE BONDS.

By J. MILES VERRALL.

In his "Social Problems" Henry George says:—"We cannot safely leave politics to politicians, or political economy to college professors. The people themselves must think, because the people alone can act." "All over the world, hard and poor is the fare of the toiling masses: while those who aid production neither with hand nor head, live luxuriously and fare sumptuously." "All the tendencies of the present are not merely to the concentration, but to the perpetuation, of great fortunes." "Whosoever considers the political and social problems that confront us, must see that they centre in the problem of the distribution of wealth, and he must see also, that though their solution may be simple, it must be radical."

There is no more unjustifiable monopoly than that of private banking. What can be more profitable than to impose upon the people banking notes, costing about a halfpenny each, instead of sovereigns, and to buy millions of interest-bearing State bonds with fictitious "deposits," supposed to be of gold, but which, as Macleod said, "are only bank notes in disguise"? Banking is the monopoly of monopolies, and is the mainspring of all monopolies. Its motto might well be, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

It is remarkable that none of the adulators or admirers of the New Zealand Government have attempted to take me to task for holding up the colony as an object lesson in bad finance (in my previous article of April-May last). But it would be just as hopeless to try to defend the eternal Loan Policy of New Zealand, as its lunatic lease of 999 years! The enormous public debt of the colony is simply ridiculous. Instead of being an example of bad finance, New Zealand might have been the opposite. Any man who owns a £1-note knows that the bank issuing it owes him £1. Consequently it is evident that he is practically lending the bank £1. Therefore, as the bank note circulation of New Zealand exceeds one and a-half million, it is clear that the banks owe the people a million and a-half sterling. And it does not require the admission of Sir Robert Stout to prove that this is equivalent to a loan from the people to the banks, and that the 2 per cent. annual tax on the amount of the circulation is equivalent to 2 per cent. interest. But what private person would lend money at 2 per cent., and then go and borrow at $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 per cent., and very likely pay 10 per cent. in commissions, costs and charges for raising the loan? Moreover, when the loan falls due, there is no knowing where the money is to come from, or what it may cost.

Most authorities agree that it is the duty of the State alone to issue bank notes. How much more reason, when it is considered that it would be the equivalent of a permanent loan at par, without an increase in the public debt, or dependence on the London money market, and without commission costs, or interest? But the note issue is only a very small part of the State Bank question, as may be seen from the fact that, while the 2 per cent. tax paid on the note issue only amounts to about £30,000, the net profits of the five New Zealand banks amount to over £800,000 a year. A State Bank note issue should be automatically limited to being made convertible, in which case there could be no depreciation. As the Government has a revenue of over seven millions a year, payable in gold, there could be no difficulty about a sufficient gold reserve. And as it is the duty of all States to guarantee the purity and weight of the coinage, so it ought to be the duty of every State to keep and guard the necessary reserves of coin, and to guarantee the value of banking securities. It is ridiculous to have a Treasury with no treasure in it. But the "coffers of the State" are a myth, and our "Government deposits" are merely "liabilities," or "bank notes in disguise." Why, then, should not the Government of New Zealand supply itself and the people, not only with a million and a-half of bank notes, but with cheque-books, bills of exchange, and bank credits or deposits, as well as State Bank buildings and officials? Why should it not accept the gold and coin that people want to take care of? In short, why should not the Government make, use and get profit out of the public credit instead of taxing the people to pay interest on public debt?

During the last twenty years I have fought the question (or, rather, vainly challenged all opponents by scores of letters in the press, by several pamphlets, on the public platform, and by State Bank resolutions, and a State Bank Bill, brought before the New Zealand Parliament in 1888, 1889 and 1890. (The only way to get a State Bank is to get an Act passed. The only way to do that is to agitate!) My first State Bank resolution, in 1887, was not seconded, therefore there was neither debate nor vote. For one or other, or both of my next two State Bank resolutions, in 1889 and 1890 respectively, I received the support of nearly a third of the House. The last resolution, on September 3rd, 1890, was as follows:—"That the Government of New Zealand ought not to increase the debt and taxation of the colony, by exchanging its debentures for the credits of private banks, and that the re-

ues of the colony ought not to be increased and the taxation thereby diminished, by the State having the profits of the paper currency in bank credits, bank notes, cheques, bills of exchange, etc." Twenty-one members voted for this resolution, and thirty-five against it. Amongst my supporters were the late Mr. John Ballance, the late Mr. Seddon and Mr. Hall-Jones, all since Premiers of the colony. Sir Joseph Ward, the present Premier, neither spoke nor voted, although he has since admitted that the State Bank was "a matter that could be thrashed out on the floor of the House." And Sir Robert Stout, speaking in Parliament in 1904, "regretted that steps were not taken some years ago to establish some kind of a State Bank." He had "urged the late Sir Harry Atkinson, the then Premier and Colonial Treasurer, five years ago, to take some steps in that direction." These words condemn Sir Robert Stout himself for not having done anything in that way when he was Premier! Probably he thought, in the words of his colleague, the late Sir Julius Vogel, that the large money-lending companies were so powerful that no measure which would conflict with their interests would be likely to pass.

Driven into a corner, a recent Parliamentary candidate could find no better reason against State banking than that "We don't want State Bank for breakfast, State Bank for dinner, and State Bank for tea." My opponents in Parliament had no better reply! On both my last resolutions they voted against me without attempting to dispute my facts, refute my authorities, or answer my arguments. This was contrary to reason and justice, and to all true democratic principles.

The late Sir George Grey, however, gave me credit for having been "the first to maintain in that House, what is truly a great principle, that the regulation of the currency belongs to us, and that the profits of the whole paper currency ought to be swept into the Treasury." But, instead of establishing a State Bank, the Parliament, in a panic, in 1893, passed a Bill (as described by a member), "without a murmur, without investigation, without discussion, and without division," giving a private bank a guarantee of two millions for ten years. The next year, in order to save the first two millions, a further guarantee of over three millions was added. Then, in 1903, before those guarantees expired, the House legislated again to give fresh guarantees for another ten years. Consequently the private shareholders are now getting a profit of a quarter of a million a year, "to fill up the gaps," after which they anticipate making goodwill or capital out of the dividends. Yet the total assets in the colony of all the five banks amounted last March, according to the *N.Z. Gazette*, to half a million less than their total liabilities within the colony! Meanwhile the public debt has increased to 22 millions since 1890. The amount of the public and local bodies' debts

now exceeds the total value of the whole of the public property, including Crown lands, local authorities' lands, educational lands, and even church lands, also "our State railways," telegraphs, harbours, lighthouses, etc., and, of course, Government buildings, down to the smallest village school and schoolmaster's cottage. The substance has been sacrificed to the shadow, yet the Government boldly talks of its strong and sound finance!

Now, "the profits of the whole paper currency," which Sir George said "ought to be swept into the Treasury," are the whole profits of banking, for there is no more direct profit in keeping gold reserves than in coining sovereigns. As Macleod says:—"All banking profits are made by the excess of credit they can create and maintain, in excess of the gold they hold in reserve." The importance of gold is generally very much over-estimated. It is only a very small part of the assets of banks, and therefore a very small part of the basis of banking. Its chief value lies in its qualifications as a standard of value, and its power as a standard of value is regulated by the amount of credit given upon the gold and other assets measured in gold values, which can be kept at par with gold. "That which is worth gold is gold," says the Italian. Professor Nicholson, of Edinburgh University, says:—"There is truth in the position so well laid down by Sir James Stewart, that nearly all forms of wealth can be melted down into bank money, and thus, by means of cheques, a circulating medium of the most elastic kind can be maintained." "We may say that bank money has replaced gold."

Macleod also says:—"Money locked up in a box, or credit unused, only represents latent power, not actual power." "They resemble the steam-engine of a mill which is not going." "The use of money or credit is to set industry in motion." "Cash credits, which have done so much for the prosperity of Scotland, have been the safest and most profitable parts of Scotch banking. They were created for the express purpose of stimulating future operations, out of which the credit was to be redeemed."

But, as Henry George has so clearly shown, "Production is always the mother of wages," and "Labour always precedes wages." The Scotch and Belgian notes and credits paid for labour (as shown in my last article) were not to "stimulate future operations, but were really a kind of symbols or certificates of so many men's work for so much time already converted into capital, out of the future profits of which the credits would be redeemed." Why should not the State give bank notes or credits in exchange for value received, in such things as the value of roads or water races, instead of exchanging interest-bearing debentures for imaginary sovereigns, or for the use of private bank credits, deposits, or notes?

The New Zealand Government boasts of its cheap money for farmers. But the farmers did not require English sovereigns (either for breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper!), and as they could and did give ample securities (which are true banking capital), there was no good reason why private money-lenders, stock jobbers, and bank shareholders should have had any of the profits. The cash credits or deposits of a State Bank and its cheques and notes would have been quite as good as those of any State propped-up bank, and out of the produce the farmers would have paid interest and repaid the credits given. Thus the profits of the public credit might have been used to decrease the public debt; reproductive debt appears to increase debt; reproductive credit would increase wealth and credit—and reduce debt! Why, then, should not the State use the public credit, “to set industry in motion” in all national, municipal and local works, and in manufacturing, mining, and commercial business, as well as in farming, and so increase the wealth and wages of the colony, without paying tribute to foreign or private capitalists? New Zealand has to pay away over two millions a year out of the colony in interest on her outside public loans, without reckoning interest and profits on private investments, shares, and loans of outside capitalists. This means so much less of her produce to be divided amongst the producers of the colony, and therefore lower wages, and a greater cost of living. The absentee capitalist is as bad as the absentee landlord, because his profits are not dis-

tributed where they are produced. If prices fell to half their present value, it would mean the double the present exports would be required to pay this foreign tribute.

“Public debt,” said Sir William Russell, in the New Zealand Parliament, “is a serious injury and detriment to posterity.” “It is an axiom that taxation must descend to the weakest people in the country—those who are least able to pay it. Capital can always take care of itself, but those who are not able to leave the colony are the people who will have to bear the burden.”

If New Zealand is “God’s own country,” why should it be “the most debt-ridden spot in the world”? If it is truly prosperous and wealthy, what is the meaning of the increase of the public debt at the rate of over two millions a year—or over £5000 a day?

In conclusion, and by way of justification, self-defence and challenge, I quote the following word of President Roosevelt:—“There are in the body politic, economic and social, many grave evils, and there is urgent necessity for the sternest war upon them. There should be relentless exposure of and attack upon every evil practice, whether in politics, business, or social life. I hail as a benefactor every writer or speaker, every man who, on the platform, or in book, magazine or newspaper, with merciless severity, makes such attack, provided all ways that he in his turn remembers that the attack is of use only if it is absolutely truthful.”

THE NEW INCOME TAX BASIS.

Under this heading Sir Thomas P. Whittaker contributes to the *Financial Review of Reviews* a digest of the Report of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into and report upon the practicability of graduating and differentiating the income tax. On the question of differentiating between earned and unearned income, the crux was the case of shopkeepers, manufacturers, builders and other traders, part of whose income was interest on capital and part earned by their own labour. The Committee solved this problem by deciding that the require-

ments of the case would be roughly met if all business incomes not exceeding £3000 a year were regarded as earned. The scheme is thus succinctly put in tabular form by the writer:—

Let us suppose that the Chancellor had a surplus sufficient to enable him (1) to keep the normal or foundation tax at 1s in the pound; (2) to reduce the tax on earned incomes not exceeding £3000 a year to 9d. in the pound; and (3) to make the abatements—£160 on incomes not exceeding £400 a year; £150 on incomes between £400 and £700; and £100 on incomes between £700 and £1000.

On the basis of these rates and abatements, the scheme, as compared with the present arrangement, would work out

AT PRESENT.

UNDER THE SCHEME.

Actual Income.	Taxable Income after deducting Abatement.	Tax on all Incomes.
£	£	£ s. d.
200	40	2 0 0
300	140	7 0 0
400	240	12 0 0
600	480	24 0 0
700	630	31 10 0
1,000	1,000	50 0 0
1,500	1,500	75 0 0
2,000	2,000	100 0 0
2,500	2,500	125 0 0
3,000	3,000	150 0 0
3,500	3,500	175 0 0

Taxable Income after deducting Abatement.	Tax on Unearned Incomes.	Tax on Earned Incomes.
£	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
40	2 0 0	1 10 0
140	7 0 0	5 5 0
240	12 0 0	9 0 0
450	22 10 0	16 17 6
550	27 10 0	20 12 6
900	45 0 0	33 15 0
1,500	75 0 0	56 5 0
2,000	100 0 0	75 0 0
2,500	125 0 0	93 15 0
3,000	150 0 0	112 10 0
3,500	175 0 0	175 0 0

PRISON REFORM.

BY THE REV. CHAS. STRONG, D.D.

The Humanitarian Principle that Man comes first, that Man is an end in himself, not a mere tool or machine, and that Human Evolution is the goal to be ever kept in view, is slowly leavening the world's thought and moulding its conscience. It is the keynote of all real Progress. Its practical recognition as supreme by Society, is "Civilisation," and true Democracy is its embodiment.

This Principle, which has abolished Slavery, which freed the conscience in the days of Lord Shaftesbury, which to-day sits in judgment on the "Wage-slave," and our whole commercial and industrial system, which inspires the Anti-Sweating Crusade, demands not merely the palliation but abolition of poverty, and rouses indignation at unjust social conditions, which declares war between nations to be barbarism, and our present industrial strife and competition to be but a passing phase of social evolution, is now knocking at the doors of our prisons, and demanding to be recognised and applied in our treatment of the Criminal.

During the past hundred years vast improvements have been effected in our penal system, thanks to the noble efforts of men and women like John Howard, Beccaria, Mrs. Fry, Z. R. Brockway, and other modern Reformers. But perfection has not yet been reached, and there is still room for more thorough application of Humanitarian Method and spirit in dealing with Crime. The Democracy has not yet fully awaked to its responsibilities towards those whom it shuts within its prison walls, and who too often are "out of sight, out of mind."

The great effort undoubtedly should be to *prevent* crime, and to do away with the necessity for gaols. The roots of crime must be discovered and destroyed. And will not these be found in low and defective ideals of parenthood and the family, in low and defective ideals of education which ignores the moral and spiritual element in child-nature and confines itself almost entirely to the intellectual, in mental and in physical defect, and in the false conditions and social environment begotten of an industrial and commercial system whose god is Mammon, and whose motto is, "Devil take the hindmost."

Crime is indigenous to the physical, mental, and moral plane on which we are living. Until that plane is raised we shall have crime, and shall have to deal with the treatment and cure of crime.

The change that is coming over criminology and penology is a change of Spirit and a change of method, and these act and react upon each other.

The old spirit was that of the "Lex Talionis"—

the law of retaliation or revenge—"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"—gratification of a personal feeling, or "satisfaction" of an abstract "justice." But the "Lex Talionis" becomes discredited as being unworthy of men and women. Revenge, whether of the personal, or of the abstract kind, may be "sweet," but it is not noble. Punishment as revenge, or as an end in itself, has fallen into disrepute. Who can pretend to *measure guilt*? Who can take upon himself to say that any wrong-doer *deserves* so much pain? We have no scales in which to weigh responsibility and guilt, and the exact amount of "punishment" due to each offender of whose individual character, up-bringing, circumstances, mental and physical condition, the judge can only have very general and imperfect knowledge.

To torture even the worst criminal in cold blood for any wrong he has done to oneself or to Society no longer commends itself to us as worthy of a man or a Christian.

The Protection of Society is coming to be recognised as the guiding principle of criminal law. But Society, it is at the same time felt, can but be protected by Humanitarian *Method*. The old brutal terrorist methods which not so long ago were generally resorted to as necessary to deter from crime, and which some belated criminologists still advocate, are now ceasing to be followed, first because they are proved to be ineffectual, and, secondly, because they tend to degrade those who employ them, and to foster that inhuman and brutal spirit out of which crime springs.

"Consult the Statute Book," writes Dr. Douglas Morrison, "and you will find that hanging, burning, mutilation, used to be the punishment for offences which are now dealt with by a petty fine. Did these atrocious punishments put a stop to the crimes they were directed against? . . . These penalties had no effect whatever in diminishing the volume of crime." The same authority tells us that it has been proved that the less *imprisonment* even there is, and that the less there is of the "silence, solitude, and monotony of the prison cell," the better. First Offenders' Acts, Children's Courts, Probation, Parole, Fines, and Kindly Surveillance and Shepherding of the ex-prisoners, may produce just as good, if not far better, results, and with far less cost to the country.

Where imprisonment has to be resorted to the aim must be, it is felt, to restore the wrong-doer and to cure him of those habits which make him a menace to Society. And this end can never be ac-

complished by cruelty and fear. In Elmira, the State Reformatory of New York and elsewhere, the experiment of humane and enlightened treatment has been tried with success. There is discipline, but it is not degrading, and the prisoner is made to feel that he is not there to undergo an arbitrary punishment, and to work out a sentence, but to work out his own salvation, and that whatever discipline he is subjected to, it is for his good, and with a view to his release at the earliest possible moment. Each case is separately studied, and, instead of crushing men and women, the effort is to lift them up, to improve by healthy exercise and work their physical condition, to improve their minds, and to wake their moral feelings. There are classes, lectures, a prison-magazine, and music to occupy the prisoner's thoughts, and as soon as the authorities think that with safety to Society a prisoner can be released, he is allowed to leave on probation or parole, and placed under the care of probation officers. A Committee of Citizens is appointed to act with the prison authorities, and thus a link is formed between the prisoner and the public, a link much needed, where, as in Australia, officialdom reigns supreme.

Can anything be more cruel and absurd than to shut a man up for 23 hours out of the 24 in a prison-cell, leaving him with his own dark-brooding thoughts, and his own ungoverned animal passions, a subject on which delicacy forbids us to enlarge, surrounded by suggestions and associations of crime and criminals, perhaps, as in some gaols, with the gallows machinery confronting him, "Whene'er he takes his walks abroad," and the height of cruelty and absurdity is reached when this morally and mentally sick man is sentenced to the "solitary" cell to be fed on bread and water, or to receive so many bloody lashes on the triangle, a doctor standing by to see that the man does not die under the treatment.

The new criminology protests against such methods of protecting Society, and declares that those who inflict such barbarities, are themselves criminals.

A criminal, however degraded, it maintains, should always be treated as a man or a woman, and his gaolers and warders should not be, as they sometimes are, coarse tyrants and bullies, or mere machines to carry out orders, but humane and intelligent men and women, with special expert training for their difficult duties, and special aptitude for their responsible work—brave, self-controlled, and able to handle and control others.

Among the best reforming agencies is work. But it must be interesting, useful, and reproductive work. Can we say that the work done by prisoners in their solitary cells is of this description? Teasing oakum, or picking wool, or making straw covers for bottles, is anything but interesting, or calculated to inspire the prisoner, or to develop either his muscle or his brain-power.

Let men and women be as much as possible in the open-air, let them at least see the sunshine and the sky, and let them feel that they are of some use in the world.

Premier Bent, of Victoria, is to be congratulated for the experiments he intends making in the direction of giving prisoners who have nearly served their sentences work in making roads in Gippsland, for which he proposes to pay them a fair wage, so that they may have something in their pockets when they are set free.

Would it not be well, however, to make every prisoner work from the very first in order to pay for his own "keep," to contribute something to the support of wife and family who are cruelly bereft of the wages of the bread-winner, and in certain cases to make *restitution* to those he has wronged? Would it then help to restore a man's self-respect.

It could surely be so arranged that such work would not come into the competition with free labour, which the "working-man" very naturally dreads. "You thus treat the prisoner better than the respectable free citizens," it may be said "while hundreds are 'unemployed' you find work for the criminal." The argument is a weighty one. And the only answer to it is, "Henceforth the Government will see to it that every respectable unemployed man shall have some useful work *special* provided for him, or that he be put in communication with employers needing his work. Society henceforth recognises the principle that no man shall be without the means of "living." It does this in the interests of the individual—in the interests of the whole.

If prisoners can be employed clearing land and making roads, why not able and willing free men? Thousands of acres are lying waste, needing to be cleared and made ready for settlement. Hundreds of the "unemployed" are quite able to undertake this work, and in a short time under complete supervision could make good wages. I am not speaking of the "unemployed" in ignorance, namely, as I altogether without practical knowledge of the sort of work I speak of. An energetic Minister of Labour it is to be hoped will devise some scheme by which our hundreds of annually "unemployed" may be absorbed, and thus a serious objection be removed to the work of prisoners. There should be work for all under proper organisation.

There is one point, in conclusion, in connection with the new spirit and method of criminal treatment, which must not be overlooked—namely, the treatment of the class of "habitual" criminals who are again and again imprisoned, and come out of prison only to repeat their crimes with greater skill and cunning.

For such unfortunate men and women, objecting many of them of pity rather than scorn or censure, special treatment is absolutely necessary. They can

not be trusted with liberty. In the interests of society, and in their own, they cannot be allowed to go free. But it does not follow that we must shut them up in a dreary gaol. The only thing to be done with such criminals is as Dr. Douglas Morrison has suggested, to confine them in some sort of industrial settlement for an indefinite time. Some of them might at length regain their liberty, and some might never be restored to perfect freedom. For them the "indeterminate sentence" would mean

"indeterminate" detention, but with the most humane and considerate treatment possible.

This great question of Prison Reform it is to be hoped will receive more attention in Australia than it has yet received. We have in our penal establishments some enlightened enthusiasts, and some reforms have of late years been introduced. But there is much still of the old leaven both in our Spirit and Method, and much reprehensible apathy and indifference on the part of "the public."

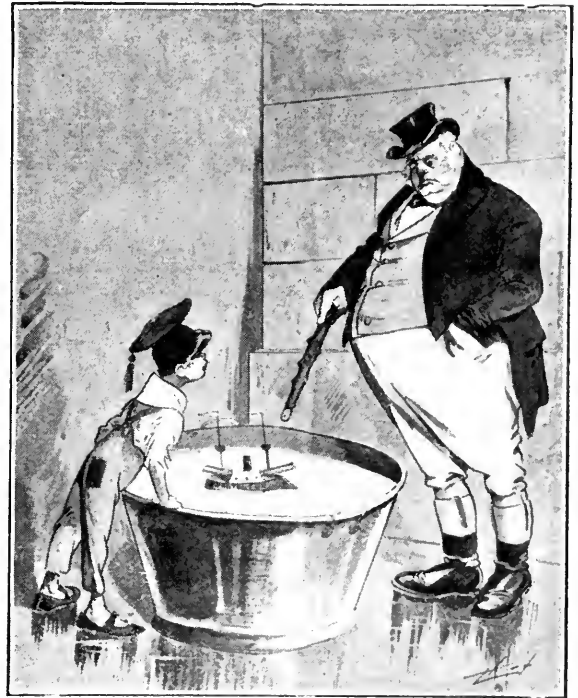


L'Asino.]

[Rome.]

The Black Eagle.

KAISER: "Since the cock is driving you away I will take you under my wing."

*The Bulletin.*]**Solid Backing.**

BULL: "Look here, young man. This White Australia business is your principle—not mine. Now, how much do you back your principle with?"

AUSTRALIA: "Well, there's the old gunboat 'Protector,'"

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW ZEALAND LAND BILL.

Rev. J. Wilks writes:—

In your issue of December, 1906, you say, "If New Zealand had passed the Land Bill she would have been so far ahead of Tasmania as to be almost out of sight in the path of land reform. It is to be hoped the Government will stick to its guns so as to assist the solving of the problem of getting land for the landless."

Justice demands that on a subject like the above both sides of the question should be put before your readers. Therefore, I rely upon you allowing me, as one conversant with the land question, not only theoretically, but practically—being a farmer and grazier—to put the other side.

The curse of the present-day legislation is the continual alteration in our laws, in the name of progression, and as these laws are not drawn up and founded on the laws of Nature, it is found necessary to amend such laws, often the following session of Parliament.

Nature's laws are immutable and inexorable, and one of them, the "survival of the fittest," cannot be deviated from without disarranging and upsetting the economical arrangements of mankind.

Now a history of the land question from the days of our hyperborean ancestors to the present date shows that there are certain portions of a tribe or people specially inclined to and fitted for the cultivation of the soil. These persons will only do so with spirit and enlightenment when they have such security of tenure as will give them the fruits of their toil; then they will fence such land as is required by them, build substantial houses, invent and use labour-saving machinery, and by so doing gain a living for themselves and their offspring, supplying food for those not engaged on the land, and adding to the wealth of the community as a whole.

Now history declares with no uncertain sound that the only land tenure that fits in with the laws of Nature is the freehold. Let those who advocate the State making a gigantic monopoly of the land by Single Tax or Land Nationalisation contrast the comfort and prosperity of the peasant freeholders of France with the poor miserable ryots of India who hire the land direct from the State. Denmark, France, Italy, Portugal, the United States and Canada all loudly declare the advantages of having noble, energetic, enterprising, thrifty, self-reliant freeholders with strong individual characteristics, instead of the downcast, down-trodden State serfs who cannot even call their souls their own; their lands, their homes, and even their families being at the mercy, in too many cases, of unprincipled State overseers.

Land under State ownership, like most of those in India, are always subject to famine.

As soon as the Irish take advantage of the great scheme established by the Balfour Government for the acquisition of the freeholds of their farms, we shall hear no more of famines there than we do in any of the countries I have previously mentioned where the freehold is the land tenure.

The bugbear of the aggregation of large estates can always be met and overcome by a just and graduated land tax levied on all properties producing more than, say, £250 net per annum.

In regard to the second statement in reference to our Government sticking to its guns and "finding land for the landless," this is a phrase that has been so often used by the land nationalists that it has become almost a maxim among such.

To the landless it sounds splendidly, but when applied practically it means only keeping an army of civil servants to look after, superintend and spy upon those who take up land under a leasehold system in addition to the cost of buildings by the State to house that other army of accountants and letter-writers who keep the books in connection with the land, plus also a small army of printers, and book-binders, etc., to issue the annual reports re the same.

Again, there is another and practical aspect. Are all the loafers, the holders-up of lamp-posts, and sup-porters of hotels fit to take up land either mentally physically or financially?

The experiment of the South Australian Government in that direction proved an utter failure, and the leasehold had to be abandoned for the freehold, and sold to those with means and some practical knowledge.

The thousand and one experiments in the direction of substituting the leasehold for the freehold in regard to rural lands have all proved failures, and have had to be given up, and a return made to the freehold, and it will undoubtedly end in New Zealand doing so, indication of which was shown at the last Manukau bye-election, which was fought on the question Freehold v. Leasehold, when the former won by an overwhelming majority.

A subscriber from the Marshall Islands writes:—
"In compliance with your request, I herewith enclose names and addresses of a few friends and acquaintances to whom I feel confident your journal of unparalleled interest will appeal in a practical manner. Naturally, one would think such an ardent admirer as myself would have quite a quantity of back numbers that could be utilised in spreading the gospel of clean, pure, up-to-date literature. True, I have a quantity of back numbers, but as I keep a scrapbook, they are sadly mutilated. Every quarter I look forward to the 'Review of Reviews' with a joy that only those who live alone, and are completely cut off from their kind, can realise."

Mr. Samuel Pearson, honorary secretary of the New Zealand League, writes to say that, in answer to circular letters sent to America and other countries inquiring about the use of the Bible in schools, he has received a large number of replies, which mostly indicated that there was some form of religious instruction in the various States. Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, Illinois, Michigan, Kansas, Arkansas, Kentucky, Virginia, New Jersey, New Brunswick, Nebraska, Iowa, Nevada and Indiana replied that there was no law against the reading of the Bible in their schools, and generally some time was devoted to reading the book. Nova Scotia writes that devotional exercises may be arranged before or after ordinary school hours, and attendance is optional. In Ontario every public and high school is opened and closed with prayer, and the Scriptures are read "daily and systematically," but children whose parents object are not required to take part in religious exercises. The regulations of

Western Australia provide that children of a particular denomination may receive religious instruction at specified times by clergymen or other teachers of that persuasion. Bible-reading is optional in South Australia. The programme of instruction in Tasmania provides for sacred history and optional religious instruction. Bible history is taught in the public schools of the Orange Free State. The Bible is read compulsorily in the public schools of Quebec. Subject to rules, the Bible has been sanctioned in the National Schools of Ireland since the commencement of this system in 1831. Glasgow and Edinburgh appear to be enthusiastic advocates of Bible teaching in schools.

"PITILESS INDIVIDUALISM."

(A PLEA FOR A FORGOTTEN GODDESS.)

Here is no piping song of speed,
No peon of the motor's spell,
No gorgeous lay of modern rush,
Of frantic hoot—of blatant yell.
Here will be met no shouting god,
So vulgar tongued, so deeply read,
Your pushing, political centipede
Of myriad parts and little head.
Not madman of the strenuous life,
Hot-foot for his perspiring grave,
Spurning with blind and frantic foot
The thousand gifts his Maker gave.
Nor yet your perspicuous sage
To whom all poetry is prose;
Who, ambling round his empty ring,
Sees nothing there beyond his nose.
Nor you, with "not a day to spare"
From following up some phantom "lead,"
From "labour gains" and "equal rights"
To come about when you are dead.
Nor him, all hot-foot for a "change":
A "generous" man with "nought" to give:
A fellow always sighing for
A model earth on which to live.
Who sees in all this "form and void"
A platform for his talk and sprawl,
And maddened by the dross of few,
Forgets the glorious wealth of all.

Life is a fight? Perhaps it is!
But not for foothold on the world.
He is a madman who would fight
For that which in his arms lies furled.
Let him who can—arrest himself,

And see that upon which he stands;
Be not so passing interested
Upon the *owner* of the land.
Let him seek deeper thing in this
Than matter of a few poor pence,
Let him learn wider bounds than those
Within another's shadowy fence.
Let him look out upon the world
With searching and admiring eye:
This world yet undiscovered still:
This world so quickly fading by.
Let him arrest his frantic race
And pluck one flower unheeded here:
One product sprung for him alone.
One blossom to him only dear.
Let not Death find him hurrying still:
The world—her beauties still unseen—
Gone like some gracious unliv'd life,
For him a hideous might-have-been.
Will he be then so wondrous sure
The owner got the greatest gain
From all that ached space of his:
That God-placed stretch of wood and plain?
Poor envier of another's plot,
Of so much yard and stone and tree,
Of so much earth he'll never know,
With nothing in it he can see.
Why seek to force your brief, brief life
Within another's fancied cleft.
With sky and sea about you still,
A thousand open spaces left?
And all the room within your soul,
And all the peace a good heart brings.
Untenanted by pleasing thoughts,
Unoccupied with higher things.

Ah, narrow dream! Ah, maniac rush!
Keep you your glum and dusty road.
The wide, wide world has many a back
Unhampered by your self-placed load.
Still 'mid the clank and hoot there stride
(Strange mingling o' the incongruous crowd!)
Great hearts for reverence and for awe,
Slow steadfast workers, still uncowed,
Still in this over-roaded world
Some unaccustomed pathways flee
Far from the senseless buzz of "seem,"
Into the wondrous heart of "be."
Still may the seeker find a joy
Upon the thousand-wondered hills;
Still will great Nature speak with him,
Who human vaunt a moment stills.

W. GOSSE HAY.

Adelaide, August 20th.

More interest is being taken every month in the ideals of "The Review of Reviews," and I am grateful to the friends who have sent me the names of friends who they think will be interested in them, and in a magazine of such literary worth as "The Review." If any reader has friends (and who has not?) interested in social ideals, will they please send their names, that we may send them a sample copy.

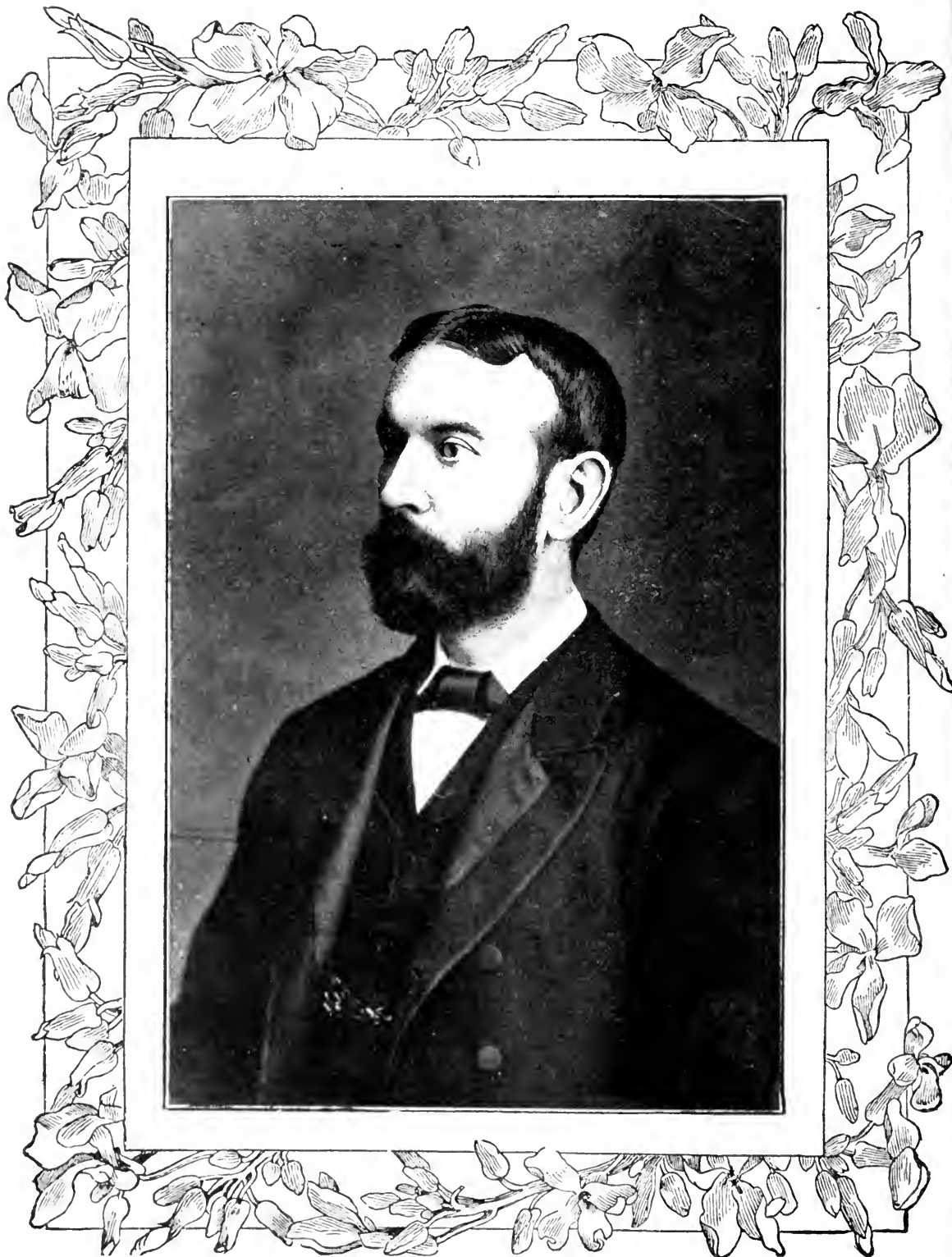


Photo. by W. Lawrence.

[*Dublin.*]

The Latest Portrait of Mr. Sexton, taken in 1890.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

MR. THOMAS SEXTON, "THE IRISH GLADSTONE."

Since his retirement from Parliament in 1895 Mr. Thomas Sexton has disappeared from public view more completely than any other survivor of that brilliant band which Parnell gathered around him in the days of his glory. Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon maintain and increase their prominent position in public life year by year. Mr. William O'Brien has secured a factitious and transitory distinction by apostasy. Mr. Healy, though outlawed by his old colleagues, and contemptuously dismissed as "a brilliant calamity" by the young Nationalists, continues to compel a fascinated attention. Mr. Sexton, however, has been kept in the public eye mainly by the abuse showered on him by some of his quondam friends, who have been far readier to attack him in his retirement than they were to eulogise him when he and they were working side by side. He himself, consistently ignoring these attacks, has devoted himself to work of such a quiet, unostentatious character that the average Englishman must have been a little startled at his reappearance as a member of the Viceregal Commission appointed to inquire into the working of the Irish railway system. The last occasion on which his name came thus prominently before the public was as a member of the epoch-making Financial Relations Commission. It is fitting, and characteristic of the man, that his reappearance should be on another great financial question—a question intimately affecting the future welfare and commercial prosperity of Ireland.

THE SOURCE OF HIS INFLUENCE.

Mr. Sexton's seclusion, however, has been very far indeed from idle. As chairman of the *Freeman's Journal* Company he has for the past dozen years devoted his energies to the task of watching over the finances of the greatest Irish newspaper. Through the *Freeman* he has continued to exert a great influence on the course of Irish politics. Indeed, it is safe to say that in the days of his greatest prominence he was probably never so powerful, and certainly never so beneficial, a force in Irish public life as he is to-day.

His retirement was the fruit of no disappointed egotism, but of a genuine modesty and love of quiet. The keynote of Mr. Sexton's character may be said to be his horror of vanity. Vanity, deadliest of all faults in a politician, worse than treachery or greed—because more subtle and less easily dealt with—he has repeatedly reprobated. It is noteworthy that in one of his most trenchant denunciations of Mr. Forster, during his tenure of office as Irish Secretary, Mr. Sexton fixed upon an over-

weening vanity as the root-cause of his failure and downfall.

Mr. Sexton's intellect unites fine literary sense and feeling for language with practical, economic, statistical faculties of the highest order. In the political sphere he is, above all, a financier. Mr. Dillon did not exaggerate in calling him "the best brain in all Ireland on questions of finance." In national and in municipal politics alike he is an expert, whose command of facts and figures, scientific thoroughness, and devotion to his work would rejoice the heart of latter-day worshippers of "efficiency." Like the Japanese, he takes no chances: his intellectual army is equipped down to the last button before he gives the word to march. But with Mr. Sexton efficiency is a means, not an end—it is not bought at the expense of sacrificing popular sympathies and democratic principles to lifeless routine.

HIS JOURNALISTIC APPRENTICESHIP.

Thomas Sexton was born in Waterford, in 1848, the year of revolutions. Circumstances made his childhood a solitary one; and he thus acquired a liking for solitude, which clung to him through all the most active years of his public life. The Catholic Young Men's Society of Waterford gave the future orator the first opportunity for the development of his talents. Remembrance of how he had benefited from this society made him in after years always most anxious to encourage the formation of similar associations amongst the young. He also contributed, while still a boy, to the local newspapers, and then to the *Dublin Nation*. When he left Waterford in 1869 it was to become a leader-writer on the latter journal, then, as so long before, the most outspoken advocate of Nationalist principles. On the staff of this paper Sexton worked for ten years, and became in turn editor of the *Weekly News* and *Young Ireland*, two publications issued from the *Nation* office.

A BORN ORGANISER.

"Immersed in these things," writes Mr. T. P. O'Connor in "The Parnell Movement," "and of a temperament shy and easy-going, Sexton never sought or even accepted any opportunity of displaying his great oratorical powers. He took his share in all the national movements, but it was as a silent and unknown member of those committees which do the practical work and leave the speech-making to others. Probably there was not one even of his intimates who suspected that this retiring *littérateur* would ever have the courage to face an audience

larger than the *petit comité* which his wit—sly, delicate, slightly cynical—used to delight." From the day of the public dinner given him on leaving Waterford in 1869, to that of the Land League meeting at Dromore West, County Sligo, in 1879, he never delivered a public speech. These ten years, however, were occupied with that unrelenting industry which is one of his most strongly marked characteristics. He early joined the Home Rule League, founded by Butt in 1870; and in course of time, as one of its most earnest and strenuous workers, he occupied a seat on its executive council. But it was not till the days of the Land League, when the National Movement took on new strength from contact with mother earth, that Sexton found his true sphere. He was one of the younger men who eagerly flung themselves into the ranks of a movement which at last promised to march, not merely to mark time. As always, he was busiest in the work of organisation. But when bold action was required he did not shrink from it. He accompanied Parnell to the Balla meeting in November of 1879. This meeting was surrounded by police and soldiers, and Parnell had in his pocket a warning from one of them to the effect that the police had secret orders to shoot him if any disturbance took place, and that, if the military fired, the first shots would be directed at the leading men. It required no little courage to face this peril, knowing how inflammable the people were, and how easily they might disregard their leaders' injunctions to avoid tumult—in which case a massacre would result. Parnell and Sexton faced the danger, relying on their power to hold the people in check; and their confidence was not misplaced.

ONE OF PARNELL'S LIEUTENANTS.

On the 1st of January, 1880, during the absence of Parnell and Dillon in America, Sexton opened the campaign of that year at a meeting at Rathdrum, near Parnell's ancestral home of Avondale. He was already marked out in popular estimation as one of the lieutenants of Parnell. He was one of a large band of pressmen who joined the Irish Party in the early days. Like most "advanced" parties, its best recruits have, down to the present time, been drawn from the ranks of journalists and literary men. Parnell was already standing for three constituencies when he was invited to contest Sligo County against Colonel King-Harman, a "Conservative Home Ruler." He declined, but recommended Sexton—whom the Sligo electors promptly accepted. The final selection was made at the latest possible moment. Colonel King-Harman was a local magnate, and the *cognoscenti* believed his position unshakable. Sexton flung himself into the contest with tremendous vigour and entirely unaided; his colleagues were all busy with their own battles. He held meetings in every part of the county, delivered seventeen speeches in four

days, and on the fifth was triumphantly returned at the head of the poll. The next fifteen years comprised Sexton's Parliamentary career. He was for Sligo till 1886, then for West Belfast till 1890, and during the last three years of his Parliamentary life for North Kerry.

A MASTER OF DETAIL.

Here is a cameo of him as a Parliamentarian, from the skilled pen of Mr. T. P. O'Connor:—"Before he goes down to the House he has mastered all the business of the day, and his breakfast is Blue-books. He rarely approaches the discussion of any question without full knowledge of all the facts, carefully arranged and abundantly illustrated by letters and other documents. Probably he was the only one except Sir Charles Dilke who knew the figures connected with the Redistribution Bill (of 1884). With every measure that in the least degree concerns Ireland he is acquainted down to the last clause, and thus it is that he enters on a debate with a singularly complete equipment. His mind is extraordinarily alert. His opponent has scarcely sat down when he is on his feet with counter-arguments to meet even the plausible case that has been made against him. It seems impossible to take him unawares."

ORATOR, DEBATER, FINANCIER.

Mr. Sexton's greatest oratorical efforts were delivered in the House of Commons, where his musical voice, his power of lucid statement, his polished style, his mastery of detail, his genial wit and humour, all told, even with his bitterest opponent. The rougher work of mob oratory—a very necessary but not very lofty branch of political effort—might be done as effectively by less gifted men; none could rival Sexton in the magnificence of his orations upon great subjects to a great audience. In Ireland his chief work was organising; always most congenial to him was the quiet labour which makes no immediate show, but the effects of which are far-reaching and long-lasting. He never shirked the troublesome or dangerous platform duty when it was necessary; but he never possessed that keen joy of battle which inspires some Irish politicians whenever there is a prospect of conflict with the police or consignment to the plank bed. His sensitive, nervous, highly-strung organism is too highly placed in the scale of being to find its delight in other conflicts than those of pure intellect. Entering the House of Commons entirely unknown, he left it with a reputation, as orator, debater, financier, second only to that of Gladstone. Gladstone is gone; and although the new House of Commons contains many brilliant men, it is safe to say that did Mr. Sexton choose to return to it, and to fling himself into its work with his old ardour, he would dominate the House without a rival. But though repeatedly urged by his former colleagues to rejoin them, he has no inclination to leave his quiet life

business industry for the dust and turmoil of the political arena.

THE QUALITY OF HIS SPEECHES.

Mr. Sexton was prosecuted along with the rest of the Land League executive in the autumn of 1881—a prosecution which resulted in the disagreement of the jury. During the session of 1881, Sexton—not Parnell (who was seldom in the House)—was the chief protagonist in the fight against Mr. Forster's Coercion Bill. His first great speech was made on the second reading of that Bill. It at once attracted the attention of good judges of oratory in the House. "I have heard it described," writes Mr. Davitt in his "Fall of Feudalism," "by competent judges who were present, as the finest specimen of debating eloquence that had been heard in the House of Commons for years. The reputation thus made was more than upheld in after years. One of the most all-round gifted public men Ireland has sent to Westminster since the Act of Union." The rise of the young Parliamentarian was rapid. The climax was reached in his great speech on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill of 1886—a speech which Mr. Gladstone declared to be the most eloquent he had heard in a generation of great speakers. The qualities of Mr. Sexton's oratory, indeed, are such as particularly fit him for the Parliamentary arena. A silvery voice, exquisitely modulated, is the fit exponent of his genial and charming personality. His vocabulary is so copious and varied that he never hesitates for a word, and is never obliged to repeat himself. His words flow in an even, limpid stream of melodious phrase, perfect in phrasing and in polish. Unlike the majority of Celtic orators, whose extremes of pitch are wide, whose rhetoric drowns argument, and whose gestures are apt to be violent and exaggerated, his whole demeanour is quiet and restrained; he employs little gesture, and rarely indulges in rhetoric. His occasional passion is, therefore, all the more effective. His customary appeal is to the intellect, not the emotions; his gentle persuasiveness is irresistible. Rant is abhorrent to him. Cogent argument, invariably based upon an unpregnable rock of fact; masses of detail, ordered and harmonised by a master hand; clearest exposition of the most intricate points in finance or administration—these, illumined by wit, sarcasm, and irony, form the staple of his speeches. Mr. Sexton's wit, though lacking the pungency of Mr. Parnell's sallies, surpasses the latter in genuine originality, exacting a tribute of admiration even from its victim.

AN IRISH GLADSTONE.

The only weak point in Mr. Sexton's oratorical life was hinted at in the remark of a friend of his, who said that Sexton always spoke best when he was absolutely unprepared, his wonderful memory ensuring accuracy in every fact and figure, his

natural eloquence guaranteeing perfection of style; whereas with excessive preparation he was apt to overload his speeches with detail, his anxiety to omit nothing leading to a lack of perspective. This reminds one of the over-copiousness which occasionally misled Mr. Gladstone. Indeed, in many points Sexton recalls the great English statesman, who seems early to have recognised the intellectual kinship between them, and to have admired the young Irishman accordingly. "Nothing could be better in feeling or grace," he wrote to Lady Frederick Cavendish in 1882, referring to Sexton's speech on the Phoenix Park murders. "The man is little short of a master."

In common with Mr. Gladstone, too, he possesses that keen democratic instinct which alone can preserve a statesman from the pitfalls of a mechanical efficiency. Such gleanings of Sextonian oratory as the flashing phrase, "Hatred of oppression is holy"—as the declaration that his Nationalism was "not a passionate and fitful hope, but a calm and intent faith"—or as the following: "He was inclined to think that social independence was to be preferred to political freedom; but, he would add, show him a nation that was socially independent and he would show them a country that must soon be politically free"—or his answer, at the Belfast Convention of 1885, to those who required from Constitutional Home Rulers an eternal disclaimer of aspirations after independence: "We have no power, either in law or equity, to mortgage the minds of posterity"—have the veritable Gladstonian ring.

The gifts of the orator and of the financier are amongst the most divergent of intellectual qualities, and when highly developed are very rarely found in conjunction; but in their appreciation of finance as the very brain and marrow of politics, Gladstone and Sexton again coincided.

THE BUSINESS MIND OF THE MOVEMENT.

In nothing, however, is the resemblance more marked than in the marvellous industry of both men. Rarely was this industry so clearly displayed as in the days when Sexton was at once triumphing in the House of Commons and conducting the organisation of the Land League in Ireland. He took up this latter task in April, 1881, when Mr. Dillon's arrest left the position of chief organiser vacant. As head organiser he speedily came into conflict with Mr. Forster. The scope of his labour may be gauged by his own statement in the House of Commons that he had personal knowledge of the members of the Land League in nearly every town in Ireland. He presided regularly at the weekly meetings of the Land League in Dublin, delivering a series of speeches marked by the practical common sense which he invariably brought to the conduct of revolutionary propaganda. His was essentially the business mind of the movement.

Between May and October, 1881, he delivered about one hundred speeches in various parts of Ireland. In September, 1881, Parnell was arrested as a suspect and lodged in Kilmainham. Sexton was at that time on a bed of sickness—his never robust frame had broken down under the tremendous burden laid upon his shoulders—but he left it to attend a meeting of protest against this outrage. The next day he was again confined to bed with a relapse, but in spite of this, was arrested and dragged to Kilmainham. The removal endangered his life, as his medical attendant certified. From Kilmainham he signed the No Rent Manifesto—which, indeed, was issued largely at his suggestion. Such a strong measure, he felt, was rendered inevitable by the wholesale arrest of the Land League leaders, and the consequent helpless condition of the people.

After a few weeks' detention he was released, his serious illness having made some impression even on his gaolers. As soon as his health was partially restored he hastened to Westminster to assume the leadership of the Irish Party—Dillon, O'Kelly, and others being imprisoned along with their chief. He conducted the Parliamentary campaign with consummate skill till the "Kilmainham Treaty" secured Parnell's release in May, 1882.

INTEREST IN LOCAL AFFAIRS.

In 1885 a Sexton Testimonial was started by his constituents, with a view to recouping their indefatigable representative for his labours on their behalf—for Sexton never allowed his great national work to prevent him from attending to local needs. It speedily assumed national proportions, being warmly taken up, in particular, by the business classes, in recognition of Sexton's "vigilance and industry in our commercial and industrial affairs." It rose to over £5000, in spite of the numerous calls upon the Irish purse at the time, and could have mounted to a much larger sum had not Mr. Sexton himself characteristically expressed a desire to bring it to a close.

INDEPENDENCE OF ROME.

Another political testimonial, a little earlier in date, had interesting consequences. This was the large sum collected for Parnell by his grateful followers—a tribute which Rome endeavoured to stop. When the Roman circular was issued the situation was a critical one for the Irish cause. But the men in command were equal to it, Sexton foremost. He was in Dublin at the time, and his speech to a Dublin League meeting, immediately after the issue of the circular, gave the keynote to the popular protest. No one, either then or now, could have so skilfully piloted the ship between Scylla and Charybdis. Not for a moment did he entertain the idea of dropping the national tribute to Parnell in obedience to the Roman letter. Yet not one word of disrespect to the Church or its head escaped him

in the heat of the crisis. With perfect reverence for the Papal dignity, he calmly put aside as untenable the idea that the Pope or the College of Propaganda had any right to interfere with the Catholic laity in their desire to honour their Protestant leader.

"It was not," he said, "for the good either of the Papacy or of Ireland that any endeavour should be made to use the authority of the Catholic Church against what the English newspapers call Irish disaffection, but what he would call a love of Ireland. He believed that the intellectual and faithful priesthood of Ireland, when they received the circular, would know what the interest of Ireland and the cause of duty commanded. They (the Parnellites) should regret, if they were fated to endure it, to lose their most complete and most valuable allies, in this or any other movement; but, with allies or without them, the movement must go forward." Rarely has the Catholic Nationalist's absolute independence of Rome in secular matters been more forcibly or convincingly stated than by Mr. Sexton's several speeches on this occasion. And when the testimonial finally attained an enormous success, it was due to Sexton's speech, at the banquet where Parnell was entertained, which expressed in the noblest language the patriotic ideals which found expression in Parnell's leadership.

VICTOR IN BELFAST.

In the election campaign of 1885 Mr. Sexton played a prominent part in securing the return of the eighty-six pledge-bound Parnellites, and narrowly failed to capture West Belfast, being beaten by thirty-five votes only. At the Convention which selected him he emphasised the social benefits which he expected Home Rule to confer, laid special stress, thus early, on industrial progress, on the grievances of town tenants—the latter the cause to which, as director of the *Freeman's Journal*, he was to lend the most valuable aid twenty years later. Then came the Home Rule Bill, and a great speech which marks the culminating point of Mr. Sexton's career in the House of Commons, an effort of the very highest order of Parliamentary debating power, combined with an extraordinary display of argument, epigram, wit and sarcasm. He spoke immediately after Mr. Chamberlain; after all the subsequent vagaries of that gentleman's career, Sexton's trenchant analysis of his political shortcomings and intellectual vices can scarcely be equalled; while Lord Salisbury's coquetting with Home Rule, and his absurd scheme of Provincial Councils, also came in for scathing criticism which has not lost its point to-day.

The election which followed saw him win a triumph in the very hour of National defeat, hoisting the National flag over the Ulster capital, his return for West Belfast with a majority of

member for Belfast he gave all his accustomed to practical local questions. This Catholic nationalist proved, indeed, the best representative of Belfast ever had.

DE FACTO LEADER.

Fresh coercion followed, and a long bitter struggle against the Salisbury Government. In all this struggle Sexton was the chief Parliamentary antagonist on the Irish side. Speaking of him at date of his retirement in 1895, Davitt calls him *de facto* Parliamentary leader of the party for previous dozen years." And with truth; for the element which was destined to ruin Parnell had him in its toils, and his attendance in the House was most spasmodic. Sexton, on the other hand, was the most assiduous of all the members of the House in his attendance. He took a delight in watching the sword-play of debate; even when no Irish question was on the tapis, would sit for hours eagerly listening to the intellectual combats on the floor of the House, oblivious of the flight of time.

LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

To his Parliamentary duties an additional burden soon added. Long residence in Dublin had familiarised him with municipal needs and possibilities; he entered the Dublin Corporation, became Sheriff in 1887, and Lord Mayor in 1888. A second year of office was accorded to him in 1889. In these two years he accomplished a giant's work of municipal reform. He consolidated the city debt, converting it into stock, and thereby raised at once permanently the civic credit. He prevented the City Company from acquiring the monopoly of electric lighting, and thereby made possible the magnificent municipally owned system of electric light which Dublin now enjoys. He reduced the rates, and paved the way for that incorporation of the urban townships in the city which has since been virtually carried out. Besides economising money, he also effected an economy of time, by a complete revision and codification of the chaotic Standing Orders under which the proceedings of the Corporation were then conducted.

In addition to this he presided, as representative of the Corporation, over a conference on Irish Railway and Canal Systems—significant of his steady interest in the great transit problem. And withal presented a striking contrast to the majority of his predecessors by the manner in which he dealt with his mayoral salary. This salary, which in Dublin is considerable, is supposed to be spent entirely on civic purposes—upholding the city's reputation for hospitality, and so forth. In practice, however, Lord Mayor, it is shrewdly suspected, is able to make a considerable profit out of the position; and the councillors have even been charged with assenting to the civic chair with that very object in view. Mr. Sexton, on the other hand, at the con-

clusion of his term of office, had an account prepared of his expenditure on civic purposes as Lord Mayor. No parsimony had detracted from his maintenance of the civic dignity; but the account showed an unexpended balance of £400, and he accordingly handed the City Treasurer a cheque for that amount. There is no parallel instance of disinterestedness in the municipal annals of Dublin.

GLOOMY DAYS.

Hard on the heels of the *Times* Commission, which added considerably to the burden of his Parliamentary and Mayoral duties, followed the O'Shea divorce case, the disgrace of Parnell, the split in the heretofore solid phalanx of the Irish Party. Mr. Sexton took the lead in every effort that was made, now this way, and now that, to preserve the National forces unbroken. While it was still hoped that Parnell would solve the problem by a voluntary resignation, he joined his voice to those who declared their allegiance to his leadership. When Parnell proved obdurate, Sexton was foremost and most eloquent of those who in private interviews urged him to reconsider his position. "No service rendered by any leader to any cause," he reminded Parnell, "entitles him to effect its ruin." When the internecine warfare of Committee Room Fifteen at length ended in definite schism, the *de facto* leadership of the Anti-Parnellite section at once and inevitably passed to Sexton; though the gentle and cultured Mr. Justin McCarthy occupied the chair, Sexton's was the real driving force.

WITHDRAWAL FROM PARLIAMENT.

It is not pleasant to dwell on the miserable times which followed—the bitter strife of comrade against comrade, the breaking of old ties of friendship, the split after split which rent the ranks of the demoralised Party. This was warfare of a kind which, of all others, was most abhorrent to Mr. Sexton's refined and high-strung nature. He bore his part in it, but with increasing disgust; and had it not been for the glimpse of hope for escape from its toils which seemed to be offered by the last Gladstone Ministry and the Home Rule Bill of 1893, he would probably have retired from the debasing struggle even sooner than he did. In the debates on the Home Rule Bill he was as great as of yore—most brilliant in oratory, most fruitful and suggestive in amendment, most skilled in every Parliamentary art to improve the Bill and facilitate its passage. When the Bill was lost and Gladstone retired—with the Irish Party sinking ever deeper into ineptitude, rent anew by the Healy faction—there was little to tempt Sexton to remain longer in public life. He was, however, a member of the Select Committee on the Irish Land Acts in 1894, and contributed materially to its valuable report, the basis of subsequent beneficial legislation. At the General Election of 1895 he announced his retirement from Parliament, but consented, at the re-

quest of his constituents, to retain his seat for a few months, until a suitable local candidate could be procured. Meantime, Mr. Justin McCarthy resigned the chairmanship of the Party owing to failing health, and the unanimous voice called for Sexton to succeed him. But he nevertheless persevered in his intention to withdraw from Parliamentary life altogether.

HIS VIEWS ON IRISH TAXATION.

He was to do his country one more service, however, before ceasing to be an active politician. He had in 1894 been appointed as one of Ireland's representatives on the Financial Relations Commission, which took its rise from the debates on the financial provisions of the Home Rule Bill of 1893. This Commission, after a detailed and searching investigation, published its report in 1896, to the effect that, briefly, England had been robbing Ireland at the rate of about 2½ millions sterling per year since the Union! This totally unexpected result of the deliberations of the financial experts blew sky-high the long-repeated Unionist argument that Ireland, being the poorer partner in the Union, must necessarily profit by the connection with England. Mr. Sexton drew up a minority report, in which the case is even more strongly put, and the annual over-taxation estimated at more than three millions. This report contains a long and detailed study of the connection between England and Ireland from the financier's point of view, and those who wish to understand the practical basis of Ireland's so-called "sentimental" grievance cannot afford to neglect its study. Especially noteworthy is the conclusion that, in partial compensation for a century of plunder, Ireland should be entirely released from contribution to the Imperial Exchequer. Mr. Sexton has always held strong views on the iniquity of requiring Ireland to pay even what is called her "fair share" of Imperial expenditure. The main items of this class of expenditure are the upkeep of the Army and Navy and the interest on the National Debt. The Army and Navy are employed solely in the interest of England and of England's trade; while the National Debt represents chiefly the legacy of the Napoleonic war, which gave England her carrying trade, but was of absolutely no benefit to Ireland. Ireland's burden has grown relatively heavier since the publication of this report; and Mr. Sexton, it may be confidently predicted, will fasten with relentless hostility upon any proposals, in the forthcoming Irish Government Bill, which might seem to stereotype at its present figure the Imperial contribution now exacted from Ireland.

THE CONTROL OF THE "FREEMAN'S JOURNAL."

Mr. Sexton retired from Parliamentary life the more readily because he had found another sphere of activity, much more congenial than the Parliamentary arena could be in the then degraded state of the Irish Party, and one which, while giving full

scope to his indefatigable diligence, has all his shattered health to recover from the stress strain of Parliamentary life. The *Freeman's Journal*, the great Nationalist daily, after being for a time the chief bone of contention between warring Nationalist sections, had finally come under a control representing the majority of the British Irish Party. Mr. Sexton now became chairman of the company as representative of the policy of the section.

Since then the personality of Thomas Sexton practically disappeared from public view; what has been increasingly manifest is the financial success and steady progress of the *Freeman*. In spite of desperate attempts of financial and political rivals to shake the *Freeman's* hold on the Irish public position as the representative journal of Ireland remains unaffected. It steadily supported Mr. Dillon in his gallant attempt to keep together the remnants of a Party from 1896 to 1899. It encouraged Mr. William O'Brien in his new organisation, the United Irish League, the founding of which in 1898, paved the way for the re-union of the Irish Party. After the re-union in 1900 it continued to lend its powerful aid to the re-united Party led by Mr. John Redmond. All the time it devoted a large portion of its space to the promotion of material and intellectual progress in Ireland. The intellectual revival associated with the Gaelic League, the yet promising attempts at industrial revival, have all received its heartiest support. On the other hand, it has endeavoured to divert the attention of the Irish people from politics, by persuading the English public that the money wasted on an incompetent staff of officials is so well spent in promoting the development of Ireland, and has found their severest and most searching criticism in the editorial columns of the *Freeman*. Despite all these sneers here and cavils there, Mr. Sexton has steadily kept the *Freeman* on its appointed path, with a single eye to the public interest.

A CRITICAL PERIOD.

The most striking manifestation of the power and importance of the *Freeman* was its conduct on the occasion of the Land Act of 1903 and its sequel. When it is not too much to say that had the *Freeman* not been in existence, or had it taken the wrong line, the destruction of the constitutional movement with its inevitable sequel, after a few years, a fresh outbreak of revolution and assassination, could scarcely have been averted, even by the strenuous efforts of Davitt and of Dillon. The *Freeman* resisted Mr. William O'Brien's attempt to bring the country and the Party into line with Lord Curzon's "Union" Party. It fought the dexterous turning movement inch by inch. It exposed the financial glories underlying both the Land Conference proposal and the Act of 1903, and showed how the new

uded Act was in reality a patent plan for increasing the price of land and rescuing the landlords from their imminent ruin. It published from day to day a series of statistical tables, prepared by Mr. Sexton himself, exposing the defects of the Act as compared with previous ones, and showing the points exactly what traps and snares to avoid in its working. All this was excessively difficult and dangerous work, especially in the early stages, when the *Freeman* stood virtually alone. Mr. Dillon was absent from Ireland owing to serious illness. Mr. O'Brien succeeded in hypnotising Mr. Redmond, the Irish Party and the National Convention acceptance of his policy. The *Freeman* had two auxiliaries—but those powerful ones—Michael Davitt and the Archbishop of Dublin. The people, unused to deal with big questions of finance, were bewildered by the glowing rhetoric of O'Brien's laudations of the Act. Had a weaker man been behind the *Freeman*, or one who had anything to fear or to hope from the Devolutionists, the result would have been disastrous. Through the year of 1903 the war went on. An attempt to capture the *Freeman* through the share market was foiled by Sexton's alertness. At last, when Mr. Sexton openly took the field against the so-called Conciliation Policy," Mr. O'Brien tried a bold stroke—he resigned from the Party and from Parliament. But he had miscalculated. The Party swung back again into the traditional line. The recent report of the Estates Commissioners has completely vindicated the sagacity and foresight of Mr. Sexton's criticisms of the Land Act; and the *Freeman* is more firmly established than ever as the organ of Nationalist opinion and the exponent of the Irish Party's policy.

MR. SEXTON'S COMMANDING POSITION.

It is a tremendous advantage to the Irish people that the *Freeman*, with the resourceful intellect and long will behind it, should occupy this commanding position, in view of the critical times that are ahead. The main difficulties over each Home Rule Bill, as between the Irish and the Liberals, were financial. This will be increasingly the case this year, because financial provisions which the Irish Party might have been willing to overlook when forming part of a great scheme of self-government will be closely scanned and remorselessly criticised when coming as the essential feature of a mere instalment. The great financial expert who directs the *Freeman* will furnish the Irish Party with abundant statistical ammunition, and, without stirring from his boardroom in Prince's Street, will be the real head and centre of the opposition to any attempt to juggle with Ireland's finances under the Irish Government Bill. In his last fight he was long left in a position of practical isolation; but now the Irish Party, taught a lesson by past heedlessness,

is prepared to co-operate heartily with the *Freeman* policy.

Should a really workable scheme be produced by the Government giving Ireland practical control of her own finances, there could be no better guarantee of its successful working than the dominant position in Irish politics of the Irish Gladstone—the prudent economist, the skilled financier, the persuasive orator, the trained man of business. It were well were it his task to train to manage their own affairs a people little skilled in finance, and to lead them with wise and steady guidance towards the solution of the many problems of labour and capital, production and distribution, and the rest, which they will approach with some of the impatience of ignorance, and with the limited resources of an impoverished country.

The conduct of the *Freeman* has not been sufficient to engross all the time and activity of this insatiable worker. He now controls in addition a large publishing firm, and a couple of other business concerns, one mainly of his own foundation. In each case his hand has already made itself felt in reduced expenses and growing prosperity. In all, his administrative powers, capable of the direction of a State, have found at least a partial and temporary outlet. Besides this, his almost life-long interest in transit questions has taken the form, within the last three or four years, of active criticism, as a shareholder, of the concerns of the chief Irish railways.

THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS.

At a rapid glance over Mr. Sexton's career the outstanding feature, the surprising feature, is neither his eloquence nor his financial skill, but his untiring industry. The more one examines his life, the more one is amazed at the amount of things he has found time to do. The explanation does not lie wholly in his capacity for concentration and rapid working: its chief factor is the economy of time by the avoidance of social distractions. Mr. Sexton has always been a solitary man, shrinking from crowds, disliking the glare, the noise, the aimlessness and tedium of what are commonly known as social "functions." A most charming conversationalist in a small circle, the most genial of companions when in the company of one or two intimates, his native shyness and modesty reveal themselves in his avoidance of large assemblies. His silver-tongued oratory is what has mainly impressed the public: yet in reality his *forte* is silent work, accomplished in solitude. It is curious to what an extent, in perusing the contemporary records of the long Parnellite struggle, one becomes conscious of some power behind all the active work, accumulating facts and figures, working out calculations and making up cases, moulding the bullets for others to fire quite as often as for himself. He has gone through the extremes of popularity and (in Parnellite Dublin during the split) of unpopularity, and has found them almost

equally distasteful to his refined, sensitive nature. The excitement of public meetings, which some men revel in, unnerves and irritates him.

AN OMNIVOROUS READER.

After a hard day's work he prefers a book to any social recreation. He has always been an omnivorous reader—histories, essays, fiction, poetry. He is especially devoted to the literature of his own country. He has read almost every book of any distinction written in the English language by an Irishman, down to the very latest products of the Irish literary and dramatic revival. In poetry his favourite *genres* are the lyric and the simple ballad; Burns and Edgar Allan Poe are more congenial to him than the sonorous strains of Milton. Shakespeare and Scott he can always re-read with pleasure. Of novels he is exceedingly fond, delighting to surrender himself to the illusion, to forget the novelist and his machinery in the adventures of the characters. Subtle psychological studies particularly attract him, and he has an especial admiration for the masterpieces of George Eliot.

A LONELY MAN.

A lonely man—and a strong one. Thomas ton is an embodiment of the words of Ibsen's *Dr. Stockmann*, "The strongest man upon earth he who stands most alone." Cautious, thorough investigation of every detail is his invariable preliminary to action; but once he has determined upon a definite line, he pursues it with unswerving firmness. Sexton's iron hand is very rarely, indeed, allowed to slip outside the velvet glove; he invariably prefers to persuade, even where he may command. But it is well that England should know that the iron hand is there; and should realise, that one whose keen glance sees through every of falsehood she can raise, one whose attachment to the welfare of his country is totally independent of the good-will of any section of British opinion and one who, though he may forgive, will not forget the ghastly tale of English crime and treachery in Ireland, is to-day the strongest person force to be taken into account in any fresh attempt to grapple with the Irish difficulty.

F. SHEEHY-SKEFFINGTON



[Nebelputzer.]

The Channel Tunnel Project.

[“The *Entente Cordiale* does not prevent John Bull from seeing visions.”]

The picture at the top represents France shaking a fist at the German Emperor creeping through the Vosges Mountains, and John Bull is reading the *Spectator's* statement that if the Channel Tunnel should become a reality a German occupation of Calais would be simply disastrous for him.



[UK.]

ITALY. GERMANY. ENGLAND. FRANCE. BELGIUM

[Belgium]

The Scramble for Colonies in Africa.

“Is that what you call a white waistcoat?”

IMPRESSIONS OF THE THEATRE.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" AT HIS MAJESTY'S, LONDON.

The drama," says Count Tolstoi in the *Forty Review*, "the most important branch of art, in our time become the trivial and immoral amusement of a trivial and immoral crowd." When drama is a serious thing, "that man alone can be a drama who has got something to say to the world and that something of the greatest importance to the world, about man's relation to God, to the Universe, to the All, the Eternal, the Infinite."

I had been reading the Russian prophet's diatribe against Shakespeare just before I went to His Majesty's Theatre to see Mr. Tree's presentation of *Antony and Cleopatra*. It is one of the excellent examples, perhaps the supreme example, of the drama which Tolstoi says was written for kings, princes, nobles, and the higher classes, "the least numerous of people, not only utterly indifferent to questions of religion, but in most cases utterly degraded," and became, therefore, merely "a spectacle, an amusement, a recreation." I found myself of the "trivial and immoral crowd" who went to enjoy the "trivial and immoral amusement" produced by a dramatist whose writings are penetrated through and through with such "an immoral view of life" that his admirers "lose their capacity of distinguishing good from evil."

I.—THE SPECTACLE.

There was no doubt about the play at His Majesty's being "a spectacle." You can always thank Mr. Tree for that. Not content with making the most of his original, he has added to the play many novelties. At the opening of the tragedy and its close a colossal representation of the Sphinx dominates the stage, upon whose majestic and inscrutable features gleam the rays of the rising sun. It is a brilliant conceit—a kind of unspoken prologue and epilogue, not without a certain majesty. But it did not strike me as altogether appropriate. The Sphinx belonged to another world than that which witnessed the founding of the Roman Empire. Its elders lived in an age more remote from that of Cleopatra than Cleopatra was from the year of our Lord 1907. The political *mise-en-scène* is Roman, not Egyptian. Antony was no more of Egypt than Lord Cromer, and the Sphinx had as much relation to Cleopatra as it has to the Khedive. Nevertheless, the Sphinx is never out of place whenever men are confronted with the riddle of the Universe; and as we rejoice to see the Obelisk of Luxor standing on the site of the Guillotine in the Place de la Concorde, so we accept the mysterious emblem of the Sphinx as a frontispiece and tail-piece of "Antony and Cleopatra."

The other innovation was justified by the suggestion in the text, and admirably carried out by the artists who obey Mr. Tree as the genii toiled for the holder of Aladdin's lamp. In the text in the sixth scene of the third act Cæsar describes to Agrippa and Mæcenæ the return of Antony to Alexandria and his welcome by Cleopatra:—

Here's the manner o't;
I' the market-place, in a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned.

This, which in all previous stage versions is left to the imagination of the audience, is at His Majesty's presented in a magnificent tableau. Cleopatra, in the midst of her courtiers and attendants, "in the habiliments of the Goddess Isis," welcomes back the straying Antony, who arrives escorted by his legionaries. It is a splendid spectacle, and as there is no text to be overborne by the magnificence of the setting, not even the most fastidious can complain.

Mr. Tree has not overdone the scenic accessories as he did when he mounted *Nero*, that supreme example of the circus drama. The scene which dwells most on the memory as that where the scenery best fitted the text and the accessories illustrated and emphasised the text, was that in which the Triumvirs drink and revel and dance on Pompey's galley. One at least of the triumvirate seemed much more at home in that Bacchanalian orgie than in the most tragic scenes of the play. It was a very vivid and very suggestive representation of the ways and manners of those rough warriors who, having garnered the loot of the world, forthwith got drunk on its proceeds. These, then, were the masters of world!

Imperial anarchs doubling human woes.
GOD! were thy globe ordain'd for such to win and lose!

II.—THE ACTING.

To shorten the play within the three hours which seems to be the utmost stretch of the patience of a modern audience, the later scenes have been severely cut, with a somewhat confusing result. I question much whether the audience realised that there had been another battle in which Antony had come off victor before the third fight in which the defection of the Egyptians a second time lost the day for Antony. Even in the original the action is somewhat hurried. On the stage events are so crowded that it would seem almost as if the death of Antony followed hard on the heels of the battle of Actium.

Of the acting I do not propose to speak. To

impose upon any mortal man and mortal woman the representation of the foremost pair in all the world is a task too great for any adequately to discharge. I sometimes think that Cleopatra should always be closely veiled, like the prophet Mokanna in "Lalla Rookh," but for the opposite reason. He was too diabolically ugly, she too incredibly beautiful for mortal eyes to be permitted to see their features. Shakespeare's Cleopatra was brown and wrinkled, but neither "Phœbus's kisses" nor the footprints of advancing years impaired her charm and infinite variety. But at His Majesty's they have bleached her complexion and banished the wrinkles. The performers were all painstaking, and in so far as nature had gifted them with the physical proportions and voices for their parts they were not unsuccessful. The part of Enobarbus was well enough played to make us regret that his final scene was cut altogether. Lepidus was an imperial drunkard, and the acting of the messenger upon whom Cleopatra vents her wrath was much appreciated by the audience.

Merely to dwell on these things would to some extent justify Tolstoi's anathema, assuming as it does that the play was but a spectacle and a trivial and degrading amusement for a trivial and immoral crowd. We now come to the play itself.

III.—THE PLAY.

"Antony and Cleopatra" is a tragedy which, although it is set amid the splendours of ancient Rome, is, in its essence, reset every day in real life in every home in every land. Every woman is in degree a potential Cleopatra; every man a latent Antony. What though one ruled Egypt and the other was "the triple pillar of the world"? The superficial area of their territory has no necessary relation to the intensity of their emotions. As Cleopatra says, just before her death, she was

E'en a woman, and command'd

By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares.

The temptation before which Antony succumbed is the temptation which assails all men. And if it be objected that few women have the magic and the witchery of the Serpent of Old Nile, it may be replied that neither are all men such incomparable embodiments of power and of glory as was Mark Antony. The elemental passions are the same in kitchen wenches and in counter-jumpers as in queens and emperors. The trappings are only outward shows, the real soul's tragedy is within.

THE VANITY OF ALL MORTAL THINGS.

The play, dealing from first to last with immoral men and women, the heroine of which is the one supreme adulteress of history, is nevertheless one of the most impressive sermons ever preached. It may, indeed, be regarded as but one long-drawn discourse upon that most mournful of all texts,

"Vanity of vanity," says the Preacher. "A vanity." For here we have the man and we who have received or achieved everything that material world can give. They have attained summit of their ambitions. Antony in the play the ultimate embodiment of human valour, "soldier of the world," in an age when the so was supreme. He was, in Cleopatra's phrase, "Lord of lords."

His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world.

Even his foes were constrained to declare:—

A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity.

He was

The greatest prince of the world,
The noblest.

In him were combined all the qualities w most envy and which few possess. He was in prime of vigorous manhood, possessed of an constitution, with an infinite capacity for enjo the indulgence of all his physical senses, which only equalled by his ability to command the m to satisfy them. He swaggered in the foretop conquered world. Kings were his messengers, the riches of the world were in his treasury. His first wife was a "great spirit," his second "a p of virtue" of "beauty, wisdom, and modesty," third "a lass unparallel'd," whose person "begg all description." He had everything. As for Cleopatra, she also "made the world her pedes Her beauty o'er-pictured that of Venus. She but to wish, and her desire was gratified. Marches sued humbly for her favours. She was mistress in turn of the greatest rulers of world:—

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.

Never did "such a mutual pair" "stand up l less" before the world. But though they had ev thing, it all turned to dust and ashes in their ha The sword of the suicide was the end of one, aspics poisoned fang that of the other. And be them both, if they had not died, lay an infinite gradation to which death was infinitely pre able:

Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome?

For to that base end they would have come they not evaded the humiliation of a Ro triumph by seeking refuge in an Egyptian to "Vanity of vanities," says the preacher. "A vanity."

This, it may be said, is but the common le of life, the mournful refrain which echoes thro the resounding hall of human history. But "Antony and Cleopatra" has other lessons.

IV.—A HOMILY ON SEX.

The play has been said to be pre-eminently a drama of sex passion. It is true. No one can read the play or see it without being constantly reminded of the part which passion plays in human affairs. So far from predisposing to licence, it is a tremendous homily upon the consequences of allowing passion to gain overmastering ascendancy in conduct of life.

Idle and foolish are they who deny the influence of sex. But to deny its essential divinity because of its abuse is downright blasphemy. The Infinite and Eternal creative fount of energy, which men forget of another name called God, has no more authentic revelation of its inexhaustible force and omnipresent power than in the attraction of sex. Hence millions of men and women in every age have worshipped its symbols as divine. But that to understate the case. For sex is not only the eternally renewed manifestation of the power of the Creator. It is the one elemental force which perpetually drives sentient beings along the infinite ascending spiral which leads from matter up to God. And that we know of the Divine nature, all that we understand of the essential superiority of Altruism over Selfishness, comes to us from Sex, and that product of Sex, the love of the mother for her child, which the Madonna and the infant Christ bear silent testimony in all our churches. From Sex, as in a primal font of blessing, have sprung all the music and the beauty and the art and the religion of mankind. It is the miracle-worker of the world.

But *corruptio optimi pessima*. The noblest things, turned from their proper use, work havoc corresponding to their original nobility. In Antony and Cleopatra we see the passion of sex loosed from all restraint, inordinate, imperious, allowed to rage without control, and we see its necessary and inevitable result. In the play we have displayed on a colossal canvas the immensely magnified picture of what in miniature is going on all the time in every age, in every land. The magnificence and infinite grandeur of the actors only heighten and emphasise the truth that is being illustrated every day in real life.

Sex is the Dynamo of the world, pulsating ever in the Power-House of the Universe. It is the electricity of life. As the electric cable conveys the motive force of civilisation into all parts of the modern city, kindling the great arc-lamps which light up its streets, driving its trams, supplying power to its factories, and illuminating the office and the home, so the passion of sex is the motive-force of the world. But as even in the best regulated city from time to time accidents occur, when flaws in the insulation render cross-circuiting possible, turning the beneficent current into destroying fire, so when human passion bursts through the restraints of duty and morality it turns from its first

use and becomes what we see it in Antony and Cleopatra.

There is written out full and large in characters of fire the wreck that is made of manhood and all that for which men care to live by the inordinate affection which subordinates everything to itself. The fire that warms the domestic hearth becomes a raging conflagration when the live coals are flung about the room. In nothing so much as in the exercise of the supreme sovereignty of sex is restraint necessary for the full enjoyment of its inexhaustible resources of inspiration and of delight. Nothing is so little understood. In no department of human life are the forlorn children of men left so utterly without hint or helpful guidance from their teachers. If sex passion is not to burn itself out in reckless excess, if it is to be as the fire which Moses saw in the wilderness, which burned continually but consumed not the bush, then control is indispensable and the stern repression of the instant indulgence of every impulse. Cleopatra says:—

I do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.

What she really represents is not only the frailties which shame, but the inordinate and short-sighted selfishness which insists upon the immediate indulgence of her passion without regard to the consequences which it entails upon him whom she loved. It is a great mistake to think that such inordinate affection occurs only outside the married state. It is probable that it is responsible for the loss of more happiness within wedlock than without.

The question needs to be considered independently of marriage. From one point of view, that of the individual considered without regard to the interests of society, Antony was more moral when he sought the embraces of Cleopatra, whom he loved, than when he contracted a political marriage with the pale Octavia. But that is beside the question. If there had been no Fulvia and no Octavia, and he had been from the first the lawfully wedded husband of Cleopatra, she would still have lured him to his doom. The sin which slew them both was inordinate affection, the all-mastering delirium of intense passion which makes men and women feel as if "all for love and world well lost" were the only maxim of life worth following. Men can and do feel that for their wives as well as for their mistresses, and constantly make shipwreck in consequence. Everyone hears of a General Boulanger, who flung away the supreme chance of being master of France in order that he might spend the night with his mistress at Boulogne, but history takes no note of the millions of unknown men who are constantly succumbing to similar temptations, or of the millions of wives who sacrifice the best interests of their husbands to their passion or their caprice, quite as selfishly as Cleopatra.

There is no doubt a certain miraculous magic in human passion which throws a glamour over indulgence in the physical expressions of affection. When Antony, kissing Cleopatra, declares—

The nobleness of life
Is to do thus;

he expresses a great truth, but omits its necessary qualification. The perfect union of a man and woman who entirely love each other is not merely the noblest but the divinest thing possible to human beings, a union which the inspired writer selects as that which alone is worthy to be compared to the union of Christ with the Church. But to overdo the divinest thing inordinately, to the sacrifice of duty, leads inevitably to the loss of the divine thing itself.

There is, of course, a distinction between lust and love. Yet the latter is often rooted in the former, and the mere sense-attraction of men and women for each other has often been the beginning of the loftiest and most unselfish affection. Cleopatra, it must be admitted, gave too much handle to those who maintain that her passion was purely sensual and selfish. As Antony tells her in a moment of fury:—

I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's lust; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar frame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

There can be no doubt as to Antony's love for Cleopatra. He sacrificed everything for her. But there is an element of selfishness even in sacrificing yourself to please a person whom you love. To love in the best sense it is necessary to refuse to sacrifice yourself when such a sacrifice would injure the person loved. It was the cruellest thing Antony could have done to Cleopatra when he followed her in her flight from the great sea-fight in Actium. Nor can his excuse be accepted save in explanation of his fault:—

My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after; o'er my spirit
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

There Antony touches the secret of all his failing. "The bidding of the gods" ought always to be supreme.

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

expresses a sentiment which would have saved Antony and Egypt also from all their woes.

Passion usurped the reins, the delirium of sex infatuation was upon him, and we see "the noble ruin of her magic":—

I never saw an action of such shame
Experience manhood, honour ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

After that, well may he exclaim in despair have lost my way for ever." Alas, in this Antony is but

A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

And all of us in our time are exposed to the "inevitable prosecution of disgrace" when for we are false to duty.

Cleopatra may have been "the greatest spirit all her sex," and there are few nowadays who the position which Antony held when he;

With half the bulk of the world played as I pleased
Making and marring fortunes.

But as Carlyle reminded us long ago, viewed the fixed stars there is no difference between b France and a cabbage patch, and the moment of the choice between good and evil does depend upon the area within which it is exercised. "My mind to me a kingdom is," and over domain we have supreme control.

In Antony and Cleopatra we see the play of contending forces of conscience and of passion. Neither Antony nor Cleopatra was wholly void of the moral sense. Cleopatra, "right gipsy" though she was, still was capable of lofty impulses. She had "immortal longings" in her. When Antony departs she musters up strength to say:—

Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you!

As for Antony, he was a man of noble qualities balanced by as many faults. Yet Lepidus declared:—

His faults in him seem as the spots in heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary
Rather than purchased, what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

When the spell of the witch was relaxed exclaims:—

I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand charms more than the ills I know
My idleness doth hatch.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

And he not only says it, but he does it. But when he resumed her mastery. "The dotage of General overflows the measure," and he pays the penalty.

And as the curtain falls upon the stage still with the dead, it is as if a voice cried from out darkness, saying:—

Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth
fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence and covetousness, which is idolatry. For of these things the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience.

W. T. STEARNS

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—BURNS.



[Minister Gazette.]

One Good Turn Deserves Another.

BUNG; "Excuse me stoppin' you, my lord, but seein' we've always stood by the Church and its property, I you'll do the same for me when the Government goes kin' me and MY property."



[Graphic.]

The "Unofficial" Missionary.
W. T. S.'s Steady Progress.



"That's not an Education Bill—it's only a miserable tertium quid. Take it back!"



[Melbourne Punch.]

Hodges versus Syme

In the recent libel action, "Hodges versus Syme," it was testified that on one occasion Mr. Hodges, when asked to throw up his candidature, pointed to his wife, and said: "Oh, you'll have to speak to the boss.")

KING DAVID: "The boss! The boss! This man dares to come forward as a politician, and he does not even understand that there is only one boss, and that's—David Syme!"



Morning Leader.]

"I wonder whether I shall be recognised."

For the London County Council Election, as they did for the Borough Councils Elections, the Moderates are attempting to disguise their identity under the title of "Municipal Reformers."



The Bulletin.]

Expert Advice.

N.S.W. Government has passed an Act allowing of the resumption of improvement leases illegally acquired.—*News item.*

ALARMED PASTORALIST (to magnetic land agent): "You see, this Act has been passed. They may resume my leases. What am I to do?"

MAGNETIC LAND AGENT: "Well, judging from my experience, I shouldn't worry. My fee is £1000."



Westminster Gazette.]

A Staunch "Municipal Reformer."

MR. JOHN BURNS: "I hope you are going to vote Progressive at the London County Council Election, Mr. M. You must admit that we have made London better living in."

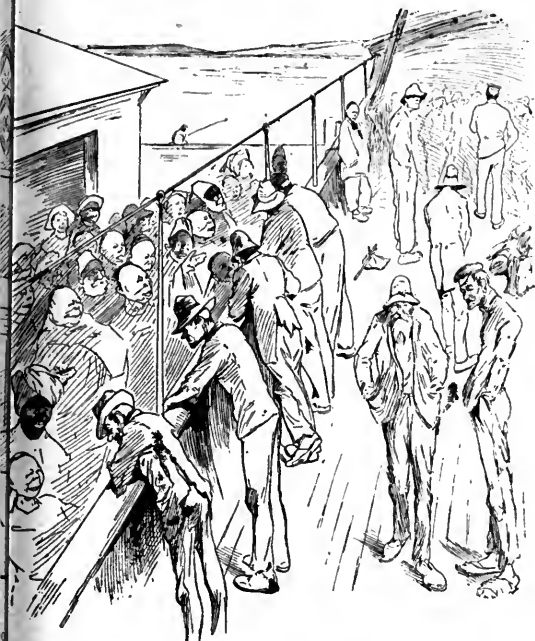
MR. MOULD: "Better worth living in! Yes, that's it. Why, they tell me these Progressive 'Wastrels' have creased the death-rate in London by 20,000 a year! I'm going to vote for the other side!"



Toronto World.]

A Nervous Old Gentleman.

UNCLE SAM: "He's so all-fired nervous about gun play he puts up his hands every time I reach for a chabucker."



[The Bulletin.] Returned Empties.

The Australian Government proposes to meet the expenses of returning from South Africa the destitute Australians stranded there.—News Item.
The return of the Australian exiles from S'Africa: A deputy of the "Empire's friends," who reaped the advantages of the war, comes to see them off.

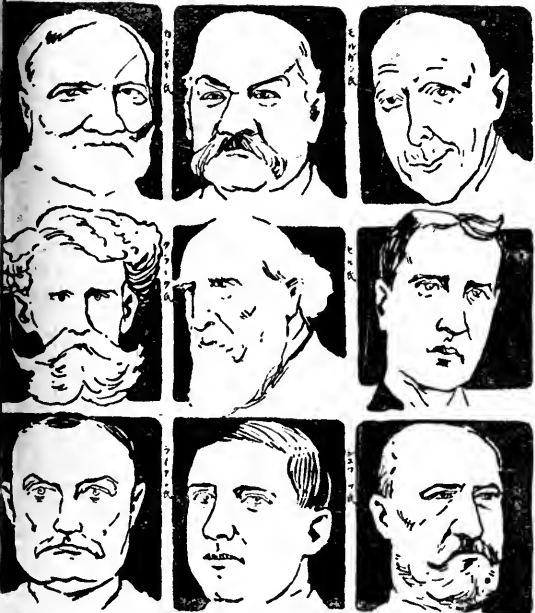


[Simplicissimus.]

[Berlin.]

Raisuli in Berlin.

"We are really very sorry not to be able to lend assistance to our Moroccan friends; but the Fleet must stay at Kiel till the officers have had time to grow the regulation Prince-Henry beard."



[Tokyo Puck.]

The Money Men of America.

Carnegie, (2) J. P. Morgan, (3) W. Rockefeller, (4) D. Clarke, (5) J. J. Hill, (6) W. K. Vanderbilt (7) T. E. Ryan, (8) C. M. Schwab, (9) J. G. Schiff.



[Nilespiegel.]

[Rotterdam.]

In San Francisco.

JAP.: "Jonathan, let's be friends! Here's my hand."
JONATHAN: "Yes; but afterwards?"



L'Asino.]

Downfall of the Pope.

[Rome.

"Courage, France; your last blows are going to free your sisters, also." (N.B.—Germany retains the tiara.)



Melbourne Punch.]

A Friendly Understanding

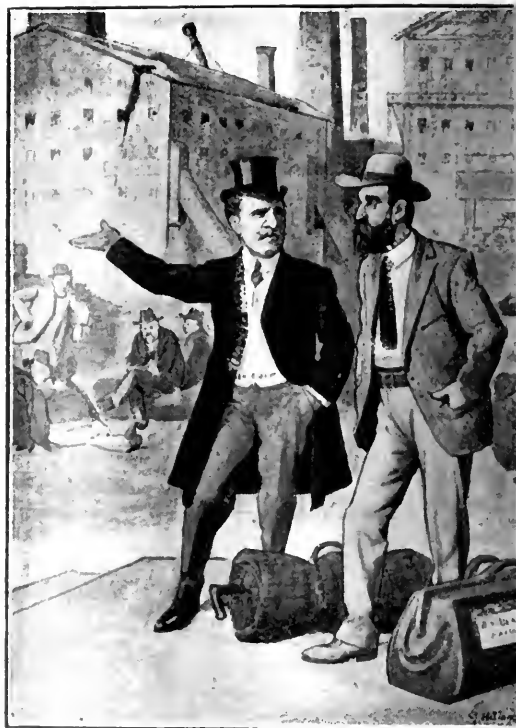
ALFRED "Well, I don't know, George, but if you are willing that we should adopt all these little things, I think you and I might get along very well together after all."



Westminster Gazette.]

Still Going!

JOHN BULL: "They told me I was going? Well, if I can be used as illustrations, I AM going, and going stronger than ever."



Melbourne Punch.]

Hope Deferred.

The Prime Minister has decided that Parliament not consider the Revision of the Tariff until his return England.)

SIR JOHN QUICK (to Mr. Deakin): "We don't object your going away; but you should have started the relief of your ruined industries, and we could have got with the work in your absence."



ning Leader.]

The Kidnappers.

a along home, little man, and ask your parents how they like your new clothes."



Manchester Dispatch.]

After the Flood.

C.B.: "If he comes back all right it may be safe for me."



Melbourne Punch.]

A Matter of Altitude.

The Civil Servants are not content with the Privy Council's judgment, and talk of seeing the High Court about it. It is remembered that Chief Justice Griffith has exalted as of the dignity of the High Court.)

THE PRIVY COUNCIL: "Oh, very well, if you consider you as high as I am, there's no sense in advising you to and from under."



A Japanese View of President Roosevelt's Difficulty in San Francisco.

The President is represented as trying to reach the spot labelled "Anti-Japanese," where a wasp is irritating him.



N.Z. Free Lance.]

The Premiers' Conference at Home

The Times, in referring to the Imperial Conference, says practical results are expected—"the colonial Premiers are not coming to exchange platitudes or to attend evening parties."

THE COLONIAL PREMIERS "Ha, ha, ha! They take us too seriously."



N.Z. Free Lance.]

An Acrobatic Feat, or Breaking the Fall.



Nebelspalter.]

The Crazy Prince of Servia.

KING PETER: "Just wait a bit, you wretched brat! teach you to shoot away my soldiers."

CROWN PRINCE: "Oh, well, papa, you shot away soldiers' King, and I'm only shooting away the King's soldiers."



Melbourne Punch.]

The Liquor Trade Assumes the Offensive.

The Liquor Trade in meeting assembled has intimate that it will presently assume the offensive in dealing with its political enemies. The question is: Can Liquor be fatal to its enemies as it has been to its friends?

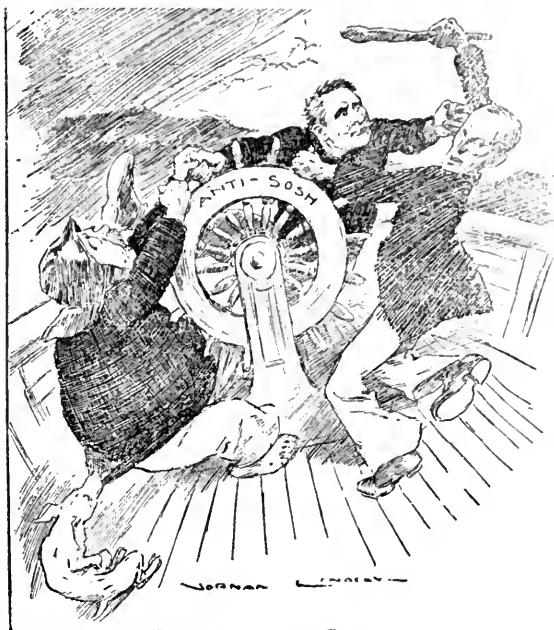
LEADER OF THE ARMY: "Now, Comrades, walk straight and we'll show the Cold Tea Party what fighters can be produced by rum and beer."



ernational Syndicate.] [Baltimore.
The Greater Glory.
EVING RUSSIA: "I am very hungry. There are
000 of us starving."
CZAR: "Don't bother me! Don't you see I'm plan-
some more nine-million-dollar battle-ships for our
er glory."



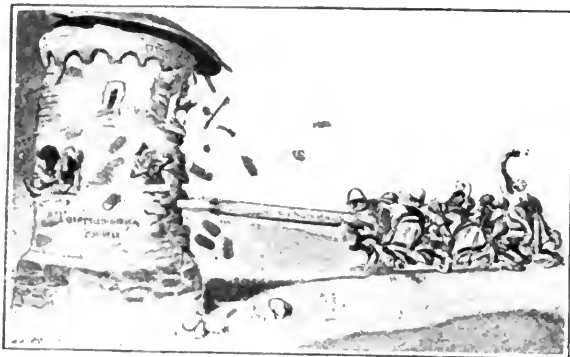
ourne Punch.] Assisted Immigration
FRED: "Come in. You're welcome. We want as many
e Australians as we can get, if only to crowd out those
sirable who are climbing in at the back."



The Bulletin.] The ship of Anti-Sosh.
There are now three anti-sosh parties in the House of
Representatives. Reid commands one. John Quick an-
other. Irvine wants to lead the third. Meanwhile the
steering is a trifle erratic.



Melbourne Punch.] The Race for the Spoil.
This is a more or less truthful representation of one
of Mr. Bent's motor races through the State, to be more
fully described in his thrilling tale, "How I Saved the
Surplus."



[Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.]

The Electoral Battle in Germany.

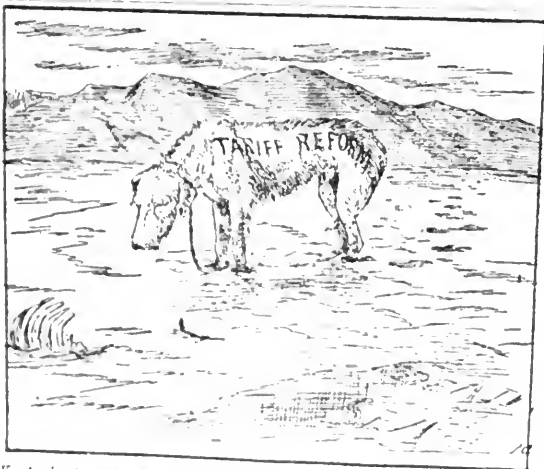
This is the only proper sort of battering-ram to bring against the Tower of Unpatriotic Policy—the ram of Interests of the Fatherland.



[Wahre Jacob.]

**The Pope and the Unbelieving French.
"No Pardon!"**

[Westminster Gazette.]

**Across the Irish Sea.
St. Augustine goeth to Ireland.**

[Westminster Gazette.]

Out in the Wilderness.

Pity the poor dog! His owners do not think he is worth taking out a licence for, and they are trying to lose him! [It is now being urged in some Unionist quarters that there had better be a "Fiscal Truce."]

(With apologies to Mr. Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat.")



[N.Z. Free Lance.]

The Minister of Labour Bucks

The Building Trades Labourers' Union waited upon Hon. J. A. Millar to protest against the appointment of three non-Unionists as Inspectors of Scaffolding. In course of his reply Mr. Millar said, "I won't accept dictation from anyone outside this office, as to whom I appoint and as to whom I shall dismiss. They will remain in their positions until it is proved that they are qualified for them."

EMPLOYER OF LABOUR: "Bumped out on his head, The Minister doesn't like the branding-iron any more than we do."



[Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.]

Only for a time.

Mr. Tait, sent to Cuba by President Roosevelt, put a little gentle pressure on the contending parties.

UNCLE SAM: "Just let me trouble you to sit down, my friend."
 UNCLE JAP: "Will you play at Philippines with me, Uncle Sam?"

THE JAP: "Will you play at Philippines with me, Uncle?"



Germany's Master.

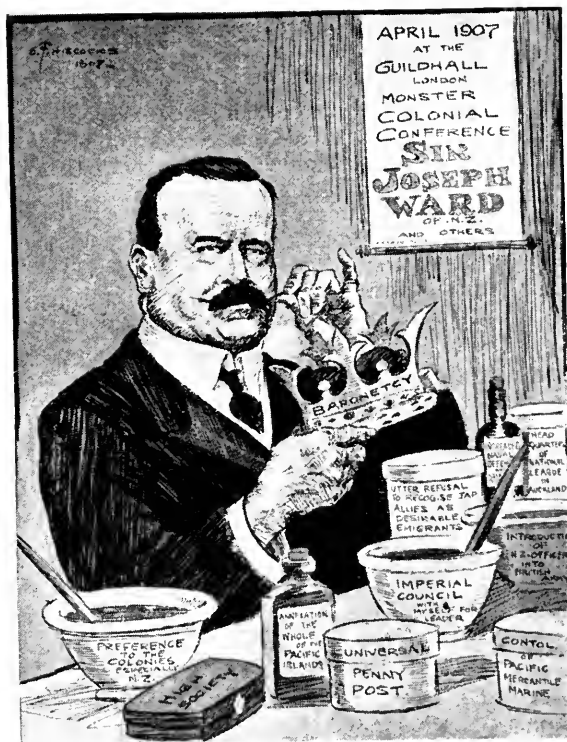
[Berlin.

THE CATHOLIC CENTRE-PARTY (to Germany): "I shan't give you any more!"



[Berlin.

THE GREAT WILLIAM (to Goethe): "Dear Wolfgang, if I had known this fellow, I would have put one more lout to my works."



A Colonial Conference Concoction.

SIR JOSEPH (to himself): "Well, I'll do my best to carry the whole batch, but if I can't quite manage it, this little coronet arrangement will suit me admirably, with the Chief Commissionership thrown in, of course."

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CALIFORNIAN EXPERIMENT.

A THEOSOPHICAL BROTHERHOOD.

In the *American Magazine* for January Mr. Ray Stannard Baker writes a curious account of the Brotherhood at Point Loma, California, which certainly seems to have been more successful than many similar experiments. The members of the Brotherhood are drawn chiefly from the cultivated, and often, also, from the wealthy, classes. Artists, musicians, literary men, professors, and inventors are to be found there, as they are, more or less, in all communal experiments; but there are also printers, carpenters, electricians, and book-keepers, who are not usually attracted to such a place.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF POINT LOMA.

Point Loma is a high promontory stretching out into the Pacific—almost an island, in fact. Six years ago it was a desert of sage and sand; now it is blooming like a garden. At the gateway the writer presented his ticket (the outside public not being generally admitted), and walked up an avenue of palm trees, beneath which were geraniums in bloom. Flowers, indeed, he found were a characteristic of the place—flowers without and flowers within. A secretary met him, dressed in a neat uniform not unlike a soldier's, of olive tan material, with leggings and tan shoes. This is the men's and boys' uniform at Point Loma; the women do not yet wear a distinctive dress, though there has been talk of it. They do, however, dress with simplicity, which is necessary, considering that all members of the Brotherhood must work, usually performing manual as well as intellectual labour.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Perhaps the most peculiar feature about the Point Loma experiment lies in the methods adopted for training children. This is undertaken entirely by the Brotherhood, and no parental interference is permitted. First of all, the writer saw a class of children from four to six, both boys and girls. They were mostly Americans, but there were also Cubans, Swedes, and children of other nationalities. The parents of some were very rich, those of others were very poor, or dead, or unknown; but all children received exactly similar training. From the first something struck the writer as peculiarly different from ordinary schools:—

It was the unusual repose of the pupils. The girls sitting at their tables sat with singular quietude, even the little children gave the appearance of absorbed occupation. Proper training of the body, proper food and sleep, an outdoor life, neither too much nor too little study, they believe, produce a balance of development which leaves no room

for that nervous excitability which so often expresses itself in confusion and disorder.

All the Point Loma world, in fact, is a school, and all the men and women merely scholars, or students, as they call themselves. There are over 100 residents, only 200 being adults.

THE BABIES' QUARTERS.

The babies are "kept" in an airy and sunny bungalow, each having its own little bed, in its alcove, with its own "inspiring text" over the archway. A trained Swedish nurse, one of the Brotherhood, is in charge, and no foolish, fond mothers are allowed to spoil everything by maternal caresses and indulgences. The opinion is held at Point Loma that "Many parents are not fit to train children; their love is selfishly indulgent, and though having the best intentions in the world, they often give them an entirely wrong start physically, intellectually and morally."

The mothers, however, most of whom are, actually members of the community, do sometimes visit their children, each baby being allowed to spend a day or part of a day every week with its parents. "We find," the preceptor remarked, "that they are usually very glad to get back to the other children in the group-house." The children, therefore, are systematically and scientifically trained, and the parents left free "for carrying out their greater work for humanity."

When the children are three or four years old they are sent to the dormitory, each having his own bed, and each being taught as early as possible to dress and undress himself, make his own bed, sweep and attend to his own clothes. The older boys and girls live in bungalows, each eight or ten students having a separate master. The discipline is Spartanly strict.

A LABOUR OF LOVE.

All this very expensive institution is kept up by voluntary labour. Every teacher is a member of the Brotherhood, and works because he or she loves to. The doctor, the dentist, the plumber, the linotype operator, and the engineer are all there on the same terms. Everyone is free to leave when he likes. There are no servants, or, rather, everyone is a servant, but most people do two kinds of work, of entirely different orders. The lawyer, for instance, finds superintending the vegetable garden a pleasant relief from legal work. There is one English lady member, of a famous and wealthy family, who has donned a kitchen apron, and made herself useful washing dishes and waiting at table.

MARRIED LIFE.

Married life at Point Loma is lived exactly the same as elsewhere, except with regard to the children.

Married couples have separate bungalows, each wife does her own work, except cooking service of food. Nearly all the women help or less with the sewing, which is all done by. The men do what they prefer apparently. Inventors conduct experiments; the chemist is in his laboratory; the artists pursue their art. There is a great deal of music to be heard, and plays have been acted out of doors, in appropriate costumes.

THE LEADER—A WOMAN.

The whole community centres round Mrs. Katherine Tingley, in whose hands are all the business affairs, and who is an absolute autocrat within her limited domain. She appears to be an impressive personality. The community may be called, in fact,osophy in practice, theosophy being the religious faith of its members. The obvious criticism is: what will happen when Mrs. Tingley dies? She has at least, the power of nominating her successor. The men have given to her freely; the schools are maintained by a steady source of income, and residents able to pay for rent, board, clothing, and children's education, do so; otherwise they receive all this free. It is of interest to note that this unique experiment was in excellent odour locally.

THE BESETTING SIN OF BRITISH NOVELISTS.

The *Edinburgh Review* has an article on "Insularism," and in reviewing half a dozen prominent novels of last year, has some severe things to say about English novels and their writers. Fiction, he says, is becoming what poetry once was, and what the newspaper pretends to be—a criticism of life. "Men imagine that they open their paper in the morning to catch for facts, and dip into a novel at night to escape from them; but it is the very opposite that happens to them." The novelist is much less bound to stick up and pervert facts than the journalist; he writes to put things in his own way, but from him we are more likely to get the real truth than from the journalist with his "slop-suit of ready-made notions."

PHOTOGRAPHY IN LETTERS.

Nothing are we more insular than in our fiction; and never has this been felt more keenly than at present, when there seems likely to be a break in the spiritual succession of the masters of romance. The promise of fresh talent there is, but in each case the hopeful young writer of recent years seems gradually to be succumbing to the "British convention of the manufacture of fiction":—

To define the British convention with regard to fiction would be to venture on unprofitable generalities. It is not sentimentality, its domesticity, or its propriety that specially distinguishes it, though our novels for the most part have these qualities, and occasionally have them admirably. Its particular requirement, the quality it most insists upon, is a false air of reality. It wants everything to be life. This would seem a creditable ambition, but the result hardly means what it seems. Its devotees desire that

presentation of life which in another art would find its equivalent in a coloured photograph. The fidelity required is thus not to life, but to the appearance of life; the likeness is not to the man as he is, or even to the man as he may be, but to the man as they can recognise him.

In fact, the British novel tends to be not an artistic presentment of life, but "photography in letters." How true this is every reviewer of novels has ample cause to know.

THE CHROMOGRAPHIC NOVEL.

Art, the writer is sometimes inclined to think, "is the most detested alien in England":—

In fiction, at any rate, there is but small demand for it; indeed, the writing of fiction seems rarely recognised as an art. That it may possess a technique which, like a painter's brush-work, counts for something in the effect, and cannot be acquired without practice, appears scarcely suspected in this country. That there is an equivalent in the novelist's arrangement of his material to the "handling" of the artist seems not at all to be considered even by those who are supposed to be the public's instructors, and style—that only preservative from the corrosion of the centuries, that amber of the temperament in which alone the fly of fancy can be kept from the decay of time—style is regarded not as an essential and inseparable part of literature, a guarantee of its genuineness, the hall-mark of the Muses, but as an intrusion, an affectation, resented by many and desired by none in the four-and-sixpenny samples of British fiction.

The typical British novel represents life with no more penetration than the coloured photograph, "or with all the full colour, the hard contrast, the bright improvement on reality for which the chromograph is prized."

Photography and Landscape.

A writer in the *Shilling Burlington* points out that science during the past fifty years has brought Nature infinitely closer both to our minds and to our eyes than it ever was before. This influence upon modern landscape painting has been profound:—

Science to-day is literally as well as metaphorically in the air, for modern landscapes are expected to possess not only a reasonable degree of botanical and geological truth, but a truth of atmospheric tone and colour of which the Old Masters never dreamed. Landscape, in fact, has to be painted on lines more or less similar to those of photography, and photography in turn is fast becoming its rival. Certain difficulties of colour and tone have still to be surmounted; but inferiority in these respects is to some extent counterbalanced by the accuracy of form which is the camera's strongest point. Already photographs have been produced that are pictorially better than any second-rate painting, and when science has improved the process still further (and the improvement is inevitable) the photographer will have the field to himself, except in the matter of design, and in that "quality" of colour and texture which fine painting alone can give.

The painter cannot expect to emerge a victor from a contest with the camera. He must in the future abandon imitation and rely upon design—upon the power of unfettered choice and arrangement, and upon colour and texture, a field in which the photographer cannot compete with him.

THE CHARM OF THE ITALIAN GARDEN.

Reviewing, very favourably, Mr. H. Inigo Triggs' recent book on "The Art of Garden Design in Italy," with Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond's beautiful photographic plates, and other illustrations, a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* traces the history of the Italian garden from early Roman times to those of Lucullus, the Cæsars, and Hadrian; through the dark ages, when the monks alone kept alive the art of horticulture, although the occupants of castles sometimes cultivated tiny gardens under great difficulties on the battlements; down to the Renaissance, long before the maturity of which the garden had once again taken its place in civilised life in Italy. The Italian garden originally came—the idea of it, at least—from Greece. In the Middle Ages it had undoubtedly great influence on the English garden, and it was perhaps partly owing to the initiative of Henry VIII.'s Ambassador in the Borgo Nuovo that Italian workmen were often employed on English gardens. Some of our most famous gardens date from this time; that of Hampton Court being the best known example.

A LARGE SUMMER-HOUSE.

Doubtless owing to the differences of climate and national temperament, the Italian garden has always been quite a different thing from the English garden. In fact, the Italian conception of a garden seems to have always been not so much of a pleasure formed of velvety lawns and masses of bright flowers and blossoming shrubs, but an extensive summer-house, with broad terraces, long groves and alleys, evergreen theatres, and, above all, an enchanting prospect to contemplate. Without this enchanting prospect no Italian garden could be considered perfect. I quote a few passages to illustrate the writer's meaning more fully:—

By the repetition of enclosure, terrace, stairway and retaining wall, the eye is deceived in regard to plan and proportion. . . . In wandering in an Italian garden we take a long time to discover its plan and extent. As in a house of set purpose, the space is divided by green walls and barriers and archways, and our progress is carefully enlivened by variety. The terraces where the sunshine blazes, promenades of comparative publicity, contrast with the seclusion of the secret garden, and descend to alleys, guarded by clipped hedges and leading to the shelter of an ilex *bucca*, cool and dark in the most scorching midday. A green gloom, in which marble figures glimmer faintly, gives place to a gay parterre or scented lemon garden. And, as we have said, in planning, the designer keeps the landscape always in his mind.

WHEREIN LIES ITS CHARM.

In fact, "the practical use to be made of the garden and the enjoyment afforded by it," so great in such a country as Italy, determined Italian garden design. The old Italian garden-makers had a perfect understanding of the art of composition, of which many instances could be quoted. But the last thing an Italian garden was meant to be was a place for the display of fruit and flowers. Roses

and some few flowers do indeed grow in profusion but what the Italians loved and love is

an expanse of rich and ordered foliage, varied by sunny spaces and a stately scheme of stonework, and lemon trees and geraniums or carnations are disposed in pots as they might be in the galleries of the house. It is this mingling of romance with *liveableness* which makes strong an appeal in the Italian garden. Splendid as it contrives to combine something which we can only scribe as comfort with its splendour. It is a place in which you long to linger and spend your day. With all its lavishment of ornament, its size and grandeur, it has a homelike feeling.

It forms, in fact, "a link between the domestic of the dwelling on the one hand, and the beauty-wildness of Nature on the other."

HOW TO TRAIN THE EYE.

Mr. Eustace Miles, in *C. B. Fry's Magazine* (February), gives some helpful hints and suggestions as to the right method of training the eye. One need only glance at the people in the streets of London, he says, to realise how badly the English eye is trained. Clumsily and needlessly they butt against each other on the path, and they cross the road idiotically, not seeing all round, but seeing only a little space in front. The eye should have a large range, an all-round vision, and a quick and correct vision. It should also take a proportionate vision; that is to say, it should be able to see the whole truly, as well as the main object and the other objects in perspective. He advises the practice of drawing as a useful aid to the training of the eye. In many games double observation is necessary. In cricket, for instance, the batsman has to try to keep his eye on the ball, but he has also in his mind's eye a knowledge of where the field are. He lays down the following maxim:—"The one thing, then all the other things separately, then the one thing amid the other things." It is equally necessary to know sizes and distances.

WHAT NOT TO SEE.

One of the main ideals put forward in education says Mr. Miles, is the power to concentrate the attention on a thing which one wishes to remember and reproduce at will: but a far harder art is the power *not* to concentrate the attention, *not* to notice a thing which one should not notice. Yet the pleasant things catch the eye and form the dominant memories of the uncontrolled and unsuccessful and unhappy. Just as the true art of physical culture is to regulate the muscle, part of the art training the eye is to avoid holding the gaze on things which it would not benefit us to remember and the regulation of the muscle of the eye goes a long way towards regulating the feeling, the emotion, the mind. Further, we should learn to relax the muscles of the eye. How lovely is the Thales till we analyse it. But we should not analyse what stands too near: we should learn to look at such things only in a filmy way.

WORRY—THE DISEASE OF THE AGE.

In the *Canadian Magazine* Dr. C. W. Saleeby has the first article of a series on this subject.

WORRY AND INSANITY.

He insists on the established fact that adults are much more gravely injured by worry than by fatigue. He greatly questions whether mere mental overwork ever killed anyone, in spite of the prevalent impression that it is the cause of much insanity. Brain-work in a stuffy workroom will kill you of tuberculosis; brain-work with worry has slain its thousands; both, with insomnia, have slain their thousands; but brain-work alone may fairly be called Not Guilty. Insanity, which Dr. Saleeby does not think is increasing anything like so much as is generally believed, is largely the consequence of overwork and of worry. It is especially the "borderland insanity"—persons neither distinctly sane nor distinctly insane—for which worry is responsible. Often worry is made much worse by the habit of drug-taking, which is undoubtedly lamentably on the increase.

WORRY AND RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

Another cause tending to increase worry is, Dr. Saleeby thinks, the constant undermining of the foundations of orthodox belief. In European countries belonging to the Greek and Roman Catholic churches suicide is rarest, and in Protestant countries it is highest. The number in Paris is enormous; but Paris is a place apart. The Calvinistic doctrine of predestination may, it has been suggested, be partly responsible for this.

WORRY AND INFECTION.

Inasmuch as worry lowers the general state of the health, and inasmuch as a lowered state of health disposes to the reception of microbes, worry acts as a disease other than mental and nervous. The disease of infection is feared—i.e., worried about—the more likely it is to be taken. Infectious diseases tend to pass from those who stand up to face it, and not to fasten on those cringing before it. In its doctrine that to worry and to fear must be attributed all ills lies the success of Christian Science. The doctrine is true of so many of these ills that Christian Science really cures them. In other words, Christian Scientists, with all their quackery, have got hold of a great fundamental truth. The same magazine contains a short article on Mrs. Eddy, with a trait.

POLITICS, POLITICIANS AND PARTIES.

By LORD HUGH CECIL.

Lord Hugh Cecil contributes a noteworthy article to the *Dublin Review* on Lord Rosebery's appreciation of Lord Randolph Churchill. Such a preacher of such a text should produce a notable political sermon. The reader who turns to the article will not be disappointed. It is full of Lord Hugh's reflections on politics, politicians, and parties, and

concludes with an appeal to Lord Rosebery to quit his retirement to assume the leadership of a new party.

THE DOCTRINE OF POLITICAL REPROBATION.

Lord Hugh maintains that a politician need never despair. In politics, he believes that while there is life and health there is always hope. Esau's are a rare phenomena in the political world. He protests against the assumption that there are in life great crucial occasions upon which to make an error is to fail beyond recovery:—

This doctrine of political reprobation is at least exaggerated. It is doubtless true of all human action that in a sense it is irreparable, that retribution is the inexorable law of the universe, and that in every relation of life each fault and error has its appointed consequence. And it is also true that some errors are much more important, some lost opportunities much more costly than others. But if we go beyond these platitudes we come to boggy ground. As long as life and capacity endure there will be in politics, as elsewhere, plenty of opportunities for using them.

THE CAUSE OF FAILURE IN POLITICS.

If a man fail in politics the fault lies in himself, not in his circumstances:—

People observe that if a man fails repeatedly, he does not afterwards achieve a great success, and they assume that in his later life he has no chances. But it is not so. The chances are probably less obvious and less easy, but they come. If the aspirant does not use them aright, the cause is still the same—his own character. He fails as he failed before. If, indeed, his career be without hope, its hopelessness lies in himself, not in his circumstances. And in some cases there is hope, if it be not abandoned in despair. For a man may be able to see his past mistakes, and avoid them in the future, can he but shake off the discouragement of former misfortunes and spur himself to try again. Whoever can change himself will find his environment plastic.

LORD RANDOLPH'S WEAK POINT.

Lord Hugh, while acquitting Lord Randolph of the charge of being an unprincipled politician, points out the weak point in his character. He says:—

Lord Randolph was no Iago, consciously pursuing by nefarious means his own selfish ends, nor were high motives strangers to the seat of his judgment. But it seems probable that he did give to personal ambition more weight than is due, and that he allowed it more than he knew to determine action. Even if his life had been spared, this would have been throughout his career an element of instability and weakness—an element made the more dangerous by operating in conjunction with his uncertain and vehement temper.

THE "UNPRINCIPLED" POLITICIAN.

But, continues Lord Hugh, a politician may be both "unprincipled" and yet sincere in his political convictions. This apparent paradox he explains in an extremely interesting passage, which applies to other politicians besides Lord Randolph:—

Unconsciously such a man selects his principles to suit his interest or his passions. Just as spiritualists fancy that there are spirits roaming about seeking for a body of which to take possession, so there are ambitious politicians who seek for principles which may embody and make effective their ambition. But they are themselves unaware that this is their true motive, and fancy that they are wisely forming convictions upon public grounds. And when they have adopted their political faith, they hold it quite sincerely, and are even capable of making real sacrifices of self-in-

terest on its behalf. Nevertheless it has not the robustness of principles which have been born of altruistic beliefs. The parent self-interest has influence over it, and the same unconscious process which first brought it into being may avail to develop or pervert it. And while the man himself knows not what motive has swayed him, others suspect it and mistrust him.

A "GIN AND GINGER-BEER" PARTY.

Lord Hugh denies that Tory democracy is an imposture. There has always been, he points out, a large element of opportunism in Conservative leadership:—

Apart from that extensive region of legislation which is not of a controversial party character, and in which either Party may consistently find room for its activities, there arise from time to time demands for changes in the law which, while Conservatives do not approve them absolutely on their merits, are yet assented to, and even promoted, by Conservatives as being relatively acceptable, as being expedient in order to escape from some impending disaster, or some worse legislative remedy.

"Liberalism and Conservatism vary rather in intensity than in quality. It is no more difficult to blend than to mix gin and ginger-beer." "Tastes," Lord Hugh adds, "may differ as to the palatable nature of such a mixture, but it cannot be described as an imposture."

AN APPEAL TO LORD ROSEBERY.

Of what may be called "the Gin and Ginger-beer Party," Lord Rosebery is, in Lord Hugh's opinion, the ideal leader. He concludes his article with the expression of a hope that Lord Rosebery may yet emerge from his retirement:—

It is indeed difficult to lay down this delightful book without turning the eye from its brilliant and enigmatic subject to its author, assuredly neither less brilliant nor less enigmatic. Lord Rosebery's retirement from political activity is in many points of view a misfortune. Ability is by no means so common in politics that Lord Rosebery's unsurpassed gifts can be spared without a sense of loss. But this general impoverishment falls with especial weight upon a large and, probably, an increasing body of opinion which is dissatisfied with both political parties. Central-minded people find their views ill expressed on either side of Parliament. And in Lord Rosebery they have a possible leader who unites a mind naturally central with shining oratorical or literary powers. It must seem a pity that Lord Rosebery does not break the bonds of reserve and cast away the fetters of discretion, and, seeking only to speak his own mind, voice as well the hopes and convictions of a great and inarticulate mass. Perhaps he is awaiting only a favourable opportunity, and passes the time in delighting us with his pen. Let us hope it may be so.

Mr. G. S. Street, in the *Quarterly Review*, says, "It seems a pity that the world could have had no better use for that bright and strong intelligence, that zealous leadership":—

Many will see in his career the old story of genius crushing mediocrity, as he crushed poor Sir Stafford Northcote, and being crushed inevitably by mediocrity in turn. In any case, his was a moving fortune, a brilliant and tragic figure, which will live in history.

When Lord Iddesleigh died suddenly in Downing-street, Lord Salisbury wrote—"As I looked upon the dead body stretched before me I felt that politics was a cursed profession." Something of that feeling one may well have as one closes Mr. Churchill's life of his father.

IS HORSEFLESH A NOURISHING FOOD?

STATISTICS OF ITS CONSUMPTION IN EUROPE.

In the current issue of *Espana Moderna* Sr. Villapadierna advocates the consumption of horseflesh in Spain. In the course of a long article he gives many interesting details concerning hippohagy, the eating of horseflesh is termed, and the progress it is making in different European countries.

Hippohagy has not made progress in Spain in consequence of religious teachings on the subject. The people, wealthy and poor, believe that they must abstain from eating horseflesh because it is unclean and unfit for food. Nobody has taken the trouble to investigate; the idea is accepted almost without question. In the opinion of the writer, the wealthy would find it palatable, while the poor would be more robust and able to perform a harder day's work than is at present the case. The poor cannot afford to purchase other meat, and they live in scanty style. If they were to accept the flesh of the horse, they would get good, nourishing food at a price within the scope of their resources.

The following statistics show the rapid increase in the consumption of horseflesh in various countries. In Berlin about 3000 horses were slaughtered for food in 1847, but in 1900 the figure was 10,363, and in 1902 the figure was 12,703. In the whole of Prussia, during 1899, the number of horses slaughtered was 63,801, whereas in 1902 the number rose to 85,820. Other German towns, in order of consumption, are Hamburg, Breslau, Halle, Bremen, Leipzig, and Munich. In other German towns the figures are not so important, but all appear to indicate a rapid increase.

France and Austria also consume a large quantity of horseflesh, especially in their respective capitals. In Vienna the increase is most noticeable; in 1862 the number of horses slaughtered was 112, in 1890 it was about 7000; in 1894 it had risen to 18,209, which is more than Berlin, Hamburg, and Breslau together, and is almost as much as in the case of Paris, although the capital of France consumes double the size of Vienna.

France was the first country to consume horseflesh, and the first authorised butcher in that country was Deceiroix, a military "vet." That was in 1860. Prior to that time the flesh had been eaten clandestinely. Public slaughter-houses are erected for killing the animals, and careful supervision is exercised, so that no unhealthy horses are sold for human consumption.

The soldiers in the Crimea, it is mentioned, were able to eat horseflesh in far better condition than the British soldiers who did not partake. Of course a great deal depends upon the manner in which the food is prepared. It is pleasant, we are assured, when minced, and gourmands say that the tongue, finely chopped, is an excellent dish.

THE LOVE-STORY OF GAMBETTA.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS DEATH.

has always been felt that there was some mystery concerning the real circumstances of Gambetta's death; but, says an anonymous writer in the *Nouvelle Revue* of January 1st, the death of Madame Léon, Gambetta's friend, last November, has saved the last scruple of discretion from the writers of the tragedy at Ville d'Avray. The writer presses to give now the true story of the accident, consequences of which cost Gambetta his life.

HIS STRANGE ADMIRER.

Madame Léon, who was the daughter of a noble, first met Gambetta in September, 1868. She conceived an extraordinary admiration for him, she took no end of trouble to put herself in his way on every possible occasion. She would even sit in the same compartment with Gambetta in train to Versailles, and Gambetta often noticed her sitting opposite, with her eyes fixed on him, and attentive to every word he uttered. At last he charged two of his friends to try and dissuade her who was this admirer whose silence impressed so deeply, and their report was quite reassuring. What the intimate relations of Gambetta and his lady came to be may be learnt from their correspondence, of which more anon.

AN UNLUCKY DAY.

In reference to the tragic affair which resulted in the death of Gambetta, the writer tells us how it all came about. On the morning of the fatal day, December 27th, 1882, Gambetta had occasion to be busy with his servant Paul, and, exasperated, dismissed him, forgetting for the moment that it was Madame Léon who had been the means of getting Paul into his service. For, a while before, Madame Léon had used her influence to get Gambetta to engage Paul's predecessor, François Loblin, the "moblot" of 1870, who since that terrible year had been Gambetta's faithful *valet de chambre*. When Madame Léon learnt what had happened to Paul, she begged Gambetta to reconsider his decision. Irritated and more nervous than usual, the tribune, hitherto always so gentle towards her, not only refused to take back Paul, but gave her to understand that he regretted the loss of François, who was always so punctual and in all other ways above reproach. Why had she induced him to take Paul, when it was decidedly impossible? In the conversation which ensued, the two friends continued to irritate each other, and Madame Léon, who was suffering from nerves, with tears in her eyes, made the quick, uncalculated movement which was to have such serious consequences.

A FATAL GESTURE.

Gambetta had just received a box containing two revolvers, in the manipulation of which there still remained all the attraction of novelty. One of these,

loaded, was lying on the bureau, and it attracted the eyes of Madame Léon. In the desolation of the moment she seized the weapon, and cried that since her friend no longer cared for her it would be best for her to disappear. Her gesture, exaggerated, no doubt, alarmed Gambetta. He sprang towards his companion, and with clumsy haste snatched the revolver from her hand. The movement, however, caused the revolver to go off, and the bullet entered the palm of his hand. At the noise of the report the cook rushed to the room, and saw Madame Léon on her knees imploring in despair pardon from Gambetta, who, motionless and pale, was trying to smile, and reassure her with his persuasive gentleness.

The writer, continuing his account, says that the real cause of Gambetta's death was internal inflammation, from which he had suffered more or less all his life, and that the wound in his hand was quite healed when he died on December 31st.

HIS GOOD ANGEL.

It is more pleasant to turn to the letters, of which two separate series have just been published, the love-letters being those in the *Revue de Paris* of December 1st and January 1st, letters written by Gambetta to Madame Léon between the years 1873 and 1882. On February 25th, 1873, Gambetta writes in the first letter given:—

I thank you with all my soul for the two precious letters with which you reply to me. To-day, more than at any other moment, I feel infinite consolation in receiving from you this fortifying tenderness, which makes me equal to the most irritating obstacles. For your heart, which is as penetrating at a distance as it is at hand, has not been deceived. I am very uneasy, very preoccupied, even very divided. I feel the most contrary problems at war in my head: simultaneously I have the liveliest apprehensions and the most enthusiastic hopes. I embrace you, I beg you to write to me, and I lay myself at your feet.

Three years later it was the same story. On May 23rd, 1876, he says in another letter:—

I have really great need to see you! I cannot wait much longer; you are my life, my intellectual and moral country, and I am homesick. . . . I have got so much into the habit of consulting the oracle that I can no longer remain far away. . . . Come, I await you!

VIVE GAMBETTA!

The following year, on May 16th, 1877, he is not less enthusiastic:—

War is declared; battle is even offered to us; I have accepted it, for my proposals are inexhaustible; we occupy the heights of the law, whence we can riddle at our ease the miserable troops of reaction in the plain. You will see by the newspapers how I have arranged my order of combat; but you will not find there the immense acclamation of the people of Paris before the Grand Hôtel: I was almost suffocated with the enthusiasm of the crowd; cries of "Vive la République; vive Gambetta!" filled the air. . . .

I cannot tell you what joy you gave me yesterday: to it I attribute all my strength and all my lucidity to-day. You are always my providence. I embrace you.

IMPATIENCE AT SEPARATION.

The final letter, written on November 19th, 1882, a week before Gambetta's death, runs:—

It is seven o'clock. I am going out hunting, and I send you a morning kiss, a kiss I should so much like to give you in reality. Ah! how impatient I am to have done with this broken-up life, spent in running after one another, and feeling that I can never enjoy the presence of my Mignonne without the remembrance that I am to lose her again in a few moments. We must end a torment which is all the more intolerable because we alone are the masters, who ought not to submit to it. I console myself with the belief that the end is approaching, and that soon we shall not leave each other again. I embrace you as I love you, for ever.

EQUALITY. ENTHUSIASM. CHARITY.

The second series of letters, now published for the first time, appears in the *Nouvelle Revue* of January 1st and 15th. Dated 1849 to 1860, they show us Gambetta the student writing to his parents. In a letter under date June 9th, 1857, when Gambetta was nineteen, we find him writing to his father:—

How much I should like to see into the future! It ought to be so beautiful! . . . What great questions there will be to agitate about; what new and needed theories; what noble projects; what vast enterprises; what glorious successes! . . . May the world become a great mutual school, in which man will instruct man, and the ideas of caste, egoism, ambition, cupidity, indifference, hatred, be driven away, to give place to cosmopolitanism, love, disinterestedness, equality, enthusiasm and charity.

Progress of English Fiction.

In the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. R. E. Prothero describes the growth of the historical novel in a paper that might well find permanent lodgment in some great encyclopædia. He traces the growth of historical romance from the days of Queen Elizabeth down to the present time. His survey is summed up in the following striking paragraph:—

Thus the progress of English fiction is marked by the same stages which belong to the growth of a human being. It passes from the childish love of incident to the romantic sentiment and passion of youth; it leaves ideal extravagances for the realities of life, as it gathers the experience and employs the wisdom of active manhood; in the meditative spirit of advancing years, when the fire and passion of youth has died down it exercises its brain on cold psychological analysis; and, to complete the metaphor, it returns in its dotage to the tastes of its childhood and luxuriates in blood-curdling tales of impossible adventures.

The differences may be put in another way. In its particular course of development the novel illustrates the growing sense of the "mystery in us which calls itself I." It is more and more absorbed in

"This main miracle that thou art thou,
With power on thy own act and on the world."

The exhibition of character has grown to be the highest aim of literature, its distinguishing failure, its greatest triumph. The evidence of this new and absorbing interest lies on every side. It is seen in the method of writing history, biography, poetry, and, above all, in fiction.

The complexity of modern civilisation and the scientific study of life have, Mr. Prothero contends, contributed to the decay of the drama and to the elevation of the novel.

HOW CRIMINALS SHOULD BE PUNISHED.

Almost hidden away at the end of the *Pall Mall Magazine* for February is a short article, by Mr. Thomas Holmes, giving suggestions on the mode of punishing criminals.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS FOR £100.

Mr. Holmes quotes the story of a ticket-of-leave man who has done about thirty-five years for offences against property possibly not amounting to hundred pounds' worth altogether, for in the present state of the law an offence against property seems to be considered more serious than an offence against the person. This offender, nevertheless, is one of the best type of criminals. He is a model prisoner; but as soon as he is free, and is supporting himself, he lapses before long into his old crime.

ALONE SIXTEEN HOURS A DAY.

The prisoner thus describes his life during his last period of detention under the present system of punishing criminals:—

I spent sixteen hours every day in my cell alone, except on Saturdays and Sundays, when I had twenty hours of I was searched four times every day, during the whole of and a-half years, and once every fortnight my cell was searched, to see if I had anything contraband. I rose 5.15 every morning and cleaned my cell; at 5.45 I had breakfast of ten ounces of bread and one pint of poor tea at 7 every morning I went to chapel for ten minutes; after chapel I had ten minutes' parade. I had all my meals in my cell, my dinner at 11.30, and my tea at 5.30; at 6.45 might go to bed. I knew every bit of my cell, every scratch on the floor and every mark on the wall. We had a few books to read, but the light was not good.

HUMANISING TREATMENT.

Mr. Holmes, as the result of his long experience of prisons and prisoners, makes some practical suggestions towards the reform of the existing system of punishment. He places first the importance of providing each prisoner with an abundance of work. Industries should be provided which would throw some interest into the lives of the prisoners. Then Mr. Holmes would abolish ticket-of-leave, and in its place offer rewards for industry and good behaviour—improvements in the conditions of the prisoner, better food, and other humanising influences. He thinks most prisoners would respond to the opportunity, and industry and skill would become habitual.

In the case of the young, and even the unfit, the schoolmaster and the technical instructor should be a leading feature, and gymnastic exercises and athletic sports should be encouraged. But for the hardened professional criminals, such as forgers, counterfeit coin-makers, and the *élite* of the burglar class, Mr. Holmes says short sentences are useless. Such men should be detained for life, but some of the skill and industry which they have exhibited in their criminal professions might be turned to account when they are under detention, and they might be made to earn their own living.

PARLIAMENTARY PERSONALITIES.

AN ESTIMATE AFTER TWELVE MONTHS.

Mr. Masterman, M.P., contributes to the January number of the *Independent Review* a thoughtful and interesting paper describing his impressions of parties and persons in Parliament after twelve months' experience. The great Progressive majority, he declares, has come through the ordeal of its first Session unscathed. It is a little sobered, perhaps, but there are no obvious rifts or fissures. The Tory party, on the other hand, has gained no ground. It is even more demoralised than at the beginning of the Session. Tory democracy is dead, and the whole philosophy of Conservatism and Imperialism seems to have crumbled into dust. Mr. Chamberlain, before his illness, had by persistent daily battling with the majority once more fairly established his position as a speaker who must be heard with respectful attention. Mr. Balfour is still profoundly trusted, but his extraordinary powers as a debater during the education discussions have done nothing to rehabilitate him in the estimation of the House. The rest of the party is, for the most part, "a rather mournful vacuity."

C.-B. DICTATOR OF THE HOUSE.

Time has only made C.-B.'s unequalled influence with the House more complete and astonishing:—Mr Henry Campbell-Bannerman to-day is dictator of the new House. He could appeal at the last extremity against nearly the whole of his Cabinet to the House of Commons, and the House of Commons would endorse his appeal. He maintains his position not only by the qualities of shrewdness, humour, and unselfish devotion to the cause of progress which have excited for him among the new Radical members a kind of personal affection. He has behind him also the record of all the unswerving service through the darkest days of the Reaction when, among many faithless, he stood faithful to everything which Liberalism has fought for during the past century. It is with the high certificate of such well-tempered allegiance to the causes which are embodied in the present popular uprising that, within the House and outside of it, he has come to be accepted as the embodiment of the new spirit.

MR. HALDANE: A SURPRISING PHENOMENON.

Mr. Asquith has maintained unchallenged his supremacy as a debater, but it is Mr. Haldane who has made the greatest advance:—

Mr. Haldane and his Army speeches have been one of the surprising phenomena of the new Parliament. His incredible fluency, his generous habit of thinking aloud, his good temper. He has stamped upon this assembly an impression of intellect, have made him one of the conspicuous political successes of the new assembly.

THE GREATEST PERSONAL SUCCESS.

Mr. Birrell by his handling of the Education Bill has won for himself a very high place in the Parliamentary arena. He has arrived:—

He stands to-day with an unchallenged position which he has earned by indefatigable industry and patience, courtesy towards opponents, a humour which has rendered tolerable the long, intolerable debates upon educational manipulation, and a real power in the marshalling of debate and the management of men. I doubt if any other man in the House could have persuaded that assembly to accept an Education Bill which was profoundly disliked by extremists in all

parties in the House, in so short a time and with so little temper. He has stamped upon this assembly an impression of honesty, industry and capacity. It has been the greatest personal success of the past twelve months, and a success entirely deserved.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Mr. Winston Churchill has been the most exciting figure on the Government benches. Of the impression he makes on the House Mr. Masterman says:—

No one who has been through this Session will, I think, deny his extraordinary talents, his quickness, his power of eloquent phrasing, his energy and tenacity and courage. There are, indeed, obvious deficiencies. He has not convinced the House of Commons that he knows very much about England, and especially the new England which is coming to make its demands known; and his speeches show a certain hardness in their glitter and cleverness which causes many to believe that he cares very little for politics but as a splendid game. I believe that in this alert and receptive mind, exceedingly curious about the new spirit of the time, and especially the demand for social betterment, the first of these deficiencies will be very rapidly removed. I believe the second to be in part unjust. It would be foolish to deny his ambition; it would, I think, be false to brand that ambition as fixed entirely on personal aims.

MR. KEIR HARDIE'S ALOOFNESS.

Mr. Keir Hardie, although one of the most interesting figures in present politics, is not popular, Mr. Masterman says, in the House of Commons:—

He holds himself rather rigidly aloof from its festivities and its easy and pleasant friendliness. He makes no secret of his convictions that most of the members are pursuing their own ends under the guise of devotion to the common good, and contemplates rather scornfully the assertions of rival statesmen of how their hearts bleed for the necessities of the poor. He sees, I think, as in a vision, behind all the glitter and splendour of the outer show, something of the bleak life of the under-world—"the forlorn children," as Mr. John Morley has called them, "and the trampled women of the wide squalid wildernesses in cities." It is with the spirit of one indifferent entirely to the promises which political success can offer that he pleads in rugged utterance for the welfare of the disinherited.

Popular Music of Galicia.

In the Spanish magazine *La Lectura* there is an article on the popular music of the old province of Galicia, in Spain, of which Corunna forms a part. The writer waxes eloquent over it, calling it incomparable in expression and melody. The sweet Galician dialect, misunderstood because its true character and origin are not known to the majority of outsiders, greatly tends to enhance its beauty. The Galicians and the Portuguese were practically one in olden times, and many of the inhabitants of the Spanish province regard themselves as more allied to the Portuguese than to the Spaniards. Their province at one point is separated from Portugal by the Minho. The Galicians were clever with musical instruments, and made a reputation for themselves as instrumentalists as well as for their vocal powers. Some of the songs or poems for which Portugal receives credit are really Grecian, according to the opinion of the Galicians. The Castillians copied them in their music, but not with distinguished success.

A DEFENCE OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Mr. B. O. Flower, the editor of the *Arena*, though not himself an adherent of Christian Science, enters a vigorous protest against what he describes as the recent "reckless and irresponsible attacks" on the new religion and its founder. He condemns the sensational campaign inaugurated by the *New York World* as "a reckless, false, and brutal attack on an old lady, a woman who is loved, honoured, and revered by hundreds of thousands of intelligent people, and one whose life in her home and city has won for her the love and respect of the community."

A PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

He feels compelled, in the interests of justice and common fairness, to bear his testimony as an outside observer of the good work being done by believers in Mrs. Eddy and her doctrine:—

I do know that it has achieved and is achieving a great work in healing the sick of afflictions of body, mind, and soul; that it is giving hope and courage to tens of thousands of sorrow-darkened lives; that it is transmitting hate into love and bitterness into spiritual exaltation in the cases of thousands of lives. And I know furthermore that its teachings are exerting a positive influence on the religious lives of its believers that is not apparent in the lives of the church members of other denominations where the religious truths seem to be held in a perfunctory manner; and, knowing these things, I demand for it, as its right, the same fair, just, and intellectually hospitable treatment that I ask for my own religious views or that I demand for those of other faiths.

A BODY OF HIGHLY INTELLIGENT BELIEVERS.

Among the facts that should be taken into consideration in judging Christian Science, Mr. Flower points out, is the culture and intelligence of its adherents. He says:—

It is admitted by all who have studied the Christian Science congregations in various churches, that they are at least quite equal to other American religious congregations in intelligence, culture and refinement. That they are sincere and filled with that moral enthusiasm that is a potent motor power in all great religious or ethical movements in their early days is clearly apparent to all who impartially investigate this latest religious fellowship. Moreover, the church numbers among its leading exponents many names of men and women of ripe culture and fine scholarship.

ITS MORAL IDEALISM.

Of the doctrine itself, he says, its moral idealism is one of its greatest elements of success:—

It is a religious interpretation instinct with moral idealism, dominated by a strong living faith—by love, hope, and courage. In a word, it is imparting deep religious fervour and moral exaltation to thousands of lives that had been religiously moribund. This I have noticed for years in association with scores of Christian Scientists, many of whom I knew when they were merely perfunctory members of various churches; and it is also shown in the fact that, while other churches are sparsely attended on Sundays and very meagrely represented at the weekly prayer and experience meetings, the Christian Science churches are usually marked by large attendance. In Boston the utmost capacity of their great new temple, which seats over five thousand people, is frequently taxed.

THE HEALING OF THE SICK.

In regard to the cures supposed to have been

effected under Christian Science treatment, he cites several cases out of the scores of cures that have come under his own personal observation. While the fact that thousands and thousands of persons have been cured by Christian Science does not necessarily prove the truth of the Christian Science explanation or theory of cure, it does prove, he maintains—

that there is a positive agency for healing that operates on the physical, mental and moral nature, and changes the whole outlook of life, making it calm, serene, cheerful, hopeful and strong in faith, and that by making altruism or love the dominant note of religion, it brings the patient into rapport with lofty moral idealism.

FOX HUNTING—A RELIC OF BARBARISM.

"Anglo-Australian," with the emphasis on the Anglo, for he is an Englishman by birth, writes in *The World and His Wife* on the brutalising effects of fox-hunting—an article in which he gives only too much reason for his opinion that "fox-hunting is a relic of barbarism, and should be relegated to the same category as bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and occupations of a similar nature." For our ancestors who took delight in these sports there was some excuse; for us there is none. The writer describes how one day he attended a meet of a well-known pack of foxhounds, "obviously a social function of repute and standing." It was but a short run, and after it "there ensued a truly disgusting exhibition":—

Dismounting, the huntsman rescued the poor creature from the hounds, cut off its head, tail, and feet (mask, brush and pads are, I am informed, the "sporting" terms); then, holding aloft the bleeding remains of the animal, he gave a wild yell, doubtless to stimulate the ardour of the baying pack, and flung the maimed body into their jaws.

"BLOODING" THE BABY.

Then followed a still more disgusting exhibition. A twelve-year-old boy was present at the meet, and for the first time he had achieved the honour of seeing the "kill." This meant that he had to submit to a ceremony "more suited for a tribe of savages than educated Englishmen":—

The boy was, as it is called, "blooded." I hear that quite babies are submitted to this barbarity. The huntsman smeared his face all over with the blood of the defunct fox.

THE FOX-HUNTING PARSON.

The friend with whom the writer was staying was a clergyman of the fox-hunting type, who, we have been told of late, is almost or quite extinct. It seemed to the writer "nothing short of scandalous" that a clergyman should in any way encourage such hideous sport.

Presently there was another drive, the fox being a stout animal, who fought bravely for his life:—

I had seen it at the start, when it jumped away full of life and vigour, with its coat thick and glossy, and its bushy tail carried jauntily. A sorry spectacle it presented now. Its tail and coat were all dragged; and it was evidently in the last stage of exhaustion.

eventually it disappeared down a burrow or drain, then began the digging-out ceremony. A fox—being too small to get in, one of the whippers— dug out the fox with a spade—"a bedraggled, miserable object, barely able to crawl, already half-dead." Once again the head, tail and feet were cut off and the body thrown to the dogs.

FOX-HUNTING LADIES.

The writer, while fearing that he has lifted up his voice—a very vigorous voice, be it said—in vain, it is quite time the brutality of fox-hunting was exposed, and he is convinced that most Englishmen have little idea of what the sport really consists. As for the fox-hunting ladies, with their coarse conditions, loud voices and free gestures, they seemed him "to offer an interesting object-lesson of precisely what a woman ought not to be."

CATHOLIC PRIEST CONDEMNING THE POPE

"Three Years and a Half of Pius X." is the title of a vigorous polemic "by a Catholic priest" in the *American Review*. The writer declares that the present Pope is a man whose simplicity and intentional sanctity it is impossible to doubt. When he promised that his motto would be "To renew all things in Christ," the thoughtful Catholics, weary of Pontiffs that were great diplomats, great builders, great theologians, hoped for a great Christian. Could he revoke the thirty years' anathema on the kingdom of Italy, or would he sacrifice souls rather than sacrifice temporal dominion? Would he curtail the "unholy monopoly of Italians in governing the Church," and permit a decent portion of self-government? Would he introduce honesty and fullness, fairness and charity?

A "DEFIANCE OF CIVILISATION."

These questions, the writer recalls, received a very decisive answer:—

Pius X. is as terrible a disappointment as Pius IX. was. The New Testament spirit there is none, under the present Pope, at Rome; and one will have to turn back to some of the most despotic Papal reigns to find a parallel to the cruelty, hatred of truth, and defiance of civilisation which characterise the Papacy at this hour.

THE PAPAL OBSESSION.

Pius X. is as well-meaning as ever. But—

The gigantic fabric of centuries of Papal traditions, with their secular aims, their autocratic pride, their immovable stubbornness, and their theocratic pretensions has imposed itself upon his mind as a thing sanctioned of Heaven, as an inviolable apparatus of dogma upon which it would be sacrilege to lay irreverent hands.

The ecclesiastical mind is so drilled in adhesion to dogma as to lose the elementary spiritual insight into the Christian heart; as, says the writer, witness the Dominican inquisitor. He adds:—"As Pius X. is not a genius, as his culture is scarcely mediocre, he has submissively surrendered to the historical Papal spirit, and has made himself believe that it is God."

PARALYSIS OF CATHOLIC DEMOCRACY.

By way of illustration, the writer alludes to the Pope's refusal to receive the French President after the latter had visited the Italian King, and his Holiness's protest against the action of France. The consequent indignation of France recalled the French Ambassador at the Vatican, and made the dissolution of the concordat inevitable. The continuance of the demand for temporal power has given the young Italian choice between patriotism and apostasy. The Pope has paralysed the whole movement of Catholic Democracy. The National Democratic League, composed of the freer spirits in the Catholic Democracy, has come under Papal censure. Any priest joining it is, *ipso facto*, suspended. The writer adds:—

All this is an old, old story; opposition to liberty, anathema against civilisation, hatred of the light, and if any Catholic, in his zeal for the Church, speaks out in behalf of the light, smash him with the bludgeon of condemnation!

Another case is that of Bishop Bonomelli, who spoke out against the union of Church and State, and was therefore declared by the Pope to be guilty of holding Liberal opinions the Church condemned and could never tolerate.

"A BRUTAL ASSAULT UPON ENLIGHTENMENT."

Towards the recent advance of historical and biblical criticism the same hopeless attitude is maintained. "Our best scholars have been condemned, their writings have been put on the Index, and a violent effort is being made by the official theologians of Rome to close the door in the face of scholarship." The policy of Pius X., says the writer, "can be characterised in no other way than as a brutal assault upon enlightenment." He could fill a page with the names of high-minded Catholic scholars who have suffered outrages to their convictions during the present pontificate. He instances "the ablest Jesuit author in English," Father George Tyrrell, who for refusing to repudiate the authorship of a pamphlet dealing with certain relations between criticism and theology, was expelled from the Society of Jesus, under suspension—that is to say, was forbidden to exercise priestly functions or to receive the Sacraments of the Church.

APPEAL FROM POPE TO PEOPLE.

The writer invokes public opinion to institute the reform, which will never come spontaneously from Rome or from the episcopate. He closes by saying:—

When Catholics tell their priests and bishops, face to face, that they are sick of Italian government without consultation, and Italian taxation without representation; when Catholic scholars refuse to sacrifice their reason at the dictation of the Roman tribunals which, in 1633, decided that it was damnable heresy to hold that the earth went round the sun; and when the people, by every organ of public utterance open to them, demand the purification of Catholicism, then, and not till then, Rome will yield; then, and not till then, the claim to govern by the New Testament will be a truth, and not a sham and a falsehood as it is now.

HOW THE UNBORN PLUNDER THE LIVING.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE'S DRASTIC PROPOSAL.

Alfred Russel Wallace, writing in the *Arena* on "The Railways for the Nation," lays down a principle that carries to its logical conclusion the arguments set forth by Mr. Andrew Carnegie in the last number of the "Review." Dr. Wallace would disinherit the unborn, and absolutely forbid the inheritance of wealth by individuals.

DISINHERIT THE UNBORN!

This is the way in which Dr. Wallace formulates his principle, which, when it has been thoroughly grasped, he holds, will be seen to solve many problems, and to clear the way to many great reforms in the interests of the people at large:—

This principle is, that the unborn can have, and should have, no special property rights; in other words, that the present generation shall not continue to be plundered and robbed in order that certain unborn individuals shall be born rich—shall be born with such legal claims upon their fellow-men that, while supplied with all the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life they need do no useful work in return. It is not denied that the present generation may properly do work and expend wealth for the benefit of future generations; that is only a proper return for the many and great benefits we have received from those who have gone before us. What this principle says is, that it is absolutely unjust for our rulers (be they a majority or minority) to compel us to pay, to work, or to suffer, in order that certain *individuals* yet unborn shall be endowed—often to their own physical and moral injury—with wealth supplied by the labour of their fellow-men.

Private bequests, above what is sufficient to give nurture and education, must therefore be abolished, and the surplus used to give all an equal start in life.

THE RIGHTS OF THE LIVING.

This principle, that no rights to property should be recognised in the unborn, he would apply to the extinction of national debts, the acquisition of railways by the State, and other such cases:—

According to ordinary views of what is right, these various annual payments [of interest]—many millions in amount—must continue to be paid for ever, or be redeemed at their full capital value, which can only be done by laying fresh burdens on present and future generations. Surely the real injustice consists in continuing such burdens for the benefit of any other persons than the actual living receivers, who might be materially injured by their immediate cessation.

A LIFE INTEREST ONLY IN DIVIDENDS.

Applying this principle to the acquisition of railways by the State, he says:—

It follows that in all transfers of property from individuals to the State we have only to take account of persons living at the time of the transaction, and of the public interest both now and in the future. When, therefore, the Government determines, for the public good, to take over the whole of the railways, there will be no question of purchase, but simply a transfer of management.

The first step would be to ascertain by inquiry the average annual dividend of each company. The amount of this annual dividend would be paid to every shareholder in the respective companies during their lives, and on their deaths would, except

in special cases, revert to the railway department of the State for the benefit of the public. These exceptions would be—

in the case of all shareholders leaving families or dependents insufficiently provided for, the dividends would continue to be paid to the widow and to unmarried daughters for their lives, and to sons till they reached the age of twenty-one, so as to help towards their education and industrial training. But whenever the shareholder's property was above a certain amount, and producing sufficient income to support the family in reasonable comfort—which might, perhaps, be fixed at that of a high-class mechanic—then no such allowance would be made.

HOW THE PLAN WOULD WORK.

Summing up the advantages of his proposal when applied to the nationalisation of railways, Dr. Wallace says:—

The most important result of my proposed system of giving shareholders life-annuities, would be, that owing to yearly deaths without direct heirs, outgoings for these annuities would continually diminish, at first slowly, but after a few years at a tolerably uniform rate, so that at the end of two generations—say from sixty to seventy years—the whole enormous sum of the annual dividends would cease to be paid out, and the entire railway system would become unencumbered public property, to be worked and administered with a sole view to the public advantage, and especially for the increased well-being of the vast number of railway servants on whose skill, energy and watchfulness the lives of the whole travelling population depend.

IS GERMANY QUITE SO BLACK?

The *Quarterly Review*, dealing with the Memoir of Prince Hohenlohe, remarks that the Prince's life extended from the *Ideal Politik* of the opening nineteenth century, when the foundations of all that is great in modern Germany were laid, through the Bismarckian transition to the latter day *Real Politik*. The writer is fond of sharp antitheses. He depicts Bismarck in his earlier career as subordinating self entirely to country. In the latter part self became supreme. Then we have this dreary picture:—

Bismarck had carried the nation up with him into the heights. He carried it down with him into the depths. But to the last his commanding genius spread its luminous mantle over the depths; and they were revealed only when it was withdrawn. Then all the conflicting passions which Bismarck had held in restraint burst their fetters, with the results which the last fifteen years have witnessed—the Byzantinism of a servile Court, the feverish restlessness of spectacular diplomacy playing to a disappointed gallery, the rapacity of a pauperised aristocracy driven to the wall by the growth of commercial and industrial wealth, the wanton brutality of a military caste condemned to the dreary inactivity of parade-ground routine, the malice and petty jealousies of a privileged officialdom, the atrophy of sham Parliamentary institutions, the querulous discontent of an intelligent and strenuous middle-class, which has to bear the heavy burden of empire, paying the piper but never calling the tune, and, beneath it all, the sudden rancour of a stoutheaded but impotent democracy.

This sort of thing reminds one of the invective which the Social Democratic Federation hurl against the existing order in Great Britain. To have it served up in the Conservative *Quarterly* concerning our German kinsfolk is another reminder that the Tory at home is often a Radical abroad.

CONQUERING THE AIR.

THE FUTURE OF THE AEROPLANE.

Both *C. B. Fry's Magazine* and the *Pall Mall Magazine* for February contain interviews with M. Santos Dumont on the subject of the Aeroplane and Conquest of the Air.

M. DUMONT'S WORKSHOP.

Mr. C. B. Fry, who writes in his own magazine, gives a short account of the chief balloon experiments made before the flying-machine came into existence, but the main part of the article is devoted to the career of M. Dumont. In 1896, when M. Dumont was only twenty-three, he went to France and took part in many motor races, and it was thus conceived the daring idea of using the petrol motor in balloons. At once he set to work on the practical development of the idea, and began the experiments which have made his name known all over the world. In a room in his private house he reduces his ideas to models, and subjects them to miniature experiments. As soon as he is satisfied with these he himself makes full-sized machines in his shed at Neuilly. He is his own financier, his own engineer, and his own mechanic, and he accepts no substitute in the trials.

A MACHINE HEAVIER THAN AIR.

M. Dumont told his interviewer that he had always believed that the final solution of the problem of mechanical flight lay in the direction of a machine heavier than air, but when he began his attempts with the dirigible balloon the question of "heavier than air" was not ripe for practical experiment. At that time motors had not reached a sufficient degree of perfection. There was always the possibility of the motor going wrong at any moment, and, moreover, the motor was still much too heavy. At present the dirigible balloon is capable of longer journeys, and its power of transport is much greater. It can carry more passengers and fuel, and it affords more genuine safety.

SIXTY MILES AN HOUR.

Now that the first and most difficult automobile flights have been made, automobile aviation will develop in a wonderful way. The aeroplane will have the advantage over its rival in point of a far greater facility. M. Dumont has already started on a machine to be equipped with a motor of 100 horse-power in place of the 50 horse-power motor already used, and he hopes this machine will do sixty miles an hour. In two or three years, he adds, his speed may perhaps be doubled. Theoretically there is nothing he can see to prevent the aeroplane navigating at a great height. In war this might be of value, but in ordinary practice, he says, it is sufficient to fly only a few yards above the ground. The difficulty of descending with ease and safety which frightens so many people will solve itself

with the continued experience of professors of flight. The essential point for the moment is to maintain the stability of the machine in the air, and to attain the greatest possible speed in a forward direction.

MINDING LONDON: WHAT IT COSTS.

A writer in the *London Magazine* puts at the enormous figure of £2,000,000 the cost of the Metropolitan Police Force. There are 17,212 members of this force, with salaries from £800 (chief constables) to £66 10s. 7d., the beginning salary of 1450 constables. Moreover, chief inspectors at Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House get as much as £25 a year for clothing allowance, besides which there are boot allowances—8½d. a week for inspectors and 6d. a week for sergeants and constables, and most liberal coal allowances.

SPECIAL DUTY PAYMENTS.

Special duty police get special allowances, from 1s. to 52s. 6d. a week, though this does not all come out of the taxpayer's pocket, but is paid by the people employing them. £230 was paid last year also for funeral expenses of police officers. A great many more thousands go in the erection and maintenance of police-stations, the upkeep of police courts, and services of interpreters and doctors, who are often required to give technical evidence. Gaolers, ushers and clerks about the police-courts cost £20,000 a year. The fine horses kept by the Metropolitan Police as mounts and for other purposes, and the police vans and carts, cost nearly another £20,000. For every four policemen patrolling the streets by day there are six at night (10 p.m. to 6 a.m.). No wonder that police lanterns, and keeping them in order, cost nearly £5000 a year. London, it must be clearly stated, in this case means an area of 699 square miles—the whole area supervised by the Metropolitan Police Force. The dockyards not only at Woolwich, but at Portsmouth, Devonport and Chatham, are under their care.

THE COST OF GUARDING PARLIAMENT.

The ratepayer does not pay for the police who guard the big public buildings. To mind the British Museum the Treasury pays nearly £4000; for the Natural Museum over £2000; for the Houses of Parliament nearly £10,000; for Hyde Park £7455. On the other hand, certain railway companies, banks, factories, etc., employ the Metropolitan police for permanently minding their premises, paying therefor £14,000 a year. These £2,000,000, however, do not seem much to pay for safeguarding fully £50,000,000 worth of property. And if the public were not so careless about its umbrellas and other belongings, the police bill of the Metropolis might even be less.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

There are two papers in the *Contemporary* dealing with the present situation in Persia. "Ivanovich" describes the past and present rulers of Persia. He gives this picture of the present monarch:—

The present Shah is in his prime—thirty-four—has never had a seraglio, and is the comrade of his wife, which is unusual in Asiatic reigning houses. She is of pure Imperial birth. He is not on the maternal side. This gave her an advantage in her home at Tauris, and it may also do so at Teheran and in beautiful Gulistan. Mahommed Ali has not the good heart of his father nor the beautiful enigmatical countenance nor noble figure. He has some traits of his grandfather. But as he is civilised, they may be productive of good. Everyone who knows him gives him credit for a hard head. The mind is matter of fact. In his appearance he has nothing Persian but the clothes he wears. The face is vulgar. His stature is quite short, and his shoulders and waist of considerable girth. I should say that he is about the height of an ordinary drawing-room mantelpiece in a London house, and about as broad. The Khedive of Egypt has this figure, but a really handsome face. The new Shah does not know what to do with his hands, is shy, is embarrassed in the audiences he gives to Europeans. The eyes have often suffered from ophthalmia, and he often wears blue glasses and gold-rimmed pince-nez glasses when he receives a stranger.

GOVERNMENT BY TELEPHONE.

He has turned the telephone to good account for his aggrieved subjects:—

The use the present Shah makes of the telephone as a public vehicle for complaints of rulers under him and officials generally is barbarous in its directness, and bears the stamp of common sense. He already tried it at Tauris, where he set up a public telephonic establishment for the communication of the grievances of people who could not write. A department in his palace attended to these telephones, inscribing the messages in a day-book and taking down the addresses of those who sent them. The governor, the Shah then was, looked into them next morning and acted on them as he thought fit. Fiscal officers learned to hear the public telephone.

THE PERSIAN EYE FOR COLOUR.

Of Persia he says its one pressing material need is irrigation. It can do well for some time without railways. Its next want is good judges. Of its business prospects he says:—

Persia can never be a great business country. But she may, in a much larger measure, supply the wants of the refined classes everywhere. All her manufactures have the stamp of natural refinement. We cannot approach her in her textiles, needlework and porcelains. The Persian eye is a finer sense of colour than the European. I never met a Persian who cared for our paintings in oils, nor one who did not quiver with pleasure on a first sight of the polychrome glories of the Sainte Chapelle. There is more sensitiveness to colour than to form. They understand expression in Persia, but not as we do.

"Orientalist" sketches "the decay of Persia." The late Shah is described as a generous spendthrift, who ran through his father's treasure, and spent the rest of his reign in an unceasing quest for money. Of the million and three-quarters sterling borrowed, not a penny was laid out for the public benefit. The opening of the first Persian Parlia-

ment might have meant regeneration to the nation if it had come in good time. "To-day it came like a skilful physician to a patient who has just ceased to breathe."

THE VAMPIRE MILLIONAIRE.

SOME REMARKABLE FIGURES.

Mr. Henry Frank, writing in the *Arena* on American millionaires, selects Russell Sage as a typical instance of what he calls "the vampire millionaire." Sage, he says, was the chief factor in creating in the imagination of the American child a god of gold that compels his idolatry. Sage's only thought was money; his only passion was gold; his only dream was a spectral mountain charged from base to summit with that element, that for him and his age became the supreme symbol of wealth and power.

1 MILLIONAIRE=333,333 AVERAGE CITIZENS.

Mr. Frank gives some remarkable figures, in which he contrasts the wealth accumulated by a single millionaire with the wealth of the nation as a whole. He says:—

When Sage was born the entire nation was reputed to possess less than three billions of dollars in actual wealth. To-day one man alone is reputed to be able to draw his cheque for more than one-third of the whole nation's wealth when Russell Sage's baby eyes first opened on the morning light. When Sage was born the *per capita* wealth of the country is said to have been less than £60. In 1890 the *per capita* wealth was reputed to have been about £260. To-day, probably slightly more. When Sage died he had gathered into his individual coffers a total amount of riches equal to the combined average possession of 333,333 of the citizens of his country at the time of his birth.

HIS POWER OF ACCUMULATION.

Mr. Frank then goes on to point out the startling contrast that exists between the millionaire's powers of accumulation and those of the ordinary citizen:—

Had he annually earned but the sum which was equivalent to the average *per capita* wealth of his fellow-citizens at the time of his birth, it would have taken him over three hundred thousand years to have hoarded the amount which he is reputed to have gathered into his personal coffers within the comparatively brief space of four-score and ten years; provided that he had not spent a cent of it, and had relinquished the accruing interest. On the basis of this calculation he succeeded in hoarding in a single year what it should have taken him five thousand years to have acquired had his annual earning been but the *per capita* wealth at his birth-time. And let it not be forgotten that the *per capita* wealth of our people at Sage's birth was but little less than the amount that the average labourer earned in a single year in the highest wages in 1890. In that year the average annual earning of the labourer was £110. Making our calculation with that figure as the basis, we find that it would have taken 181,818 years for a single person to have accumulated the treasure trove that Russell Sage left as his heritage when the steel locks snapped shut on his amazing mausoleum.

These are, indeed, remarkable figures, over which the thoughtful mind may ruminate with advantage.

THE DOVER COLLIERIES.

A REVIEW AND A FORECAST.

Sixteen years ago, in the very first volume of the "Review of Reviews," we quoted an article which Professor Boyd Dawkins had contributed to one of the monthly Reviews. In that article the Professor declared that there was coal in Kent, and he added: "I, for one, do not despair of the time when Dover and Folkestone will become even as Cardiff now is, and when towns like Liège, Valenciennes, and Mons will spring up in the quiet, beautiful southern countries."

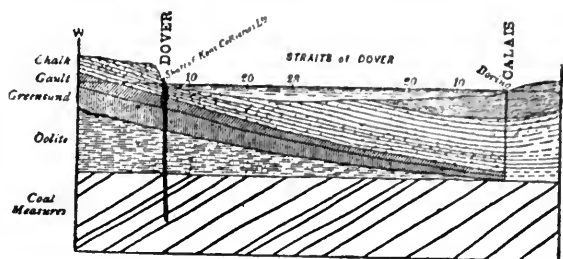
The county of Kent has not exactly been converted into a cinder-heap yet, but there is no telling what may be the future of this fair corner of our land. In any case, the story of the efforts made to prove the existence of coalfields in Kent, and, recently, to prepare the way for the profitable working of the seams discovered, is not without interest.

First of all, there was just a scientific idea, which slowly took root in the minds of geologists, passed into the theoretical realm, and in the end was verified by facts. It was as early as 1856 that Godwin Austin read a paper before the Geological Society of London "On the Possible Extension of the Coal-measures beneath the South-Eastern Part of England," in which he expressed the belief that there were coalfields beneath the oolitic and cretaceous rocks in the South of England, and near enough to the surface to be worked. He mentioned Kent and Sussex as likely fields for the discovery of coal. Ten years later a Coal Commission concluded that coalfields of the same kind and value as those of Somerset, and of North France and Belgium, do exist beneath the newer rocks of the South of England, and that the very same coal-measures which disappear in the West under the newer rocks of Somerset, reappear in the East from underneath the newer rocks of the Continent.

In 1881 this theory was put to the test at Netherfield, near Battle, with only negative results; but later still Professor Dawkins suggested to the late Sir Edward Watkin the advisability of making a boring at Dover near the Channel tunnel works, almost in sight of Calais (where coal was proved to be at a depth of 1100 feet). The boring commenced in 1886, and coal was struck, as the accompanying diagram shows, at 1200 feet.

In 1840, owing to the successful sinking for water at Grenelle in Paris, an enterprising proprietress instructed the contractor to sink for a like purpose in the park of her château at Oignies, with the result that instead of water a seam of coal was discovered at a depth of 150 metres.

Twelve years later, in 1852, a concession was obtained by the same energetic lady for an area of 3787 hectares, but many difficulties were met with, as at Dover, and it was not until August, 1855, that the coal measures were reached by the shaft.



Section showing range of Coal-measures from Dover to Calais

Below is given the output of those collieries in the Pas-de-Calais Department which produced more than one million tons in 1905:—

Dourges	1,098,738
Ourrières	2,408,684
Lens-Douvain	5,161,981
Levien	1,589,330
Grenay	1,644,167
Noeux	1,390,680
Brnay	2,326,167
Marles	1,413,000
Seven other Collieries	1,953,190
Total	16,585,037

The encouragement which this result offers for the exploitation of coal on this side of the Channel should be sufficiently indicated by the above figures and should be a guarantee that under the present capable management, and with the adequate working capital which it commands, the success of the Kent Collieries Limited (a reconstruction of the Consolidated Kent Collieries Corporation Limited) is well-nigh assured.

The share capital has been reduced from £1,562,500 to £400,000; but as information concerning it is now common property, suffice it to state here that it is well known that that company has proved seven workable seams of coal, a valuable deposit of iron ore twelve feet in thickness, and, amongst others, a five-foot band of potter's clay. In fact, the undertaking possesses all the elements for the establishment of successful coal and iron works. The output, it is estimated, will be not less than 1000 tons of coal per day when in full operation. To that goal the management is directing its energies, and thereby establishing an industry of national importance, the far-reaching consequences of which it is difficult to forecast.

A Zoo without bars or railings, where animals are placed in as natural surroundings as possible, is, according to Mr. H. J. Shepstone in the *World's Work*, being devised by Mr. Hagenbeck at Stellingen, near Hamburg. "Lions and other big cats are placed in a great open enclosure, and are separated from the public by a deep ditch."

DR. WALLACE ON THE PEERS.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Dr. Wallace brings forward a plea for "a new House of Lords, representative of the best intellect and character of the nation." He hopes there will be no patching-up of the old House, which will need a struggle as great as more drastic reform, and would only give a very imperfect institution a longer lease of life. The British constitution has been built up by what at the time were quite unconstitutional means, and as the constitution itself provides no legal mode of reform, "we must follow the example of our forefathers, and not be too particular as to the method by which we effect changes demanded by the people."

A NEW HOUSE.

He would establish an elective House of Lords chosen from persons over forty-five years of age who were—

Peers of the United Kingdom, Baronets, and Knights, ex-members of the House of Commons, members of the Privy Council, Justices of the Peace, ex-Governors of a Colony or Dependency, ex-members of a Colonial Legislature, ex-members of the Diplomatic Service, Consuls-General, etc., ex-Mayors of Boroughs, ex-chairmen of County or District Councils, Fellows of the Royal Society, Presidents of Chartered, Literary or Scientific Societies, great writers, who offer themselves as candidates.

Each of the 121 counties in the United Kingdom should elect two members of the Upper House. The electors should be parish, district, borough and county councillors. The election could be carried out in the office of the clerk to the county council through the Post Office. He would elect the first House for five years. The second and succeeding Houses should last fifteen years, with one third of their number retiring every five years. Each Ministry in power should have the right to appoint some ten or twelve members in the Upper House. To all members of the Upper House for the rest of their life the honorary title of Lord should be given.

THE PEOPLE'S THREE VICTORIES.

Mr. Harold Spender, in the *Contemporary Review*, opens his vigorous discussion of Lords *versus* Commons by an apt quotation from Earl Grey, in his reply to the Duke of Wellington in 1832. Earl Grey said that if the Lords could set at defiance both Crown and Commons without check or control, "the government of this country is not a limited monarchy. It is no longer the Crown, Lords, and Commons, but a House of Lords, a separate oligarchy, governing absolutely the others." Mr. Spender insists that everywhere throughout the country the people recognise this as the supreme issue. The Liberal Government must act, and act quickly. He recalls the three great conflicts of last century between the two Houses:—

The battle over Reform showed the power of a Ministry that can bring the Monarch to the final and conclusive act of creating new Peers to carry out his policy. The battle

over the Paper Duty showed the immense authority and sweep of mere resolutions of the House of Commons, backed by the authority of the Speaker, and built on the power of the people. The battle over Army Purchase showed the power of the Royal Prerogative in hands that know how to use it with skill and moderation. All these powers may be useful to us in the fight that inevitably lies ahead of us.

IN VIEW OF THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

The *Quarterly Review* surveys a number of proposals and tendencies making for Imperial unity, and declares that "the tendency towards greater union produced by the South African War has been followed by a natural reaction or relaxation." The writer asks, Does the utility of the Conference repay the trouble? Most questions within the Empire might, it is suggested, be discussed in conferences of expert officials. Questions of foreign policy can hardly wait for a quadrennial conference. A policy of preferential tariffs or schemes of common defence might justify the convening of a congress to establish a *Zollverein* or a *Kriegsverein*. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's despatch is taken to reveal a feeling that either the Conference will become too strong, and threaten by its decisions the independence of the Colonies, or it will be barren of results. Then follows a passage which may be taken as marking the retreat of English Toryism from the *flamboyant* Imperialism of the Khaki time. The writer says:—

This hesitation may be a sign of the future, and may some day, for a very different reason, be shared by the Tory party. During recent years the invitation to closer union in political form has, on the whole, proceeded from the mother-country, while the reluctance has been on the side of the Colonies, especially Canada, fearing as they do the over-great dominance in any such formal confederation of this wealthy, populous, and well-equipped central State. But the day may come, as the colonies grow to be equal or superior in wealth and population, when the demand will be made by the allied States in the Empire, and the reluctance will be on the side of the United Kingdom. It is certain that any proposal for joint management of foreign naval and military affairs, and for a share in the supreme control exercised in London over India and the Crown colonies and dependencies, would be strongly resisted, whenever it was made, by the great departments and civil and military professions, which have so much interest and power in preventing change; and it would be far from acceptable to the British aristocracy and middle class. The Colonies are still young and fearful of encroachments upon their autonomy, while this proud island does not yet fear invasion of its monopoly of the power which, by its own might, it has established over more than three hundred million denizens of Asia and Africa. But to brook diminution of power costs no less than to lose independence. In the end, therefore, the centre of resistance to closer forms of political union may well be transferred from Ottawa to London.

Yet the writer does not relinquish the hope that, as a strong nation was built out of families and tribes, so may a strong Empire be built out of nations. He adds significantly, "War is the father of things, and patience and endurance is the mother."

A CHEAP BUT GREAT IMPERIAL ARMY.

Major Silburn of Natal develops in the *United Service Magazine* an elaborate scheme for the organisation of our Imperial defence resources. He would substitute for the Defence Committee a permanent Imperial Defence Council, consisting of three members of the Imperial Navy nominated by the British Cabinet, and eight members of the Imperial Army nominated by Home, Colonial, and Indian Governments. He would have the Imperial Navy strengthened and controlled at the British Isles with the fortification of our oversea ports and possessions.

NOT BY CONSCRIPTION, BUT BY SPORT!

The Imperial Army that is required is not to be procured by conscription. The Major recognises that "the public mind is made up against conscription," and he advises military authorities to recognise that fact once and for all. The craze for sport is another fact, however, which can be turned to good account. He says:—

It is the instinct of sport upon which we should base our reorganised Imperial Army; let by all means our future battles be fought out on the play fields of our schools, be they public or private, universities or board schools; the staying power, patience in a losing game, dash, judgment, all developed in the good sportsman, are the very qualities required in the victorious soldier. Let those in authority over the fifteen million eligible fighting men of the United Kingdom divert the sporting instincts of the greater proportion into the course of shooting, the desire for training will follow, and quickly, as sure as the night follows the day.

He quotes the Natal Defence Act, which establishes an Active Militia, a skeleton that can be clothed with the Militia Reserve in twenty-four hours, and the force become an effective fighting machine within a few days.

50,000 REGULARS: A MILLION MILITIA.

He would remove the ten official divisions into which our Imperial forces are at present split up, and constitute a homogeneous Imperial Army. He says:—

At no time and under no circumstances does it appear necessary for the United Kingdom to keep on her pay list more than fifty thousand soldiers of all arms; with the reduction of the Regular Army to that number, and the creation of a Militia Army with obligatory service, and embodying with it the at present varied forces of the Empire, there should be set loose some fifteen million pounds sterling, which, in addition to relieving the British taxpayer, will add to the efficiency of the Navy. Basing this calculation upon that of the Colonies, and making due allowance for the difference in social conditions, the creation of an active militia would find sufficient favour to enrol within its ranks for service, at twenty-four hours' notice, in any part of the world, some twelve hundred and fifty thousand men physically and mentally superior to those embodied in the Regular Army of the present, at a cost, for training, of five million pounds sterling per annum. The cost would come within this limit should the Militia Army become Imperial and co-responsibility be accepted.

The scheme will appeal to many different minds. Liberal and Labour parties will be attracted by the

proposed reduction of the Regular Army to 50,000 and the consequent saving of fifteen millions sterling. The Imperialist will welcome the prospect of a unified Imperial Army that can become a million strong, with a larger Navy securing its mobility. The Quaker will perhaps want to know wherein the Militia with obligatory service differs from certain forms of conscription.

"ARABIAN NIGHTS" AND "MORTE D'ARTHUR."

A BISHOP'S SUGGESTIVE COMPARISON.

In the *North American Review* Bishop Mann offers a very suggestive comparison between the "Thousand and One Nights" and the "Morte d'Arthur." These two great cycles of romance reached their final redaction in the fifteenth century. One was of the East, the other of the West; one by an Arabian, the other by an Englishman. Each was the production of the life of a society stretching over a long period. Each is pervaded by a religion, and absolutely loyal to a faith. Each stands for the ideal of its respective community; one for what the disciples of Jesus, the other for what the disciples of Mahomet, felt and wished long after their founders had passed away. Magnificent indeed, he says, are the "Thousand and One Nights." The Bishop does full justice to the indestructible charm of their opulent narratives. Yet, passing to a scientific consideration of the respective qualities of the two cycles, the Bishop denounces the spectacle presented by the "Arabian Nights" as "sickening." They are thoroughly unblushing, callously sensual. They are utterly sordid. The characters are marked, as Robert Louis Stevenson said, by rascality and cruelty. There are no magnificent aspirations or heroic resolves. The brutality of the men is shameless. The "Arabian Nights" unroll a panorama of hateful and contemptible human beings. The original is in many parts untranslatable into any decent language.

In the "Morte d'Arthur" the contrast is most striking:—

Here are splendid groups, where "all the brothers are brave and all the sisters virtuous." Here is chivalric daring; here is the steadfast seeking of a worthy quest; here are souls which the bodies serve; here is toil for toil's sake and battle for battle's sake—or, rather, both for the sake of some unselfish yet all-repaying end; here are staunch friendship and unquestionless loyalty and sacred love.

We go forth seeking the Sangreal, conscious that only our sins can keep us from its blissful beholding. There are villainies and debaucheries and cruelties in the "Morte d'Arthur"; but the sins are never condoned, and never go unpunished.

The Bishop says:—

It would be hard to find two other books so alike in their origin—each a composite of myths and legends, each with a strict theological creed, each with its Bible in the background and its Paradise ahead, yet so utterly unlike and repugnant in their contents.

THE FUTURE OF RUSSIA.

The *Edinburgh Review*, discussing the state of Russia, tells the following incident as a parable of Russian unexpectedness:—

The late Sir Robert Morier, soon after his arrival in St. Petersburg, on looking out of the Embassy windows one morning, saw something dark and round bobbing about amidst the ice-floes of the Neva. It proved to be the head of a seal, which presently clambered out and sat sunning itself on the ice until scared away by people passing. "There!" said the Ambassador, who had never dreamt that there were seals in St. Petersburg. "That is Russia all over! Everything is flat, dull, colourless, as the frozen surface of that river; but you never know what strange and monstrous thing will emerge at any moment and scatter your preconceived notions to the winds!"

The writer finds the main feature of the problem in the ethnic variety of the Russian population. If the Russian Empire fell to pieces, the fifty-five million true Russians dwelling in the great plain whence all the rivers proceed could not long continue without recurring access to the sea at the mouths of these rivers. Finland and Poland apart, the rest of the Imperial dominions would, the writer opines, be again put under the control of the Russians. Though it is the fashion to decry the Russians now:—

their history bears plainly on the face of it the characteristics of a conquering, dominant race; and the story of the Cossack advance, south and east, is a marvel of successful colonisation, and puts the Russians in this respect on a higher level than any but Anglo-Saxons.

Whatever happens, the writer does not expect peace for a generation:—

It follows that if the empire of the Tsars is indeed about to fall asunder, which we take leave to doubt, there will be no peace in Eastern Europe until the Russians have once more dominated the majority of the peoples they now rule. If, on the other hand, the dismemberment so confidently predicted as imminent is averted, we can, unhappily, see no reason to anticipate a speedy return to internal tranquillity.

THE MYSTERY OF THE NORTH.

THE NEAREST APPROACH TO THE POLE.

In *Harper's Magazine* for February, Commander Robert E. Peary begins the publication of the first complete report of the New York Peary Arctic Club's latest expedition.

NOTABLE RESULTS.

During the past eighteen months a new line of trench, he writes, has been advanced in the siege of the mystery of the North, and an additional degree has been added to the polar record. There have also been made distinct additions to our knowledge of the inner Arctic regions. The existence of new land in the vicinity of the one-hundredth meridian and the eighty-third parallel has been determined, and soundings have been made along the north shore of Grant Land west to the eighty-fourth meridian and in Kennedy Channel and Kane Basin, and samples of the bottom secured. Several other noteworthy results are enumerated, and last, but not

least, the ideal type of ship for polar work has been evolved.

HOW THE "ROOSEVELT" FOUGHT THE ICE.

The Club's steamer, the "Roosevelt," left New York for her northern voyage on July 16, 1905. By August 17 the vessel was able to leave Etah, the most northern Eskimo settlement, where she had called to have the machinery thoroughly overhauled and all preparations made for the battle royal with the ice. Here also her coal supply was replenished from the auxiliary ship "Eric." The "Roosevelt" then proceeded on her journey through the ice. Commander Peary writes:—

On the evening of September 16th, with the turn of the flood-tide, a large floe pivoted around Cape Sheridan, crushing everything before it, until at last it held the ship mercilessly between its own blue side and the unyielding face of the ice foot. Its slow, resistless motion was frightful, yet fascinating; thousands of tons of smaller ice which the big floe drove before it the "Roosevelt" had easily and gracefully turned under her sloping bilges, but the edge of the big floe rose to the plank-sheer, and a few yards back from its edge was an old pressure ridge which rose higher than the bridge-deck.

For an instant, which seemed an age, the pressure was terrific; the "Roosevelt's" ribs and interior bracing cracked like the discharge of musketry. The main-deck amidships bulged up several inches, the main-rigging hung slack, and the masts and rigging shook as in a violent gale; then, with a mighty tremor and a sound which reminded me of an athlete intaking his breath for a supreme effort, the ship jumped upward. The big floe snapped against the edge of the ice-foot forward and aft and under us, crumpling up its edge and driving it inshore some yards; then came to rest, and the commotion was transferred to the outer edge of the floe, which crumbled away with a dull roar as other floes smashed against it and tore off great pieces in their onward rush—leaving us stranded but safe. This incident, of course, put an end to all thoughts of further advance, and to provide against the contingency of a still more serious pressure, rendering the ship untenable, all supplies and equipment, together with a considerable quantity of coal, were landed, officers and crew and Eskimos, including the women and children, working almost without interruption for the next thirty-six hours.

After this the energies of the party were devoted to the hunt, which proved satisfactory beyond expectations. Not till the end of February, 1906, was it possible to start the more northern journey on land. Supporting parties were first sent out, and, finally, Commander Peary himself, with a small group of his men and Eskimos, set out on the final dash. On April 21st he reached 87 deg. 6 min., the nearest approach to the North Pole ever made by human being.

"Home Counties," in the *World's Work*, describes from the man's own letters how a City clerk of twenty qualified for settler's work in New South Wales by serving as farm labourer on a relative's holding in the north of Scotland. In three months on the farm he increased his weight by one stone eleven pounds, his chest measurement by 5½ inches, his biceps by 4½ inches. He enjoyed his work.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF FLOWERS.

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

In the February *Harper* Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck completes his article on the Intelligence of the Flowers, begun in the December number. He makes no claim to providing a manual on the subject, but simply draws attention to a few interesting events connected with flowers.

THE MOST INTELLIGENT FLOWER OF ALL.

The most intelligent of all our flowers are the orchids, the typical flower of which resembles the yawning mouth of a Chinese dragon. Mr. Maeterlinck describes how the orchid is fertilised by insects:—

The lower lip, which is very long, and which hangs in the form of a jagged or dentate apron, serves as a landing-place for the insect. The upper lip rounds into a sort of hood, which shelters the essential organs; while, at the back of the flower, beside the peduncle, there falls a kind of spur, or long, pointed horn, which contains the nectar.

In most flowers the stigma, or female organ, is a more or less viscid little tuft, which, at the end of a frail stalk, patiently awaits the coming of the pollen. In the orchid this traditional installation has become irrecongnisable. At the back of the mouth, in the place occupied in the throat by the uvula, are two closely-welded stigmas, above which rises a third stigma modified into an extraordinary organ. At its top it carries a sort of little pouch, or, more correctly, a sort of stoup, which is called the rostellum. This stoup is full of a viscid fluid in which soak two tiny balls, whence issue two short stalks laden at their upper extremity with a packet of grains of pollen carefully tied up.

FERTILISED BY INSECTS.

When the insect enters the flower this is what happens:—

She lands on the lower lip, outspread to receive her, and, attracted by the scent of the nectar, seeks to reach the horn that contains it, right at the back. But the passage is purposely very narrow; and the insect's head, as she advances, necessarily strikes the stoup. The latter, mindful of the least shock, is at once ruptured along a convenient line, and lays bare the two little balls steeped in the viscid fluid. These, coming into immediate contact with the visitor's skull, fasten to it and become firmly stuck to it, so that, when the insect leaves the flower, she carries them away, and, with them, the two stalks which rise from them, and which end in the packets of tied-up pollen. We therefore have the insect capped with two straight, bottle-shaped horns.

THE INGENUITY OF THE ORCHID.

The unconscious artisan then enters a neighbouring flower, but the orchid counts the seconds and measures the space. Mr. Maeterlinck continues his description of the miracle:—

If her horns remained stiff, they would simply strike with their pollen masses the other pollen masses soaking in the vigilant stoup, and no event would spring from the pollen mingling with pollen. But here the genius, the experience and the foresight of the orchid became apparent. The orchid has minutely calculated the time needed for the insect to suck the nectar and repair to the next flower, and has ascertained that this requires, on an average, thirty seconds.

We have seen that the packets of pollen are carried on two short stalks inserted into the viscid balls. Now at the point of insertion there is, under either stalk, a small

membranous disk, whose only function is, at the end of thirty seconds, to contract and throw forward the stalks, so that they bend and describe an arch of ninety degrees. This is the result of a new calculation, not of time on this occasion, but of space. The two horns of pollen that cap the nuptial messenger are now horizontal, and point in front of her head, so that when she enters the next flower they will just strike the two welded stigmas over which hangs the stoup.

AN ABSENT-MINDED BROTHER

OF MARK TWAIN.

In the *North American Review* for January 18th, Mark Twain's Autobiography contains a very amusing sketch of his erratic brother. One of the adventures of this eccentric youth may be quoted:—

Once, when he was twenty-three or twenty-four years old, and was become a journeyman, he conceived the romantic idea of coming to Hannibal without giving us notice, in order that he might furnish to the family a pleasant surprise. If he had given notice he would have been informed that we had changed our residence, and that that gruff old bass-voiced sailorman, Dr. G., our family physician, was living in the house which we had formerly occupied, and that Orion's former room in that house was now occupied by Dr. G.'s two middle-aged maiden sisters. Orion arrived at Hannibal per steamboat in the middle of the night, and started with his customary eagerness on his excursion, his mind all on fire with his romantic project, and building and enjoying his surprise in advance.

When he arrived at the house he went around to the back door and clipped off his boots and crept upstairs, and arrived at the room of those elderly ladies without having wakened any sleepers. He undressed in the dark and got into bed, and snuggled up against somebody. He was a little surprised, and not much—for he thought it was our brother Ben. The maid that was being crowded fumed and fretted and struggled, and presently came to a half-waking condition, and protested against the crowding. That voice paralysed Orion. He couldn't move a limb; he couldn't get his breath; and the crowded one discovered his new whiskers and began to scream. This removed the paralysis, and Orion was out of bed and clawing round in the dark for his clothes in the fraction of a second. Both maids began to scream then, so Orion did not wait to get his whole wardrobe. He started with such parts of it as he could grab. He flew to the head of the stairs and started down, and was paralysed again at that point, because he saw the faint yellow flame of a candle soaring up the stairs from below, and he judged that Dr. G. was behind it, and he was. He had no clothes on to speak of, but no matter, he was well enough fixed for an occasion like this, because he had a butcher-knife in his hand. Orion shouted to him, and this saved his life, for the doctor recognised his voice.

The prevention of railway accidents by automatic safety devices is the subject of an interesting paper in the *World's Work*. Among the most curious appliances described are those which keep the signals at "danger" so long as any train is on the block, and which, when a train by any accident neglects the signal and passes the danger point, turns on the pneumatic brake on the errant train, and brings it to a standstill.

AWAY WITH MR. BALFOUR!

MR. MAXSE'S ONSLAUGHT.

In the *National Review*, Mr. Maxse makes a ferocious attack upon Mr. Balfour and his leadership of the Unionist party. "The Unionist party," he declares, "has fallen upon evil days. It is led by mandarins who do everything according to formal and futile rules, while the Unionist Press is, to some extent, in the hands of Mugwumps whose single ambition is to be 'fair-minded,' which means habitually giving away one's own side and making excuses for every outrage perpetrated by the other side."

He sees no hope for the party as long as the present leadership is maintained:—

Things have come to such a pass that it would be perfectly idle to attempt to conceal the condition of our party, which renders it utterly inefficient as an Opposition, and threatens to perpetrate the Bannerman Cabinet indefinitely. Ponderous injunctions are from time to time addressed by the wisacres of our Front Bench to the party at large, to the effect that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and that if the rank and file will only keep their eyes shut and their mouths open, and joyfully swallow whatever may be vouchsafed by the dwellers on Olympus, all will come ultimately right, but that if we fritter away our energies in criticising the great, wise and eminent statesmen who mismanage our affairs—in itself a species of *lèse majesté*—there can be no hope or future for the party.

Mr. Maxse delights in "the robust discontent which happily runs all through the Unionist army." He urges it to manifest itself "as vigorously and offensively as it can":—

So long as the only alternative to the Bannerman Government is a Balfour Government, so long shall we remain where we are, because though it may not be realised on the Front Opposition Bench, any Cabinet remotely resembling the Ministry of finesse is about the very last Government which the people of this country desire.

Britain and Spain Seventy Years Ago.

Nuestro Tiempo, a Spanish magazine, gives a sketch of the conditions in Spain about eighteen months before the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne of England. The British Minister at Madrid was practically ruling the country; he was the moving spirit of the Spanish Cabinet, although seemingly having nothing to do with it except as a foreign plenipotentiary. Spain was in trouble; the civil strife was costing something like three times as much as the income of the country, and something had to be done. A treaty was negotiated with Great Britain, and a significant allusion to the relations with Spain was contained in the King's Speech at the opening of Parliament in February, 1836. A preferential arrangement in favour of British cotton goods was projected: the duties on the goods introduced into Spain were to be under the control of

a mixed commission, British predominating, and Great Britain was to pay herself, interest and capital, out of those duties. A proportion of this revenue was to be given as a bounty to Catalonian manufacturers to make them agree. However, the negotiations became known to the French Government, and a strong objection was lodged against the proposed treaty. The Catalonian manufacturers objected also, and it was feared that the workers would give trouble, so the British Government abandoned the plan.

Teachers Worse Paid Than Paupers.

The glittering repute of American education is apparently not all gold, if we may judge from the *Education Review* for January. Mr. W. McAndrew says that where American education breaks down is in the pay of the teachers. "The average monthly pay of women teachers in the United States is 39.77 dollars," not £8 a month. Not merely is this below the pay of many manual workers, but some counties pay their paupers more than their teachers:—

Men have withdrawn from teaching in constantly increasing numbers. The most able women are going into more remunerative fields. Schools have closed because teachers could not be hired at the wages paid. The public schools that have made America the richest nation in the world are, by the confession of their managers, losing in efficiency because the teachers have been reduced to want by the depreciation of their pay.

Occupations For Educated Women.

There must be an enormous number of women, either in established positions or wishing to obtain such, to whom the *Fingerpost*, a guide to all the professions and occupations open to educated Englishwomen, should be exceedingly useful and helpful. Those at the beginning of, or wishing to choose a career, will be able to pick up most useful hints, and, incidentally, will be told a good many home truths as to the deficiencies of women workers. Those more or less advanced in a career can hardly fail to be interested to know what is now possible to women, and especially to compare the cost of training for the various pursuits with the probable salary obtainable, and see how rarely the salary, even the highest possible salary, seems to amount to a really living and saving wage. About seventy occupations and professions are included, from the medical profession to being a boarding house, and from gardening to Jin-jitsu. Dentistry, road-contracting, publishing, architecture, the work of relieving officer, the Unitarian ministry, and several other occupations, though occasionally entered upon by women, are not considered "open" to them.

FOR AND AGAINST THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

FOR: BY SIR THOMAS BARCLAY.

As a prime promoter of the *entente cordiale*, Sir Thomas Barclay is naturally a strong advocate of the Channel Tunnel. In the *Westminster Review* he modestly deprecates his incompetence to take up the cudgels against the military correspondent of the *Times*, and in the same spirit of Socratic irony only asks for enlightenment on certain points. The readiness of the nation to consider the question of a Channel Tunnel is to him a landmark of progress, for six years ago the idea would have been smiled out of court. Even if the Bill were now defeated, it would only mean that its promoters had been precipitate. It would probably not be defeated by such a great majority as in '84 and '88. Now not merely common sentiment but common interest promised to unite Great Britain and France in pursuit of the same foreign policy. He proceeds:—

That two united Powers should be able in an emergency to help each other is obviously an increase of their powers of resistance, and ought to tend to calm public anxiety about the national defences, to give confidence to trade and industry and to promote a certain division of labour permitting a gradual reduction of military and naval expenditure.

Sir Thomas then considers the question of the national food supply. At present this compels us to maintain command of the ocean routes at any cost:—

If it were possible to ensure the deriving of any considerable portion of the food of the nation from France, rivalry in naval equipment by other nations would probably lose much of its alarming character.

The writer complains that the danger of a surprise landing of foreign troops has been treated too vaguely. He quite believes that surprises are possible:—

For instance, I doubt whether in 1898 the Gibraltar authorities at the time of the Fashoda incident even caught a glimpse of the French Mediterranean fleet passing the rock at dead of night, with lights extinguished, and even whether, if that fleet had arrived off Cherbourg in a fog, we should have been much the wiser. Seventy-five millions of francs were spent on that occasion in massing troops at the Channel ports without even a newspaper correspondent reporting it. But surely if a surprise were contemplated the organiser of it would not choose a busy highway of commerce for an act dependent on carefully-laid secret operations, and all of which could be rendered abortive by three feet of water on the rails!

As regards International Law, in which Sir Thomas speaks with the authority of an expert, he declares that the tunnel involves no infringement of the freedom of the high sea, or of the legitimate rights of non-riparian States. In conclusion, he hopes that the gravity of possible advantages will be as carefully considered as that of possible disadvantages.

AGAINST: THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The *Nineteenth Century* this month is largely devoted to a crusade against the proposed tunnel. Twenty-five years ago Sir James Knowles helped to defeat the project, and he now republishes as a supplement to his magazine the reprint of the 136-paged pamphlet issued as a protest against the original scheme. He has also brought together a collection of opinion hostile to the present scheme. The remainder of the magazine is sandwiched in between the supplement and the symposium.

BEHIND THE TUNNEL, CONSCRIPTION.

Sir Frederick Maurice points out that the situation has not been altered in any respect since 1882, except for the worse. Sir Archibald Alison regarded a regular fortress at Dover as essential for our protection if the tunnel was constructed. But the idea of an independent fortress has been dropped:—

Our safety is to depend on the defences which now exist at Dover, the Western Heights, and Dover Castle. These are not a fortress in the Continental sense of the term at all. A first-class fortress like Metz requires for its protection 30,000 men. Sir Archibald Alison modestly asked for 8000 men. The present advocates ask for no increase to the garrison. Yet it is not on the safety of such a fortress as Metz that Germany depends for her security. She depends instead upon the fact that the whole of her virile population is trained to war, and that none escape the claims of the State except those unfortunate people who have some serious physical defect.

Nothing has been proposed in regard to the new tunnel that was not carefully considered by the Alison Committee, which reported against the project.

AFRAID OF THOSE WHO ARE AFRAID.

Mr. Herbert Paul is afraid of those who are afraid of the tunnel rather than of the tunnel itself:—

If the Channel were tunnelled the Army and Navy Estimates would speedily grow beyond the control of the most resolutely prudent financier. Old-age pensions would dwindle out of sight, and a shilling income-tax would soon be regarded as the distant dream of an Arcadian past. Do the Labour Party want to exchange old-age pensions for conscription? If so, let them vote for the Channel Tunnel Bill, and they will soon be gratified. We escape conscription, with all its economic and social evils, because we have no frontier except the sea. The sea is the best of natural frontiers. The worst of scientific frontiers is a tunnel. The French, we are told, are not afraid of being invaded by England. Well, I am not afraid of being invaded by France.

A PASSIONATE OPPONENT.

Mr. George W. E. Russell is a passionate opponent, and he launches the following comprehensive indictment against the tunnel:—

It would destroy, for the mere indulgence of a whim, our chief protection against actual war. It would link us physically to that network of military mechanisms which covers the Continent with the appliances of bloodshed. It would make the chances of attack from without so much more numerous and more threatening that even the most resolute opponents of militarism would be forced to divert their attention from the sciences which prolong life, and the arts

that beautify it, and the ideals which elevate it, and to concentrate their powers on problems of national self-defence. 'History may report other catastrophes as signal and as disastrous, but none so wanton or so disgraceful.'

THE TUNNEL CAN WAIT.

Sir John Macdonnell, on the other hand, thinks that the—

construction of the Channel Tunnel seems the natural sequel to an unmistakable pacific movement among nations; the fit work for two Governments which had not merely by words and banquets, but by deeds—by measures of disarmament, by large reductions in naval and military expenditure, and by adopting less barbarous rules as to warfare—shown that their fair promises meant much. It would be the appropriate monument to commemorate such a victory. But the monument ought to follow, not precede the victory. The Tunnel can wait; it ought to wait, I think.

WHY NOT A FERRY?

Sir J. Wolfe-Barry prefers a ferry to a tunnel:—

For a very small part of the cost of a tunnel, a railway ferry with the most modern improvements could be installed, which would fulfil almost all that a Channel Tunnel could provide. In those things in which the ferry would fall short the issues are nearly immaterial. There could be no difficulty in estimating the cost of the ferry, with its harbour works, and the working expenses could be arrived at, while its beneficial effect in uniting the two countries and increasing interchange of traffic must be undoubted. On the other hand, there are many undefined eventualities in the case of a tunnel, the expenditure must be enormous, and success cannot be guaranteed.

MISSING THE POINT.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. James writes in the *Contemporary Review* against the Channel Tunnel. He is perfectly certain that if the sea divided France from Germany no Frenchman would seek to lessen the difficulty of crossing it. He appends a footnote, in which he speaks with the usual assumption of the expert:—

It is a striking example of the ignorance possessed by the ordinary Englishman in things military that Mr. Stead should propose to ask the Powers of Europe before deciding on war to refer the matters in dispute to arbitration, and agree not to commence hostilities for a fortnight. What they have all been striving after for the past thirty years is to get even a few hours' start over their possible adversaries, knowing well the results to be obtained from even such an apparently small advantage.

It is precisely because the Powers of Europe have been striving for the past thirty years to get even a few hours' start over their possible adversaries that Mr. Stead—and not Mr. Stead alone, but some of the foremost experts in Europe—insist so strongly on the interposition of delay for arbitration and deliberation. The writer goes on to declare his belief that the *entente cordiale* would be lessened by the construction of the Tunnel. War will in future be not a word and a blow, but a blow first. The Tunnel would import a nervousness into our national life. The writer goes further, and announces that "the airship is coming, and will have to be dealt with as a factor in the war of the future." He seems to forget that the airship may more effectually wipe out the Channel as a line of

defence than any tunnel could. In fine, he thinks the Tunnel would do little good, and bring great risks.

ROCKEFELLER'S PASTOR.

CHAMPION OF FRESH AIR CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Dr. Charles F. Aked is the subject of a sketch and interview by James Haslam in the *Millgate Monthly*. The fact that he is taking up the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, one of the richest places of worship in the world, where John D. Rockefeller, King of the Standard Oil Trust, is a worshipper, lends piquancy to Dr. Aked's humble origin. He was born in 1864, in a working class home in Nottingham. He started work in a coal merchant's office at 5s. a week. Then he entered an auctioneer's office, and became himself an auctioneer. He was on the point of leaving for New Zealand, and had secured a berth, when he was decided by his minister to prepare for Gospel work in England. He began his pastorate at Syston, near Leicester, and went thence to Liverpool, and later to Pembroke Chapel in that city. His battle for life with tuberculosis has issued in victory. He has been cured by the open air treatment. He adheres still to this, and is not afraid of Spartan rigour. He says:—

All night my bedroom windows are wide open, and have not been closed nor partly closed once when I have been at home since the house was built. The storms rage through the room. The rain comes in. The west wind beats the rain upon my bed. My head is as wet as if I had come out of a bath, and the pillows are wet through after a March or November gale. But I am warm and comfortable, and I have never taken a cold.

His cure has made him an ardent champion against the ravages of phthisis. But cure is a question of cash. His recovery cost him £1200. What is a poor man to do? Dr. Aked would invoke the aid of the State. He says:—

It would pay the State to take the matter in hand. To-day more than 200,000 of our countrymen are suffering—and doomed. Every year 42,000 persons in England and Wales die from tuberculosis. Of these 70 per cent. belong to the working classes. If sanatorium treatment was given to 30,000, it would cost the nation, roughly, £1,000,000. Pauperism costs us £12,000,000 at present. It is calculated that one-tenth of the pauperism of the country is due to consumption. It would, therefore, be cheaper to spend £1,000,000 a year in preventing consumption than £1,250,000 in relieving the distress it has caused.

He would also rely on private philanthropy. He says:—

I hope to influence rich people, who will pour out their money for a crusade to kill the disease. One object I shall have when I get to America will be to win sympathy and help of people who are in a position to help, and who can do something big and memorable in the way of stamping out consumption from the English-speaking world!

Will history disclose Rockefeller as the modern Herakles who slays the phthistic Hydra?

RUSO-JAPANESE DIFFICULTIES.

Dr. Dillon, in the *Contemporary Review*, writes from interior knowledge on how peace was brought about between Japan and Russia. He insists that the peace of Portsmouth is but an indefinite truce, and will remain so until there is established a real friendship between Russia and Japan. Otherwise another and more sanguinary war will be necessary.

THE TRUE BASIS OF PEACE.

In reviewing the course of events which led up to the war, Dr. Dillon lays stress on Witte's desire to accept the friendly overtures of Japan and arrange a settled peace. He was overruled by Plehve. After war had broken out, the first attempts for peace were made by Viscount Havashi, whose word to M. Witte was that "Japan will welcome peace and will cultivate friendship with her present enemy after the conclusion of peace." M. Witte did his best to induce the Russian Government to respond to these overtures, but military counsels prevailed. When at last President Roosevelt got the plenipotentiaries together at Portsmouth, the attitude of the Japanese had changed. There was a mutual lack of confidence. Dr. Dillon declares that in one stage of the negotiations President Roosevelt acted with a zeal that had outrun his knowledge when he advocated the cession of Sakhalien to Japan and the payment of an indemnity, unaware that the Japanese plenipotentiaries had already agreed to waive the former claim in its original fulness, and to ask only for the southern half of the island. Dr. Dillon emphatically opposes a recent version of the Japanese renunciation of an indemnity which the *Times* correspondent at Tokio has made public. It is alleged that it was only Baron Komura's cleverness which made President Roosevelt and the rest of the world believe that an indemnity was from the first a *sine quâ non*; that Baron Komura from the first did not intend to insist upon it.

TERMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Dr. Dillon concludes by holding out the hope of a Russo-Japanese friendship as not merely desirable but practicable. The difficulties in the way are fewer and less formidable, and he hints that the British Government, as allied with Japan, has an opportunity of assuming the rôle of peacemaker. The terms he suggests are:—

Russia to abandon definitely her dream of over-lordship in the Pacific, to renounce deliberately and irrevocably the commanding position which she occupied in 1902, and sincerely to accept the *status quo* as determined by the Portsmouth Treaty; and, on the other hand, Japan to withstand the temptation to prepare for a future campaign, the object of which would be the capture of Vladivostok, the annexation of the northern half of Sakhalien, and the complete and definite ousting of Russia from the Pacific coast. No future revenge for one side, no further conquest for the other, while the mutual relations of the two empires would be uniformly shaped by a spirit of genuine friendship and grounded confidence.

THE HITCH IN NEGOTIATIONS.

M. Alexander Ular writes also in the *Contemporary* on North-Eastern Asia after the war. He traces how the endeavour of Russia to gain in Mongolia on an economic basis what she was losing by the war in Manchuria had met with sudden failure. By means of the Grand Llama, who had fled to Urga from the British invasion of Tibet, the Russians had hoped to gain over the Buddhists. But Plehve's determination to treat the Buriat nomads as Russian peasants has disillusioned the Buddhists, and Russia's rôle in the Buddhist world is over. Worst of both in Mongolia and Manchuria, Russia is not yet willing to accept plainly the economic consequences of her military defeat, or to hand over to Japanese economic sway the whole country east of the Baikal. This is the explanation offered for the delay in the negotiations necessary to complete the Portsmouth Treaty.

DO WE LIVE AFTER DEATH?

By M. SULLY PRUDHOMME.

In *La Revue* of January 15 appears "My Philosophical Testament," by M. Sully Prudhomme, who is well known as a philosopher and poet.

From his youth, he says, he has been interested in questions metaphysical and philosophical, and he describes the religious and philosophical training he received. But the positive sciences did not promise any of the truths he was anxious to know, and metaphysics gave him vain and contradictory answers. Now he is getting old, and he would fain foresee what awaits him after death. This he considers the first point about which to try and gain some clear ideas.

THE RELIGION OF BEAUTY.

While the psychic life undoubtedly depends on the physical, does it follow necessarily that the life of the soul is destroyed at the death of the organic life? In regard to this question, the greatest obstacle, to M. Prudhomme, is the difficulty of conceiving the happiness of man possible after the abolition of his senses, the most precious object in his possession. If after death the soul is blind, deaf, dumb, and is deprived of all perceptions of the senses, M. Prudhomme cannot imagine anything that could supply their place or be equal to them in utility, not to say in enjoyment. Thus he feels himself as incapable of proving that everything does not die with the body as he remains uncertain whether everything does die with the body. His religion, he explains, is the religion of beauty, a quality at once objective and indefinable, but it awakens in him aspiration and a vague image of a sort of heaven which is a delight to him and in some sense a sort of realised ideal, he does not know how or where. But he believes in it.

ROME AND FRANCE:

FATAL RESULTS OF IMPLICIT OBEDIENCE.

Pastor Charles Wagner, the well-known author of "The Simple Life," writing in the *New York Outlook*, draws two morals from the conflict between Rome and the Republic. In the first place, recent events have shown to what an extent the Church of France has sacrificed her individuality and her independence, and to what a spirit of indifference she has lapsed. The old error of Roman Catholicism in drawing all the sap and juice of the Church into the priesthood has led the Church step by step into a blind alley. The faithful among the laymen are no longer of account, and the clergy fear the laity, by whom alone it could be renewed and rejuvenated. In the second place, it is an object-lesson in the fatal results of the habit of implicit obedience to the decrees of the Vatican. He says:—

It is without conviction and without confidence that the clergy follow their chief, and in the full knowledge that he has given them fatal orders, as he himself received fatal advice. What schism could be worse than this? A schism between the faithful and the clergy; a schism between the convictions of the episcopate and the orders given it; a schism between the supreme head of the Church and the leaders of the Church of France. And thus a system most massive and most logical has led to incoherence through the exaggeration of authority. In olden times a council would have been called and light would have arisen out of discussion. To-day there is one individual who thinks for all the rest. And, as he is badly informed, he stands in the position of a blind man leading those who see clearly with their own eyes. No, never have the enemies of the Catholic Church done it as much harm as have its own institutions at this present crisis.

THE CHURCH'S GOOD RECORD.

M. René Bazin, one of the best known of contemporary French novelists, takes a far more hopeful view of the future prospects of the Church, in what he describes as "the coming death-struggle between Christianity, falsely styled Clericalism, and unbelief masquerading as Republicanism." His views are described by Mr. Reginald Balfour in an interesting article in the *Dublin Review* for January.

Looking backward over the history of the Church, M. Bazin sees much evidence of energetic life and activity. He reminds us that French Catholics have given two-thirds of all the missionaries, men and women, sent out by the whole Christian world to heathen nations, and more than half the money collected throughout the world for the Propagation of the Faith. They have ceaselessly and patiently laboured to repair the breaches caused by the secularising of French education. It may be regretted that so many accepted, or rejected but feebly, Government injustices; but there are, M. Bazin insists, in every town and village in France "men of conviction, ardour, and energy." In France to-day there is no dearth of men ready to sacrifice their lives for their beliefs. Their impulse was towards revolt; but they were bidden not to revolt, and they have obeyed. They would, says M. Bazin, "be

more respected by the world to-day if they had been a little less worthy of true respect."

HOW TO RECONSTITUTE A CHRISTIAN FRANCE.

M. Bazin does not despair of the final triumph of Catholicism in France. But if faith is to be victorious over unbelief, French Catholics must be united, they must proclaim the whole truth and live up to it, and they must remind France that she possesses a soul. Political differences must be sunk; bickerings on unimportant points must cease. There must be no "leagues of hate" against either persons or sects. We must be grateful to those French Protestants, he says, who "perceived that . . . it is the very idea of God, the common idea and bond of all Christians, which is attacked." M. Bazin also suggests that it would be as well if every true Catholic should personally begin to take less count of social distinctions. Next, it is necessary to rouse the indifferent to a sense of their position. In the present crisis "no one should dream of building a church or raising a statue, even to a saint; all the generosity of French Catholics should be concentrated upon the schools and the newspapers." Finally, M. Bazin suggests that Catholics should put forth a social programme for a Christian Government, which he believes will surely some day come. In this way the Church will triumph over its many difficulties and succeed in awakening the soul of France. The existence of a soul in the French people he never for a moment doubts, inarticulate as it sometimes seems at present:—

I am persuaded that one day, which the youngest among us will assuredly see, there will begin an epoch of restoration. I am persuaded that the youngest of us will witness that marvel, the reconstruction of Christian France. It is already in preparation, one might also say begun, as the flower is begun in the seed which the earth still covers, but which begins already to put forth a shoot.

A Revolution in Sunday School Work.

Writing in the *Sunday Strand* for February, Mr. W. Llewelyn Williams describes Mr. G. H. Hamilton Archibald's plan for revolutionising our Sunday schools. The child and its interests stand first, says Mr. Archibald, but the child, even in the training of his moral and spiritual character, must not be expected to contradict his essential nature. He must be gently led by easy and pleasant ascents to ever higher standards of thought and action. In the department corresponding with the infant class, the teaching is not only through the eye and ear, but also through the muscles. Kindergarten methods are also introduced.

Mr. Archibald's theory is that the teachers must also be trained before twenty, and the Sunday schools must be divided up into departments and separate rooms. At Bournville is the model Sunday school where Mr. and Miss Archibald are putting the theories into practice.

THE DYNAMIC OF PEACE.

BY MISS JANE ADDAMS.

When, moved by the instinct of pity for her poorer neighbours, a cultured American lady left her suburban home to reside in the slums of Chicago, probably no one, least of all the lady herself, supposed that she was pioneering the cause of international peace. Yet the article on "The Newer Ideas of Peace" which Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, contributes to January *Charities*, suggests how this unexpected result may be attained. Miss Addams presents the claims of the "newer, more aggressive ideals of peace as over against the older, dovelike ideal."

The two great lines of attack upon war have been, first, by way of the higher imaginative pity, illustrated by Tolstoi and Verestchagin; the second, by the appeal to the sense of prudence, as voiced by Jean de Bloch, and the Tsar's summons to the Hague. Both these movements require behind them forces within society so dynamic and vigorous that the impulses to war seem by comparison cumbersome and mechanical. These newer social forces will, she believes, at last prove the sovereign intervention by extinguishing the possibility of battle at its very source. The newer dynamic peace she finds in "that ancient kindness which sat beside the cradle of the race," which is manifesting itself now with unusual force, and for the first time presents international aspects. She says:—

The advocates of peace would find both the appeals to Pity and Prudence totally unnecessary, could they utilise the cosmopolitan interest in human affairs with the resultant social sympathy which at the present moment is developing among all the nations of the earth.

Just as the primitive man in the hard struggle for life came at last to identify his own existence with that of his tribe, so now we must look for the beginnings of a cosmopolitan affection which will identify the individual with the race. Here comes in Miss Addams' unique experience amongst the score of different nationalities and languages living in the poorest quarters of Chicago, in sympathetic touch with her Settlement. She says:—

If we would institute an intelligent search for the social conditions which make possible this combination we should naturally seek for them in the poorer quarters of a cosmopolitan city where we have, as nowhere else, the conditions for breaking into this double development; for making a fresh start, as it were, toward a synthesis upon a higher moral line which shall include both. There is every opportunity and necessity for compassion and kindness such as the tribe itself afforded, and there is in addition, because of the many nationalities which are gathered there from all parts of the world, the opportunity and necessity for breaking through the tribal bond.

A NOBLE TRIBUTE.

Then follows a most beautiful tribute from this noble American woman to her neighbours in the slums:—

In the midst of the modern city which, at moments, seems to stand only for the triumph of the strongest, the successful exploitation of the weak, the ruthlessness and hidden crime which follow in the wake of the struggle for existence on its lowest terms, there come daily—at least to American cities—accretions of simple people, who carry in their hearts a desire for mere goodness. They regularly deplete their scanty livelihood in response to a primitive pity, and, independent of the religions they have professed, of the wrongs they have suffered, and of the fixed morality they have been taught, they have an unquenchable desire that charity and simple justice shall regulate men's relations.

This is doubtless due partly to the fact that emotional pity and kindness are always found in greatest degree among the unsuccessful. We are told that unsuccessful struggle breeds emotion, not strength; that the hard-pressed races are the emotional races; and that wherever struggle has long prevailed emotion becomes the dominant force in fixing social relations. Is it surprising, therefore, that among this huge mass of the unsuccessful, to be found in certain quarters of the modern city, we should have the "medium" in which the first growth of the new compassion is taking place?

From meditation on these facts there emerge "vast and dominant suggestions of a new peace and holiness":—

It would seem as if our final help and healing were about to issue forth from broken human nature itself, out of the pathetic striving of ordinary men, who make up the common substance of life; from those who have been driven by economic pressure or governmental oppression out of a score of nations.

THE HEALING BACILLUS OF COSMOPOLITAN AFFECTION.

In these various peoples who are gathered together in the immigrant quarters of a cosmopolitan city, and who worship goodness for its own value, not associating it with success any more than they associate success with themselves, Miss Addams seems to have found the culture of the healing bacillus of cosmopolitan affection. She finds in the crowded city quarters focal points of that human progress which is essentially dynamic. She finds in this commingling of many peoples a balance of accord, of opposing and contending forces, a gravitation to the universal. She thinks it possible that we shall be saved from warfare by the fighting rabble itself, by the quarrelsome mob turned into kindly citizens through the pressure of a cosmopolitan neighbourhood:—

There arises the hope that when this newer patriotism becomes large enough, it will overcome arbitrary boundaries and soak up the notion of nationalism. We may then give up war, because we shall find it as difficult to make war upon a nation at the other side of the globe as upon our next-door neighbour.

The heroism of war will give place to the new heroism which manifests itself at the present moment in a determination to abolish poverty and disease—a manifestation so widespread that it may justly be called international. This "virile goodwill" is a part of the world-wide process which will extinguish war as it has extinguished private blood feuds. Miss Addams rightly ends with the remark, "He who would walk these paths must

walk with the poor and oppressed, and can approach them only through affection and understanding."

THE UNITED STATES A MONARCHY?

MARK TWAIN'S LUGUBRIOUS FORECAST.

In the *North American Review* Mark Twain indulges in a digression from his Autobiography on the coming American Monarchy. He takes his text from Mr. Root's remarks on the increasing tendency to centralisation in government; the "stupendous power of circumstance" is said to be superseding the local State by the national or federal power. He then proceeds:—

Human nature being what it is, I suppose we must expect to drift into monarchy by-and-bye. It is a saddening thought, but we cannot change our nature; we are all alike, we human beings; and in our blood and bone, and ineradicable, we carry the seeds out of which monarchies and aristocracies are grown; worship of gauds, titles, distinctions, power. We have to worship these things and their possessors, we are all born so, and we cannot help it. We have to be despised by somebody whom we regard as above us, or we are not happy; we have to have somebody to worship and envy, or we cannot be content. In America we manifest this in all the ancient and customary ways. In public we scoff at titles and hereditary privilege, but privately we hanker after them, and when we get a chance we buy them for cash and a daughter. Sometimes we get a good man and worth the price, but we are ready to take him anyway, whether he be ripe or rotten, whether he be clean and decent, or merely a basket of noble and sacred and long-descended offal. And when we get him the whole nation publicly chaffs and scoffs—and privately envies; and also is proud of the honour which has been conferred upon us. We run over our list of titled purchasers every now and then, in the newspapers, and discuss them and caress them, and are thankful and happy.

Like all the other nations, we worship money and the possessors of it—they being our aristocracy, and we have to have one.

In a monarchy the people willingly and rejoicingly revere and take pride in their nobilities, and are not humiliated by the reflection that this humble and hearty homage gets no return but contempt. Contempt does not shame them, they are used to it, and they recognise that it is their proper due. We are all made like that.

I suppose we must expect that unavoidable and irresistible circumstances will gradually take away the powers of the States and concentrate them in the central Government, and that the Republic will then repeat the history of all time and become a monarchy; but I believe that if we obstruct these encroachments and steadily resist them the monarchy can be postponed for a good while yet.

The chapters from his Autobiography which follow tell how Mark Twain shammed being mesmerised when a boy, and succeeded so well that when, in contrition, he confessed to his mother thirty-five years later, she refused to believe the truth.

THE FUTURE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The *Edinburgh Review*, in a suggestive study of Catholic authority and modern society, declares that original sin and eternal punishment are the two doctrines which have proved a stumbling-block to Liberal Catholics. The Church stands face to face

with the modern State, with its developed ethical sense, its new obligation of paternity. "The Church had called herself the mother of men. The State now called itself their father." Since the French Revolution, "all the so-called works of mercy which she has the eternal honour of having inaugurated have become, not the charity of a few, but the duty of all. She has to contemplate a future when asylums, hospitals and education shall be on the rates; when law, order and charity shall be administered by the technically neutral State." The methods of reconciliation proposed by Liberal Catholics have so far, as in the case of Bishop Bonomelli, been condemned by the Pope. So have the efforts of Father Tyrrell and Fogazzaro. Yet the reviewer observes, "As we survey the widespread field of Catholicism, to discern if we may, in the tendency of the present, the actuality of the future, we realise that the practice of the Church to-day is more in touch with life than her theory." The writer proceeds:—

Even though authority were to vanish, the sacrifice of the Mass and the veneration of the Virgin might continue, for the emotions and aspirations they symbolise have their sources deep down in the experience of the race. We make no prophecy for the future of authority, but if the mission of the Church is to consecrate souls, if she is to be, as heretofore, the sanctifier of common life, she must so adapt herself as to include the modern State, which means that she has to reckon with man made completely conscious by the social cataclysm of the eighteenth century. A conjecture as to the origin of evil and a dogmatic scheme based to a great extent on the belief in man's natural depravity, seem no methods for winning to Christianity a humanity eager with hope of progress and earnest with the desire of perfection. Christ, as we know, made no hypothesis as to origins, but He believed in man, and it seems as though the Catholicism of the future must make belief in humanity the corner-stone of its building. If the masses of the people are to have their dawning faith in the common soul, their consciousness of their human dignity as men and women made holy, it must be achieved through worship of the great ensample of brotherly love—Jesus, and through vision of the Christ in man which He announced. Then may the new Church, which is to be a consecration of social evolution, arise from foundations not made in the brains of schoolmen, but laid by God Himself in the invisible depths of human hearts.

The February number of the *Century* is a George Washington number. The opening article, by Mr. Francis Le Baron, describes the Washington-Craigie-Longfellow House, Washington's headquarters and Longfellow's home at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. Henry C. Potter contributes another article on the Washingtons and Garsdon, near Malmesbury. To these are added two military articles, in one of which Mr. W. M. Sloane discourses on von Moltke's view of Washington's strategy. According to von Moltke, George Washington was one of the world's greatest strategists; indeed, von Moltke thought Washington's military career was marked throughout by pre-eminent qualities as a soldier.

Topics of the Day in the Periodicals of the Month.

Under this head the reader will find a ready reference to the more important articles in the periodicals on the Topics of the Month.

HOME AFFAIRS, SOCIAL AND POLITICAL.

Agriculture, Land :

- To the Land without Saving, by "Home Counties," "World's Work," Feb.
- The Small Holdings Committee: Ferguson, R. Munro, on, "Independent Rev," Feb.
- Fordham, E. O., on, "Independent Rev," Feb.
- Small Fruit Farms, by S. Morgan, "Fortnightly," Feb.

Armies, Military Question :

- England's National Army, by Col. E. A. Altham, "United Service Mag," Feb.
- Military Education, by Lieut.-Col. A. Pollock, "Fortnightly Rev," Feb.
- The Soldier v. the Government, by Ex-Non-Com., "United Service Mag," Feb.
- Organisation and Preparation for War, "Journal of Royal United Service Inst," Jan.
- The Premier and Imperial Defence, by Major W. Evans, "Monthly Rev," Feb.
- Organisation of Imperial Defence Resources, by Major P. A. Silburn, "United Service Mag," Feb.
- The French Army and Obedience, by Etienne Lamy, "Correspondant," Jan. 10.
- Passive Resistance and Respect for the Law in France, by J. Cauvière, "Correspondant," Jan. 25.

Catholic Church :

- Pius X., by Catholic Priest, "North American," Feb.
- Catholic Authority and Modern Society, "Edinburgh Rev," Jan.

Channel Tunnel :

- Barclay, Thomas, on, "Westminster Rev," Feb.
- James, Lieut.-Col. Walter H., on, "Contemporary Rev," Feb.
- Symposium on, "Nineteenth Cent," Feb.
- Unsigned article on, "Nineteenth Cent." Supplement, Feb.

Charity Organisation Society, "Quarterly Rev," Jan.

Crime and Prisons :

- How Prisoners should be punished, by Thomas Holmes, "Pall Mall Mag," Feb.
- The Punishment of First Offenders, by Thomas Holmes, "Grand Mag," Feb.
- The Old Penology and the New, by Eugene Smith, "North Amer. Rev," Jan. 4.
- Imprisonment for Debt, by M. J. Landa, "Economic Rev," Jan.

Education :

- The Education Bill, 1906: Brown, Mgr., on, "Dublin Rev," Jan.
- Henson, Canon, on, "Independent Rev," Feb.; "Westminster Rev," Feb.
- Christian Education in Elementary Schools, by W. Temple, "Economic Rev," Jan.
- Where Education Breaks Down, by W. McAndrew, "Educational Rev," Jan.
- Humanistic v. Realistic Education, by F. Paulsen, "Educational Rev," Jan.
- The Modern University Movement, by Prof. A. Smithells, "University Rev," Jan.
- The Commercial Value of a University Education, by J. Spencer Hill, "University Rev," Jan.

Emigration and Immigration : The Human Side of Immigration, by J. G. Brooks. "Century Mag," Feb.

Electoral :

- The Moral of Huddersfield, by J. Keir Hardie, "Independent Rev," Jan.
- Huddersfield and the Strength of Liberalism, by H. W. Strong, "Independent Rev," Feb.
- The Proportional Representation Society's Test Election, by J. Dillon Lumb, "Positivist Rev," Feb.

Finance :

- Income Tax Reform, by G. D. Clancy, "New Ireland Rev," Feb.
- Fiscal Policy in France and Britain, by Sir R. Hamilton Lang, "Blackwood," Feb.
- Gambling with Cards, on the Turf, and on the Stock Exchange, by G. Jollivet, "Correspondant," Jan. 10.

Fisheries :

- British Sea Fisheries, "Quarterly Rev," Jan.
- Municipal Enterprise and the Oyster Fisheries of Colchester, by B. J. Hyde, "Windsor Mag," Feb.
- The Crisis in the Sardine Fishery, by C. Le Goffic, "Rev. des Deux Mondes," Jan. 15.

Food Supply of England in War :

- Bellairs, C., on, "North Amer. Rev," Feb.
- Savary, H. R., on, "Annales des Sciences Politiques," Jan.

Craft in England, by F. C. Howe, "American Mag," Feb.

Housing Problems :

- Co-Partnership in Housing, "Millgate Monthly," Feb.
- Bournville, by J. A. Dale, "Economic Rev," Jan.
- Workmen's Enterprise in Germany, by A. Betts, "Millgate Monthly," Feb.

Insurance : Mutual Life Insurance, by F. C. Lowell, "Atlantic, Jan."

Ireland :

- The Irish Land Problem, by J. M. Kelly, "Westminster Rev," Feb.
- An Agrarian Revolution, by T. W. Russell, "Dublin Rev," Jan.
- Pacata Hibernia, by W. J. Corbet, "Westminster Rev," Feb.
- A University for Cork, "Church Qrly," Jan.

Jews :

- The Political Rights of English Jews, by H. S. Q. Henriques, "Jewish Qrly," Jan.
- The Social Unrest of the Modern Jews, by Dr. K. Alexander, "Preussische Jahrbücher," Jan.

Labour Problems :

- The English Industrial Revolution of the Eighteenth Century, "Edinburgh Rev," Jan.
- Paris and Her Unemployed, by G. C. Rotheby, "World's Work," Feb.
- Factory Inspection in the United States, by Belva M. Herron, "Amer. Journal of Sociology," Jan.
- Industrial Insurance, by C. R. Henderson, "Amer. Journal of Sociology," Jan.
- Labour Insurance in Germany, by Prof. F. Zahn, "Rev. Economique Internationale," Jan.

Municipal and Local Government :

- Wanted: A New Spirit in the Expenditure of Public Money, by M. Carberry, "World's Work," Feb.
- The Parks and Squares of London, by E. Staley, "Fortnightly Rev," Feb.

Navies and Naval Affairs:

- Admiralty Administration and Naval Policy, "Edinburgh Rev," Jan.
 Recent Attacks on the Admiralty, by J. S. Corbett, "Nineteenth Century," Feb.
 The Present Distribution of the British Fleet, by Lieut.-Capt., "Deutsche Monatsschrift," Jan.
 The Premier and Imperial Defence, by Major W. Evans, "Monthly Rev," Feb.
 Organisation of Imperial Defence Resources, by Major P. A. Silburn, "United Service Mag," Feb.
 Australian and Naval Defence, by Lieut. L. H. Hordern, "United Service Mag," Feb.
 Self-Culture in the Navy, by Commander H. N. Shore, "United Service Mag," Feb.
 New Method of Testing the Speed of Ships, by J. Johnston, "United Service Mag," Feb.
 The American Navy Fifty Years Ago, by Capt. A. T. Mahan, "Harper," Feb.

Old Age Pensions, Pauperism and the Poor Law:

- The Poplar Workhouse Inquiry, by Gordon Crosse, "Economic Rev," Jan.
 A German Tramp Prison, by W. H. Dawson, "Fortnightly Rev," Feb.

Parliamentary (see also Electoral):

- Twelve Months of Parliament, by C. F. G. Masterman, "Independent Rev," Jan.
 The Parliament of 1906, "Blackwood," Feb.
 A Tessellated Ministry, "Quarterly Rev," Jan.
 The Lords or the People? by J. A. Hobson, "Independent Rev," Jan.
 Lords v. Commons, by Harold Spender, "Contemporary Rev," Feb.
 A Democrat's Defence of the House of Lords, by M. M. Barrie, "Nineteenth Century," Feb.
 A New House of Lords, by Alfred Russel Wallace, "Fortnightly Rev," Feb.

Postal Service: Australia's Penny Post, by E.J.T.B., "World's Work," Feb.**Railways:**

- The Railways for the Nation, by Alfred Russel Wallace, "Arena," Jan.
 The Signalman and His Work, by Keighley Snowden, "Pall Mall Mag," Feb.

The Prevention of Railway Accidents, "World's Work," Feb.

Ruskin Hall, Oxford, by Principal Denis Hird, "Primitive Methodist Qrly," Jan.

Shipping and Shipbuilding:

- Steady Floating Marine Structures, "Monthly Rev," Feb.
 How France Protects Her Merchant Marine, by Pro. A. Viallate, "North Amer. Rev," Jan. 18.

Sociology, Socialism, etc.:

- Population and Progress, by M. Crackanthorpe, "Fortnightly Rev," Feb.
 The Truth at the Heart of Capitalism and Socialism, by Prof. F. Parsons, "Arena," Jan.
 J. J. Hill Morgan, J. O'Brien, and G. Clémenceau on Socialism, by Charles Johnston, "North Amer. Rev," Jan. 18.
 The Ministry and Social Reconstruction, by S. Horton, "Primitive Methodist Qrly," Jan.

Temperance Movement and the Liquor Traffic:

- Local Veto, by C. H. Roberts, "Independent Rev," Feb.
 Humanity and Stimulants, by E. A. Pratt, "Monthly Rev," Feb.
 Alcohol, by Dr. Starke, "Rev. de l'Université," Jan.

Theatres and the Drama:

- An Attempt to Revive the Dramatic Habit, by F. R. Benson, "Nineteenth Century," Feb.
 The Background of Drama, by E. A. Baughan, "Nineteenth Century," Feb.
 Ibsen's Imperialism, by William Archer, "Nineteenth Century," Feb.
 A Key to Ibsen, by Jennette Lee, "Putnam," Jan.
 Yiddish Literature and Drama, by James Mew, "Contemporary Rev," Feb.

Wealth, Gospel of, and Millionaires: Our Vampire Millionaires, by H. Frank, "Arena," Jan.

Women and Women's Work:

- Women and Politics, by Miss Caroline E. Stephen, "Nineteenth Century," Feb.
 Women's Suffrage in 1906, "Englishwoman's Rev," Jan.
 Women and the Empire, by Gertrude Kingston, "Lady's Realm," Feb.

The papers on "International Arbitration v. War" are being scrutinised, and the result will be made known as soon as the examiner has finished his work.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

The industrial progress of the world is witnessed to by two interesting papers in the February number. Messrs. Brown and Adams describe the new era of manufacturing in South America.

SOUTH AMERICAN PROGRESS.

This long-neglected Continent seems to be bounding ahead. Most of the South American States are developing their own manufactures by aid of protective tariffs. Twenty-five million dollars from the United States alone has been invested in South American mines. Whole peoples have adopted European costume at a rush. Sandals are being generally replaced by shoes. Most of the States are aiming at being self-contained. Coal and iron are widely distributed. Petroleum is plentiful. Alcohol, long distilled from sugar-cane, is now being distilled with success from coffee-shells, so that alcohol is used as a fuel in all localities where coffee is grown. One of the best of South American assets is the splendid water-power which is now running to waste on the slopes of the Andes and throughout the Brazilian mountains. The Falls of Ignazu, near the junction of that river with the Paraguay, are said to rival Niagara and the Victoria Falls. The new electrical process of smelting now successfully introduced into Germany may create a South American Pittsburg without smoke. It is expected that South America will weave her own wool and spin her own cotton and manufacture her own chocolate.

INDUSTRIAL EVANGELISM.

Mr. Cyrus Adams describes the civilising work of modern Christian missions. He tells how African railroad builders were trained in mission schools. Model farms, brick works, all manner of modern industries are being introduced into Africa and other barbarous regions. Industrial rather than intellectual education is now to the fore. While home governments have been pecking at the idea, foreign missions have been realising it for many years. The Medical Mission is the grandest humanitarian feature of Christian evangelism. It is reckoned that nearly two and a-half million patients are annually treated in them apart from Roman Catholic stations.

The preparations for the celebration of the centenary of Longfellow, who was born on February 27th, 1807, as described by Mr. F. G. Cook, put to shame our last year's commemoration of the centenary of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Mr. J. B. Seabury, under the title of "Seventy Years of Systematic Giving" sketches the career of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, "that Imperial humanist," as he calls her. The open-air Parliaments of Switzerland, where the burghers meet to transact the business of the cantons, are vividly described by W. G. Fitzgerald.

Dr. Shaw declares the time not yet come for public ownership of American railways; but he draws a ghastly picture of the way a few plutocrats enrich themselves by railroads, which they have allowed to sink into a condition disastrous to public safety.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

The February issue is a Channel Tunnel number. There is, however, plenty of variety in the thirteen other articles.

Miss Caroline E. Stephen opposes woman's suffrage because of its possible effect on the motherly and domestic character of women. "Where all are striving, none can be umpire. I would have an Egeria in every house"—who, not being an elector, can inspire, moderate, guide from a detached standpoint, her male voter. The writer asks that women be consulted by referendum before the franchise be thrust upon them.

Mr. Maltman Barrie offers what he calls a democrat's defence of the House of Lords. His "defence" is that the Education and Plural Voting Bills were partisan. He then gravely argues from the conduct of the Government in respect of the Trades Disputes Bill in the House of Commons the lack of responsibility in the elected House, and therefore the need of an Upper or revising Chamber! Yet it was just this Bill which the Peers, though bitterly opposed to it, let alone.

Mr. Ellis Barker's paper on "Germany at the Parting of the Ways" is rendered somewhat superfluous by the unexpected result of the elections, as he half acknowledges in a postscript. His forebodings of the Kaiser marching towards the ends of his *Weltpolitik* knee deep in German blood give way to a recognition of "a most significant triumph" for German Imperialism.

The hurry and hustle of modern life, with consequent lack of repose, lead Mr. A. Vane Tempest to bewail "the decay of manners."

The drama claims three papers. Mr. F. R. Benson gives a delightful description of its popular revival in tale and pageant, in mystery and fairy play. Mr. E. A. Baughan insists that scenery should be nothing but a suggestive background to the drama.

Ibsen's Imperialism, as set forth in his *Emperor and Galilean*, comes in for searching deprecation at the hands of Mr. William Archer. Ibsen's conception of a "third empire," which shall supersede Christianity as Christianity superseded Caesar's empire, Mr. Archer traces to "German Collectivism," after Sedan; but Mr. Archer laments the melodramatic and unjust way in which Julian the Apostate is handled by the poet.

Lady Thompson, in a loving sketch of Montenegro, questions what the effect of the long peace will be on the Montenegrin, who is essentially a fighting man, and whose land forbids commercial greatness.

Our own fighting forces occupy the pens of two contributors. Mr. Julian S. Corbett laments the unpatriotic criticism to which our Navy has been subjected by Englishmen, and pleads for confidence. He argues that if we insist on all the grounds of our Naval policy being made public we give away our strategic secrets to possible enemies, and create uneasiness among friendly nations. Mr. W. C. Perry points out how much British victory, from Crecy to Waterloo, has owed to the employment of foreign mercenaries, and warns us that this resource is cut off from us for all future time. His aim is obviously to show up what he calls "the unpatriotic refusal of the middle and lower classes in England to prepare themselves for the defence of their country."

Mr. John Morley's description of the State Forests of India as a "splendid asset" of Empire, covering, as they do, quarter a million square miles, and yielding a net revenue of £670,000, is enforced and expanded by Mr. John Nisbet.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Four of the papers in the January number have claimed separate notice. Both in regard to home, Colonial, French and German life, there seems to be a note of hesitancy and uncertainty, not to say a flavour of pessimism.

A novel feature is a paper on foxhunting, old and new, with illustrations of foxhounds and hunters of a hundred years ago and now. The differences in form suggest an interesting chapter in what one might call designed evolution in biology.

Recent developments in Old Testament criticism are handled with courage. Much space is given to discussing the question whether the prophecies were metrical in form. The writer considers the view of the Wellhausen school has been successfully modified by Professor Gunkel, who has shown that the patriarchal narratives reflect the style and ideas of the ages before Moses. The writer finds the permanent religious value of the Old Testament and its indispensability as a divine preparation for the revelation of the New "in this fascinating story of how men, led by conscience and the facts of experience to doubt doctrines which satisfied earlier generations, reached higher convictions of God and duty." The writer grants that Dr. Hugo Winckler's works have shown the atmosphere of early Israel to be Babylonian rather than Arabic, but questions the contention that Israel owed her distinctive monotheism to Babylon. "The ethical monotheism of the prophets is alone the exception of Semitic religions."

The Gothic revival is traced by Professor C. H. Herford through three stages: (1) the building of Horace Walpole's famous temple of *bric-à-brac* at Strawberry Hill; (2) Goethe's rhapsody over Strasburg Cathedral in 1770; and, most of all (3) in Ruskin's "Stones of Venice." Walpole is treated somewhat as a freak. Goethe was blind to the Gothic incompleteness and occasional grotesqueness. Ruskin went beyond Goethe in relating Gothic architecture to nature, in discerning the sense of infinity expressed in irregularity, and in unfolding the social and ethical aspects of Gothic.

The ecclesiastical crisis in France is delineated in a way to bear out the truth of M. Clemenceau's recent utterance that he was grappling with difficulties such as no Government has encountered since 1870.

Professor Saintsbury discusses Balzac as interpreted by Brunetière, and Brunetière as revealed by his interpretation of Balzac.

Miss Ida Taylor discusses the origin of the French *salon* in the *hôtel* of Madame de Rambouillet for forty years from 1613 forward. It marked the advent of woman as an equal in public life. A eulogy of the work of the Charity Organisation Society frankly confesses its unpopularity. "The real gravamen of the charge is that it has opposed State pensions and State provision of work for the unemployed." It is also admitted that the young men now coming from Oxford and Cambridge consider the teaching of the Society antiquated and obsolete. The paper reflects the spirit of the unconscious Pharisee and of the conscious martyr, which is characteristic of the latter-day C.O.S.

"A tessellated Ministry" is a phrase suggested by Burke and applied to the present Cabinet. It finds itself, the writer argues, in the words of Burke: "Pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed." "The present Prime Minister is unable or unwilling to be master in his own house," or to maintain Cabinet discipline. These is no "governing mind" in the Cabinet.

There is an encyclopaedic article on British sea fisheries, and an interesting survey, by Mr. W. Miller, of the little-known history of the Dukes of Athens.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

An interesting number, the *Monthly Review* yet contains no very notable paper.

THE PREMIER AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

Mr. W. Evans-Gordon, the writer of this, the opening article, complains that the Committee of Defence is a mere "Pocket Committee of the Prime Minister," whose responsibilities Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman takes but lightly. After the politicians have made up their minds on naval and military questions, made them up so as best to please the electors, the expert is called in, and not before.

HUMANITY AND STIMULANTS.

Mr. Edwin A. Pratt, writing freshly on what seems an impossibly hackneyed subject, urges that, even if stimulants be taken away, the numerous old and original reasons for taking them remain, for they are "reasons co-existent with the race itself." You will remove human nature before you remove them. Moreover, he does not see—

what right a temperance speaker, who either kills himself by over-indulgence in one kind of stimulant or is hopelessly addicted to others, should want to pass laws to prevent his neighbours from taking stimulants in the form they happen to prefer.

The writer points out that the Northern European peoples are alike the heaviest drinkers and the foremost nations of the earth. The soberest people in Europe are the Spaniards, yet who can say they count for much? The nation which drinks most is the British, and it comes nearest to ruling the world. These last two statements are quoted from a foreign writer. The writer's argument is that we should frankly recognise the existence of the universal desire for stimulant, and try to supply it in the most wholesome manner.

LITERARY ARTICLES.

Among these let us include the article giving curious specimens of the manuscript of a Boer poet found in 1900 near Pieter's Hill. The poems have been translated from the Taal, and are interesting not as literature, which they do not pretend to be, but as showing the workings of the Boer mind.

Mr. G. S. Street has been talking to more Piccadilly ghosts, this time to those frequenting Albany (not "The Albany," be it noted)—Monk Lewis, Bulwer Lytton, Byron, and Macaulay, among others.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

The principal articles in the February number have been separately noticed. They are largely concerned with the effects of Russian policy in Japan, Persia, and Macedonia. E. M. Caillat discusses the psychological puzzle of multiple personality, in the case of a woman said to be four persons, and wonders whether the multifarious feats of esoteric Buddhism are due to this power of dissociating personality. The Report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline is discussed by the Rev. J. Frome Wilkinson, who insists that the recommendations go neither far enough nor deep enough. The time for palliatives, he says, is past. "The national Church, if she is in any way to keep her place, requires overhauling from top to bottom. With or without Establishment, we must have autonomy." A curious peep into Yiddish literature and drama is given by Mr. James Mew. Mr. Robert Bowes pleads the case of the retail bookseller, to whom 25 per cent. discount means a loss. We must, he says, defend the control of the net book against all attacks.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

The chief article in the *Cornhill Magazine* is on "Four Centuries of Book Prices," but there are several other articles of interest.

CHANGED TIMES—GREATER TOLERANCE.

According to Sir Algernon West's "*Tempora Mutantur*," the times are changing steadily in the direction of greater tolerance. The staunchest Tory nowadays would hardly refuse to admit a Radical within his doors on the plea that he "did not like such animals." Ancient ladies, let us hope, do not, before getting into their cabs, ask the drivers whether they are Puseyites, and whether they are Whigs or Tories. But, in spite of the growth of tolerance, it was only in 1888 that a friend of Sir Algernon West's asked a Tory lady whether she had read "Robert Elsmere," then just published. "How could she," was the answer, "be expected to read a book praised by Mr. Gladstone?" Parliamentary language has not softened much, the writer thinks, but "offensive caricatures have ceased to exist," in proof of which he pays a handsome compliment to Sir F. C. Gould.

BROWNING OUT WEST.

Dr. F. M. Padelford gives an interesting account of the influence of Browning on American students in the Western States. They seem predisposed to him, especially because of his freedom from convention. The roughness of his verse does not irritate them, for they "look to the spirit and message of a poet, and not to his technique, and they recognise in Browning a great elemental genius." And loved as Browning is by the youth of America, he appears to be equally loved by the students of the old German University of Munich. Tennyson, I note, Dr. Padelford could not get his Western American students to appreciate at all.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The issue of January 4th is distinguished by several noted articles. Mark Twain's autobiography, Dr. Zamenhof's paper on Esperanto, and a Catholic priest's condemnation of the Pope, are the chief articles. M. Yves Guyot reiterates, in face of Karl Blind's denial, his certainty of German designs on Holland and Belgium. The annexation of Holland and, at the very least, of Antwerp, is, he maintains, a policy increasingly favoured by the Tsar, but it is a policy which England and France could not permit. "It would make the Emperor William dictator over Europe."

Mr. Osborne Howes, Honorary Japanese Consul in Boston, bids his countrymen count the cost of Japanese exclusion. It will involve, he says, the destruction of the Asiatic trade with America. It will turn the Pacific from an avenue for commerce into a trade barrier.

Mr. Eugene Smith contrasts the old science of punishment with the new. The old made punishment retributive, not reformatory, proportioned the length of sentence to the degree of guilt in advance, and without regard to possible amendment, and held that the sentence once served, guilt was expiated.

Lieutenant C. Bellair, R.N., treats of England's food supply in time of war, and reduces the whole question to a percentage of risk of capture. In the Napoleonic wars 2.36 per cent. of British ships were captured. Were the same experience to be renewed, as 40 per cent. of Great Britain's supplies are now carried in neutral bottoms, the risk would be about $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., or about 3d. in the pound. The substitution of steam for sail, together with other

considerations, reduces the likelihood of capture enormously.

James Huneker contributes a very interesting appreciation of Anatole France.

In the number for January 18th Mr. J. H. Blount asks, When are the Philippines to become independent? Professor Vialatte tells how France protects her shipping, from which it appears that the enormous expenditure of the Government to promote French shipping has not produced much result.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Four articles in the February number claim separate notice elsewhere. The rest present a pleasing variety of instruction and entertainment. A new feature this month is the introduction of a *chronique* on foreign affairs.

The danger of prophesying before you know is illustrated in Mr. J. L. Garvin's paper on Kaiser or People? He declares that the prestige of the personal régime has been ruined. "In the opinion of the vast majority of the Kaiser's subjects, the influence of the Crown ought to be diminished." It is in any case certain, he says, that the new Reichstag will be less tractable than the last. Bismarck would have suppressed universal suffrage, or mobilised for war. The Kaiser's more prosaic alternative in the intermediate future will be chaos or Canossa.

A German tramp prison is described by Mr. W. R. Dawson as an admirable application of curing sloth by rigorous exertion. Twenty-five per cent. of the prisoners are genuinely reformed.

Mr. Montague Crackanthorpe presses for the adoption of laws such as exist in Serbia, Austria and in South American States, forbidding the marriage of persons physically or mentally defective or tainted with transmissible diseases until, at least, after forty-five years of age.

The conditions of Franco-German peace are found, by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, to consist in the Germans making it clear that they do not wish to pick a quarrel with France, and that their word is to be trusted.

A strong plea for the exclusion of our Indian fellow-subjects from the Transvaal is put forward by Mrs. St. Clair Stobart. It is, to her mind, as much needed for the maintenance of a British middle-class as the exclusion of Chinese labour is for the maintenance of a British working-class in our new colony.

The case of small fruit farms for England is restated by Mr. Sampson Morgan. He declares that in the fruit counties of England fruit culture, when carried out on business principles, is invariably successful. Intensive culture makes the soil in Jersey and Guernsey fifty times more productive than that of the United Kingdom. Were the areas devoted to grass considerably reduced, and fruit areas correspondingly enlarged, ten times as much money per acre would be raised, with corresponding rise in wealth and wages.

Mr. Andrew Lang discusses Shelley's Oxford martyrdom, and finds that his expulsion on the charge of atheism was a "cruel and mean revenge" taken by the Dons of University College upon "a boy who seems to have treated them habitually in a cavalier manner, and who had now given them the opportunity." Shelley was no atheist; he was merely shocking the Dons.

Lieut.-Colonel Pollock pleads for more room for specialisation in military education. Mr. G. H. Powell chats pleasantly about the contrast between the French and the English ideals; and Mr. Edcumbe Staley pleasantly combines history and imagination in his suggestions how to make the best use of the parks and squares of London.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

In *Blackwood's Magazine* there are two topical articles on the Working of a German General Election and Lady Burdett-Coutts. Otherwise the magazine is not specially quotable. The first article, frankly protectionist, is a plea for somewhat assimilating our fiscal system with that of France. "Musings Without Method," which is rather more pungently written than usual, is devoted to Mr. Haldane's and Mr. Asquith's speeches at Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities, so sternly denounced by Mr. Keir Hardie, who is "speedily taking the late Mr. Gladstone's place as conscience-keeper of the world." Mr. Keir Hardie is then chastised with whips for his impracticable ideals. What does he want? That every working-man should spend three years at a university? The working-man will then cease to belong to the proletariat. Instead of being excused from paying taxes, having his children fed, and being paid at the rate of £1 a day, should he condescend to shovel snow when unemployed, "he will become a mere common-educated man, the enemy of his kind, whose only right will be to contribute from a slender purse to the support of others."

From Mr. Peter Keary's misdemeanours the writer passes to those of the "wasteful demagogues at Spring Gardens," who, he naturally trusts, will be overwhelmingly defeated in March, and for the magnificent folly of whose programme he has no words contemptuous enough. In spite of his cleverness, the writer makes one think of the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe, and who had so many children she did not know what to do. She whipped them all round and sent them to bed. Sending Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Keary, and the L.C.C. to bed is out of *Blackwood's* power; but whipping is not, and accordingly he whips them all round.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The note of the January number is a confidence not often expressed of late years in the Liberalism established in the world by the French Revolution. The first paper, on "The Age of Reason"—as interpreted by Mr. John Morley—is a critical vindication of the eighteenth century, which it has been the custom to disparage. The two unitive movements of thought in the nineteenth century—the national and the social—are said by the writer to spring directly from the eighteenth century, and "what schoolman or Father of the Church has left his mark more powerfully or more permanently on religion than Voltaire?" The writer affirms that "the eighteenth century is the rock out of which we are hewn." Accordingly the writer hazards the somewhat extraordinary statement, "Piety is seldom found on the side of reform." He returns to the twentieth century when he says, "We do not believe that the atmosphere of rationalism, any more than that of Ultramontaniam, is one in which men can breathe." Tradition in art, however, has honour done it in another paper, in which strong words are spoken of the pre-Raphaelite revolt. The prevailing tradition is based on the doctrine of the selection of the essential. The pre-Raphaelites let in like a flood the commonplace, the chaotic, the accidental, and the particular.

A paper on Egypt, the old problem and the new, reminds us that the Egyptian people has a Constitution comprising a legislative council of sixteen elected and twelve nominated members, and a General Assembly comprising besides forty-six elected deputies. No new taxes can be imposed without the assent of the governed, given through their elected representa-

tives. To meet the new spirit which allies itself with the Sultan and the Khedive and pan-Islam, as well as with the modern democratic spirit, the writer suggests that, while constitution on Western models is impossible, self-governing municipalities might be a safe outlet.

In a study of the first Earl of Durham and Colonial aspiration, the writer maintains that "a Home Rule Parliament, in the Colonies or elsewhere, which prides itself on being National, will insist upon choosing and controlling the Executive, on managing its own commerce, industries and finance, and upon having at its own disposal the armed strength of the nation."

The naval policy of the present Admiralty comes in for very vigorous criticism. The "Dreadnought" type and the heavily-armed cruisers are disparaged. The complaint is made that too much is sacrificed to size and speed, and the accompanying reduction in the number of vessels is also challenged.

THE DUTCH REVIEWS.

Both *Onze Eeuw* and *Vragen des Tijds* contain articles dealing with the law of insurance against sickness and accidents, and pointing out its defects. In certain instances, as mentioned by the first-named review, it would be difficult to decide whether a sufferer should be treated according to the sickness regulations or as one who has met with an accident, and the said treatment differs considerably. There are drawbacks to the present law in Holland, in that it allows the workmen to have too large a share in the administration, and for the reason (among others) that it may hamper private initiative. If a man believes that he is provided for by an Act of Parliament, he may not trouble to insure privately, and the national provision may not be adequate. Further, it is argued, he may be inclined to take advantage of opportunities to do a little shamming, or to be too lenient to fellow-workers who may apply for help.

Vragen des Tijds has a contribution on the proposal to levy a State income tax. A local tax on profits and incomes exists, and the imposition of a State income tax may seriously affect local finance. If the State and the local taxes are both to be levied, it would appear from some of the figures given in the article that incomes of about £1200 per annum will pay a total of 8 per cent.

Among the other contents of *Onze Eeuw* may be mentioned the articles on "Christian Art" and the "Experiences of a Dutch Government Official in the (Dutch) East Indies in 1816." The influence of different forms of religion on the art of the centuries, and many other details, are given in the first of the two contributions, while the difficulties and dangers of the work undertaken by the official in the Asiatic possessions afford interesting reading.

De Gids is a good issue; the articles which attract especial attention are those on "The Race Question" and "Mythology and Legendary Heroes." The race problem is at once a difficult and interesting one. Is it for the advantage of the world's inhabitants that there should be a distinction of race, or would it be better if the supposedly inferior races were swept away, as some have already been? "That is the question!" As for the connection between legendary heroes and the gods of the old mythology, the writer of the article mentioned says that he is unable to trace, definitively, that the Germanic legendary heroes are mythological deities of Greece and India in another form, but he is of opinion that they are.

THE ENGLISH HISTORICAL REVIEW.

The leading articles in this quarterly are rather special for the general reader. They deal with "The Alleged Phœnician Circumnavigation of Africa"; "The Angevin Administration of Normandy"; and "Mary Stuart's Voyage to France in 1548." There is an interesting little editorial on the late Miss Mary Bateson, "one of the best women historical students that England has ever produced."

There is also published for the first time from MSS. in the British Museum a political paper by Daniel Defoe. Though without title, signature, or date, the handwriting is unquestionably his; and internal evidence shows that he was addressing Robert Harley, shortly after his becoming Secretary of State in 1704. Defoe instructs Harley, with a freedom which may seem astonishing, as to how to win popularity with all parties, and thus eventually become an all-powerful Minister, such as Richelieu or Mazarin.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

The most important articles in the *Dublin Review* having been separately noticed, it remains to call attention to Mr. T. W. Russell's paper on the working of recent Irish land acts. He calls it "The Story of an Agrarian Revolution." The results of three years' working of Mr. Wyndham's Act, says Mr. Russell, have been that—

land to the value of £40,000,000 has become the subject of agreement between landlord and tenant; that probably half as much again would have been sold, but for lack of the necessary money and of sufficient administrative powers. No one was prepared for the rush which took place. Probably in seven years the agrarian difficulty in Ireland will be at an end. At the present time 180,000 holdings have been bought, and £60,000,000 have either been actually spent or are under agreement.

This change has often been called a "bloodless revolution," though an apter term would be the ending of a cruel and desolating war, in which more blood has been shed than on the greatest battlefields.

CHURCH AND STATE IN SPAIN.

The writer of an article on Church and State in Spain insists that if the English Press has failed to understand the French Church crisis, it has still more completely failed to appreciate the Spanish Church crisis. It has been too ready to assume—what is nowise the case—that the two countries are going through the same political phase. The Spanish Associations Bill, exempting from abolition only a very few Spanish religious orders, arouses little enthusiasm. Señor Moret has no mind to emulate M. Combes. Effective resistance may safely be prophesied to the chief anti-Clerical projects; and the religious crisis of 1901 showed the Bishops to be solid with the bulk of the Spanish Catholics. The anti-Catholic Press is, however, gaining ground, so that we must not put too much store on ninety-eight per cent. of the population being supposedly Catholics. But there exist in Spain "all the materials for a Catholic reaction," and there is no immediate danger, the writer thinks, of a rupture with Rome.

Of the other articles, the one to which the general reader is most likely to turn first is a review of Mr. Wyndham's "Ronsard and La Pléiade." It is, on the whole, very favourable, Mr. Wyndham's translations being specially praised.

LA REVUE.

In *La Revue* of January 1st P. Hubault draws the attention of the French public to the dangers of Food Adulteration. But France has not a monopoly of poison in the food, and the article is not without interest to English and other readers. In the same number Vera Starkoff presents us with an appalling picture of the sufferings of Russian political prisoners.

CHINA'S VAST POPULATION.

Ly Chao Pée explains in an interesting article some of the causes which contribute to China's great population. In China, he says, it is a disgrace to die without posterity. Marriage is held in high honour, and when there are no sons of the marriage a nephew or some other male child is frequently adopted. It is considered the duty of every girl to marry, and as her husband is expected to provide for her, she is disinherited by her parents. A wife without children may be divorced, and it is when there are no male issue of the first marriage that a Chinaman takes a second wife. The Chinese girl is nothing more than a piece of merchandise. She is not consulted about her marriage, and, weak and inexperienced, her lot is cast among strangers. She has to obey everyone, especially her father-in-law and her mother-in-law, and when there are other wives in the household her fate is abject misery.

CORRUPTION IN GERMANY.

Writing in the second number, E. Reybel observes that Germany has always treated with the utmost disdain any cases of corruption that have come to light in France, and he instances the Panama scandals and the Dreyfus affair, which were hailed with joy and exaggerated by a certain section of the German press. It would not be human nature for the Frenchman not to retort on the first occasion, and the writer of the article describes some of the political corruption which, he says, reigns everywhere in Germany. The Reichstag, he says, is the most mediocre of all the great parliaments of Europe. The only party chief capable of dealing with questions of policy is August Bebel, the Socialist leader, and it is to him that Herr von Bülow addresses his replies in the great debates on general policy. But the Chancellor, continues the writer, is no statesman, nor is the *personnel* of the Government superior in any respect to the *personnel* of the Reichstag. In the present instalment the "affairs" of a number of deputies and the administrative scandals connected with the German colonies are treated at considerable length, with a view to showing that Germany, no more than any other country, is the supreme refuge of virtue and honesty.

A MONOPOLY IN HUMAN LIVES.

Mr. E. D. Morel, already well known for his writings on the Congo, contributes to the same number an article entitled "The Tragedy of the Congo," in which he says it is not only a commercial monopoly which King Leopold has established in Africa. The Royal policy is a monopoly in human lives, pursued from motives of financial gain, and accompanied by daily outrages. Mr. Morel, in appealing to France and the Continent of Europe, says the future of all the African tropics is at stake in this question of the Congo, and France as well as England must bear her share of the responsibility for the present and future destiny of the African races.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

The democratic priest, Don Romolo Murri, contributes to the *Nuova Antologia* (January 1st) an instructive discussion of the political possibilities suggested by a Catholic party in the Italian Chamber. Thanks to the recent election of Angelo Mauri, the little militant Catholic group now numbers indeed only three, but it has gained a recruit of much zeal and ability whose voice is likely soon to make itself heard. Don Romolo believes that in the next Chamber the group may possibly number thirty, but he does not anticipate a very brilliant parliamentary career even for that number. Indeed, it is obvious that, priest as he is, the author somewhat regrets this attempt to run a political party on religious lines. Finally, the writer points out, what should be obvious to all, that in a practically Catholic country the existence of a Catholic party has far less *raison d'être*, and consequently far less chance of success, than in a country such as Germany. E. Fabiotti gives an extremely encouraging account of the development of free libraries at Milan, the only city in Italy to organise popular libraries on a practical plan.

The January number of *Emporium* is exceptionally attractive. It opens with an article on Roumanian architecture, both ecclesiastical and domestic, illustrated with delightful photographs. The habitual article on ancient art deals exhaustively with Sodomata's great series of frescoes illustrating the life of St. Benedict in the cloisters of Monte Oliveto.

The crisis in the Church in France naturally attracts considerable attention in the Italian reviews. The Jesuit organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica* (January 5th), as might be expected, condemns the action of the French Government in unmeasured language. The Liberal-Catholic organ, the *Rassegna Nazionale* (January 16th), discusses the subject in a more philosophic temper, but none the less sums up strongly against the action of M. Briand and his colleagues as being directed not against clerical intolerance, but against Christianity itself. As regards the possibility of a similar anti-Christian agitation arising in Italy, the writer, "Irenicus," while admitting that some "fictitious and superficial agitation" has been aroused by the events in France, expresses his conviction that Italy will never let herself be drawn into "a barren and fratricidal war." The same number contains a translation of the main portions of Mgr. Ireland's outspoken address on French affairs, which has excited considerable comment. Don Vercesi contributes a sympathetic sketch of M. Brunetière, dealing mainly with his gradual acceptance of Catholic dogma, until at length he came to be known among his colleagues of the French Academy as "Ferdinand the Catholic." G. Grabinski continues his very able summary of the history of the Oxford movement in England, and much space is also given to questions of Biblical exegesis, the books dealt with being both English, the Rev. F. A. Lacey's "Historic Christ," and the published correspondence that has passed between Dr. C. A. Briggs and Baron F. von Hügel.

The improvement of the preaching in Italy appear to be one of the objects for which the ecclesiastical authorities are at present contending. The *Civiltà Cattolica* (January 5th and 19th) is bringing out a series of somewhat scathing articles on the prevailing vices of modern preachers, with suggestions as to suitable remedies. The general aim is to bring about a return to simpler and more evangelical expositions of divine truth, founded directly on the Gospels, in place of the theatrical and worldly oratory now in vogue.

The first number has now reached us of *Ultra*, a new theosophical magazine which will appear monthly in Rome (6 frs. per ann.). Its aim will be to keep Italians in touch with the highest theosophic thought in other countries, and to oppose materialism in every shape and form, and everything that leads to it. From that point of view it is prepared to grant a certain measure of support to the Catholic Church, and has no sympathy with rationalistic reformers. The review seems to have been started on broad lines, which should ensure its success.

With the New Year there has appeared the first number of the *Vita Femminile Italiana*, the first serious monthly magazine to devote itself to women's interests and women's needs. Its publication is a tangible proof that what our Continental neighbours call Feminism is making real progress in the peninsula. The magazine owes its origin to Sofia Bisi Albini, the gifted editress of the *Revista per le Signorine*, who is much to be congratulated both on the appearance and the contents of her first number. We wish the venture every success. (Foreign subscription, 18 frs. per ann. 4 Corso Umberto I, Rome.)

SCIENCE PROGRESS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

The third number of this excellently-printed quarterly appeared last month. From its title it may be inferred that the contents are intended rather for specialists, or at any rate scientists, than for the general reader. The chief articles deal with "The Economics of University Education," by Sir Arthur Rucker, one of the least technical papers; "The Rusting of Iron"; "Some Aspects of 'Double Fertilisation' in Plants"; and "The Principles of Seed-testing."

REFORM OF MEDICAL CURRICULUM.

The last paper deals with reform of the medical curriculum, which the writer evidently considers one of the most pressing of all reforms in our technical education. Years ago Huxley was troubled about it, but as in England "every reform has to be effected at the point of the bayonet," and no bayonet has yet been used, medical students are still being trained in the way that he deprecated—that is, far too little time is given to chemistry, and examinations are too much relied upon and too much crammed for. The writer comments on the great seriousness of this, since medical men are becoming increasingly important as guardians of public health. The proof of the great dependence placed on examinations, he says, is that so many women and Oriental students take the highest places, as the system exactly suits their acquisitive type of mind.

"FUNGOLOGY."

There is an article also on "Recent Advance in the Study of Fungi." Fungi were once thought of small importance; now, however, "no branch of botany receives more attention." Recent research has not only shown the overwhelming numbers of fungi, fifty thousand forms having already been described and recorded, but has proved certain facts, among others that fungal roots excrete acids, mainly oxalic acid, to a much greater extent than the roots of the higher plants. Even in the well-searched British isles new species of fungi are found every year. Moreover, "fungologically," an immense amount of work still remains to be done. Here, therefore, is a not overworked field for the naturalist.

ESPERANTO.

THE HOBART ESPERANTO CLUB.

This club has been making fairly good progress of late. Mr. Percy R. Meggy, who won Dr. Wolfhagen's prize for learning Esperanto in a week, has been appointed teacher, a class being held every Wednesday afternoon at club rooms, Cook's Chambers, and the pupils are going steadily through O'Connor's text book, which has been found admirable for the purpose. At the request of the club, Miss Ross, a school-teacher, who was second in the Wolfhagen competition, has undertaken to teach a beginners' class on Thursday mornings, and an evening class on alternate Wednesdays for such as cannot attend the class held in the afternoon. Mrs. Harcourt has undertaken the duties of Hon. Secretary, and has displayed marked interest in the work. The "Tasmanian Mail" offered a prize for the best translation of an anonymous poem in Esperanto, dedicated to the "Esperantisto," a paper written in Esperanto, French and German, and the first of its kind to devote itself to the spread of the new auxiliary tongue. The poem appeared in the first number of the "Esperantisto," issued on September 1st, 1889. Mr. Nicholls, Editor of the Hobart "Mercury," acted as judge, and awarded the prize to Mr. Meggy. The poem and translation are appended:—

AL LA "ESPERANTISTO."

En bona hor' ni audis la signalon,
Kaj bataleme saltas nia koro,
Konduku nin, Komencu la batalon,
Sub bona stelo, en felicha Noro.

Amikoj de proksime, mal protesime,
Salutas vin; no nia luma stelo!
Konduku nin senhalte kaj sentime,
Al nia granda, sankta, glora celo.

Ne tu facila estos nia vojo,
Kaj ne malmulte ankau ni suferos,
Sed batalante kun plej granda ghoid,
Senhalte ni laboros kaj esperos.

For estas jam la baroj de l'komenco,
L'unua muro estas trarompita;
Kaj dolche estos nia rekompenco
Kiam la celo estos alvenita.

TO THE "ESPERANTISTO."

(Translation.)

In timely hour we heard the signal sound,
And straightway leaped our hearts with fiery glow;
Lead forth our ranks, select the battle ground,
And may our star bring victory o'er the foe!

Friends far and near salute, and wish you weal;
Bright shines our star athwart the glittering pole;
Lead on with courage and untiring zeal
Towards our holy, great, and glorious goal!

No rosy path will be our future way,
But, full of danger, doubt, and dreadful pain:
Yet joyously we'll enter on the fray,
And fight with ardour till our end we gain.

The first hard battle is already won;
The outward bulwark's shattered by our arms;
And sweet 'twill be when all the fighting's done
To wear the laurel after war's alarms.

PERCY R. MEGGY

ESPERANTO SPECIMEN.

UNU EL LA UTILOJ DE ESPERANTO.

Tute aparte de tio, ke la lingvo Esperanto estao rimedo de internacia komunikighado, ghia logika strukturo faras ghin ankau tre grava ilo por la plibona ekscio de nia propra lingvo kaj por spirita plibonigho pri nia scio de niaj chefaŭtoroj naciaj. Por ricevi tian profiton, la studento traduku tre penseme kaj atente kelke da verkoj de ia einuaklasa aŭtoro. Kia charma surprizo atendas lin! Li eltrovos, se la verkisto estas ia grade profundopensa, ke ghis nun li legadis nur suprajhe, kaj se li volos esperantigi ne nur la vortojn sole de la eminenta aŭtoro sed ankau lian spiritan intencon, li devos zorge pripensadi por eltrovi la signifon de chiu vorto, chiu esprimo kaj chiu aludo de tiu verkisto. Kelkfoje li devas serchi en vortaregoj por trovi la ghustan sencan de ia chiuŭtaga, kutima vorto de *sia propra lingvo* antau ol li povas traduki tiun vorteton lau la vera senco de la aŭtoro. Kaj li miras kaj diras en si mem: "Se mi, naskighinta en tiu chi lando kaj kutiminta je la lingvo de mia infanagho, povas eltrovi tiom da novajhoj kaj diversaj signifoj en la patra lingvo, kia laboro devas ekziste por fremdulo deziranta ellerni la lingvon kaj taksi chiuajn ghiajn delikatajn nuancojn?" Ni eksentas, ke ordinare ni ne *laegadas* lau la plena kaj vera senco de la vorto sed nur flirtas super la paghoj de la libro, kolektante jen tie jen aliloke peceton de mielo el la pensoj de la aŭtoro kaj preterlasante multe da richajhoj eble kun la duona intenco en ia pli oportuna momento molkovri la kashitajhojn de la libro. Se iu dudas pri tui chi dirajho, tiu sin turnu al ia bonega peco de literaturo kun senduba beleco kaj de chiuaj admirata, ekzemple: fraktatoj de De Quincey, Ruskin, au de la Amerikana aŭtoro Emerson, au la poemoj de Milton au Tennyson. Se estas homo de nur ordinara klereco, li kredeble konstatos, ke tiuj vortoj, kiuj charmis lin en lia juneco, eble pro ilia bela ritmo kaj bonsoneco, nun kiamli dejiras ilin esperantigi, prezentas milon da malfacilajhoj, ne tial, char Esperanto estas nekapabla esprimi la signifon sed pro tio, ke, volante difini la sencan, li ekscias, ke unue li devas traduki sian propran lingvon en difinitan signifon al si mem, antau ol li povas pregenti ghin al iu alia.

The weekly meeting of the "Esperanto Klubo, Melbourne," was held as usual, at the "Café Australasian" on Friday, March 8th.

After the election and nominations of new members, the chairman read a letter which he had received from America, which spoke of the Americans holding a conference at Jametown among themselves. The members then broke up into groups for conversation and reading in Esperanto.

Esperanto is making great progress in Victoria. At every club meeting new members are nominated, and great interest is taken outside of the club.

Last week the president of the Melbourne Club, Mr. J. Booth, visited Bendigo, and held an interview with the president and secretary of that club.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

TWO NOTABLE NOVELS: BY AN OLD HAND* AND A NEW BEGINNER.†

When a woman is not a woman, but a fairy masquerading in a woman's body, ought she to be expected to conform to the morality of human beings? Such is the somewhat fantastic theme which, by a curious coincidence, has been treated, each in their own fashion, by two widely dissimilar writers, who, starting from widely different standpoints, arrived at practically the same conclusion. Women who are not women, but fairies, are, according to this doctrine, emancipated from the laws of ordinary morality. They can do as they please. What they please to do is often by no means pleasant for other people even to read about, but although it may occasion them considerable suffering, they are not to be condemned. They act according to the laws of their being. They do what, according to their ethics of a non-human world, is right. Therefore they are held up always to our sympathy, and sometimes to our admiration.

The last months of the old year left stranded upon the sands of Time as the last contribution of 1906 to the instruction and guidance of the succeeding years two notable novels. The first, "Mary," was the latest fruit of the genius of M. Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, the veteran Norwegian. The second, "Periwinkle," is by the youngest *débutante* among the girl-novelists of England. Miss Lily Grant Duff is weighted with the name of a father who achieved distinction in almost every walk in life save that in which his daughter has chosen as her own. Both novels are studies of women, of young and beautiful women, whose conduct is such as to put them outside even the very elastic bounds within which heroines of romance are allowed to indulge their foibles or gratify their passions. "Mary" and "Periwinkle" not merely ignore the restraints of conventional morality; that is a common characteristic of many women in fiction and in real life. What is distinctive about them is that for their misconduct none of the usual extenuating circumstances are pleaded in defence. An altogether novel set of considerations are brought in to excuse, if not to justify, conduct which, whether right or wrong, could not be adopted as a general rule of life by ordinary human beings without bringing human society to general shipwreck. The action of these fairy women is anti-social. They are evil fairies who should be banished with bell, book and candle to the unreal world from which they came.

I.—BJÖRNSON'S "MARY."

Bjørnson is one of the few novelists left who have an international reputation. He has received the Nobel prize for literature, and his novels are translated into nearly all the languages of the earth. He and Tolstoi probably share the first place among the story-tellers of the day, and, as Tolstoi has ceased story-telling in order to devote himself to the rôle of the prophet, Bjørnson may be said to enjoy a solitary pre-eminence in Europe.

His new story, "Mary," has not yet been translated either into French or English. Its appearance has, however, created a hubbub in Scandinavia, which will ensure the novel many readers throughout the world. For Bjørnson, contrary to his wont, has in this new story, "Mary," painted very sympathetically a heroine whose conduct is by no means such as to command general admiration. Bjørnson's heroines have heretofore been exceptionally admirable women. His latest, although invested with all the charm and fascination with which her creator can dower her, acts in a way that scandalises everyone, and, what is worse, does so with the apparent benediction of the author.

MARY'S MORAL CODE.

We are all familiar with the story of a girl who sacrifices herself from her overmastering passion for her lover. It is one of the stock *motifs* of romance. But Mary, although she strays from the path of virtue, does so from no such hackneyed motive as that of irresistible passion. On the contrary, she surrenders deliberately, out of compassion, to her *fiancé*, whom she did not love, but, as the story suggests, out of sheer good-heartedness! And so far from holding up this decision to condemnation and reproach, Bjørnson brings her off with flying colours. Her *fiancé*, whom she is going to marry from motives of ambition, deserts her when the consequences of her "good-hearted" abandonment become apparent. But another lover turns up opportunely, is told the whole story, and then marries her, refusing to blame her because she "did what she believed to be right." It is not surprising that such a heroine with such a moral code should have created considerable commotion among the former admirers of the great Norwegian novelist. I have not yet read the story; but Scandinavian correspondents have sent me some account of its contents, from which it does not seem exactly to make for righteousness.

A STORM OF DENUNCIATION.

On the first appearance of Bjørnson's "Mary" no

* "Mary," by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. Stockholm.

† "Periwinkle," by Lily Grant Duff. John Murray.

words of admiration were too strong to fit her vivid personality. This was surely the bewitching type of the Woman-that-is-to-be—the strong, stately, unfettered mate of Nature's lord of creation. Then came murmurs of disapproval, and suddenly—one scarce knew how—a hurricane of indignation and disgust burst upon her. Björnson's "Mary" was an "immoral character"—a disgrace to the author of her being, and amongst the bitterest of her decriers was Björnson's own old family friend, the ninety-four year old, still hale and hearty, Mrs.



M. Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson and his Wife.

Louise Sjernström ("Karl Blink"), in whose home at Varby Rälla Björnson and his wife have been deeply revered guests.

Meanwhile those who do not profess too deep a disgust for the task are endeavouring to explain away the contradiction that lies between Mary's lofty-mindedness and her fall. Of these is the editress of *Nylænde*. She does not find the task an easy one.

A SPLENDID CREATURE.

Briefly as may be, the history of Mary is as follows:—A splendid patrician creature, beautiful of face and form; all that is noblest and finest in an ancient family has gathered and fixed itself in her. She is high-minded, free-souled, full of energy, and cultured to the finger-tips. Wherever she goes she is the object of admiration, of love, of burning desire. But although all men long to possess her, Mary herself, being not a woman, but a fairy, cares nothing for any of them. This is clearly brought out in a conversation between Frans Røy, who in the end marries her, and an artist friend of his named Alice:—

Alice: "You don't understand Mary Krogh."

Frans: "What?—I do not understand—"

Alice: "No, you do not understand who she is. Have you never realised what a gulf there is between her and the rest of us?"

Frans: "Marie is not conceited, not disdainful—not in the least."

Alice: "No, she is not. There you misunderstand again. We others are mere common human beings, who do not object to be caressed; she dwells in fairyland at a distance, which no one has ever dared to try and lessen by half a yard. It is not pride—it is imagination. She is made that way. If she had not been like that she would long ago have been married. She has had offers enough."

Frans: "Of course she has; but how can one understand all this?"

Alice: "It is easy to understand. She is kind, amiable, everything you like. But she dwells in a fairyland where no human foot must tread. She guards it with the utmost care and tact."

Frans: "Marble, then, and not to be touched?"

Alice: "Certainly, and you have been very slow to grasp this."

A FAULTY UPBRINGING.

Yet this marble, inaccessible fairy goes wrong where mere ordinary flesh-and-blood women would have kept straight. Mary is brought up by her father and aunt. And if one's upbringing may be counted an excuse for one's failings, then surely, says *Nylænde's* editress, Mary's excuse lies here. For the good, noble, but weak Anders Krog, and the shrewd, too clever, international Aunt Dawes, knew nothing of the art of bringing up a child. "Aunt Eva possessed a power of observation that was phenomenal, something also of the sixth sense, but had not wisdom enough to take care of what she had succeeded in getting under her will. When the child's dream-nature woke into luxuriant growth she did all in her power to uproot it—broke in with ruthless hand to destroy."

They are great travellers, the Krogs: Norse, Dutch and Spanish ancestors have left their love of wandering with them. Mary returns from travel, calm, independent. She recognises the faults in her upbringing. Quietly and firmly she deposes those who have ruled her life; casts aside even her Norse name, Marit, a legacy after her mother. Henceforth she is Mary. Now sickness and poverty descend upon the home. Mary's power of work and resource is called into action, and other phases

of her character are revealed also to herself as well as to others. Amongst her many lovers is one who doggedly perseveres—her relative, the young, handsome, elegant lieutenant and gifted tenor-singer, Jørgen Thüs.

MARY AND HER LOVER.

He follows her unseen to the shore, where, after bathing, she had stretched herself on the sand in the hot sun like a Venus flung ashore by the waves. Although "waves of hot blood flooded her with disgust and anger," and she dived out of sight, the revelation of his lawless longing overwhelmed her. For years she had repressed this savage passion. His courtesy, his politeness, his studious self-control, all appeared to her in a new light. They masked the subterranean fire. Thüs then was dangerous. He did not sink—he rather rose in her estimation. He had controlled himself so long—what an evidence of his love! That he had momentarily lost control that day—could she be angry with him for that? Even then she did not love him. Only she was flattered by the restraint he had put on himself, and when her father and foster-mother told her they thought he would be a good match for her, Mary is of the same opinion. Jørgen is called to Stockholm on diplomatic service. The thought of a magnificent career for him and of the brilliant opportunities she would have by his side of making use of all she has in her allures her. She sends for him, and they become engaged. But they both find—especially does he—that they are too poor to marry for a while. They must part again. They are alone. To-morrow he must leave her.

There is a scene between them, in which he loses all control of himself. She escapes, however, and bids him good-night. He goes to bed, and is just making up his mind to wait patiently and contentedly until he was in a position to marry, when the bedroom door, whose hinges she had carefully oiled in anticipation, opens, and Mary, dazzling in her beauty, and in her night-dress, steps across the threshold. "You shall not wait, Jørgen!" she said, and put out the lamp.

HER FALL "DUE TO THE HIGHEST MOTIVES."

All this was done, not from any passion on her part, but from a mingled feeling of compassion and ambition. One was misplaced and the other a miscalculation. For when Mary found herself a prospective mother, she was spurned by her lover. Then she felt she had fallen—"fallen into a lower number." Then she decides that she must die, but die with dignity, as it were—not the vulgar death of a common suicide, but surrounded by the sympathy of all. So she seeks a fatal illness. Then comes her true lover, the chivalrous, strong, somewhat boisterous Frans Røy, and saves her. To him she feels she can tell all, and Frans Røy tells her, as she has all along told herself, that her fall "was

due to the highest motives." And henceforth she feels that all the world may know, and she has done naught to blush for. And so they make a home for themselves in Skogsgaarden, the old family seat, and all ends happily.

A NATIONAL TYPE.

The editress of *Nylaende* tries several ways of explaining how the charming, high-minded fairy Björnson first introduces us to can change into the woman who can fling her maidenly honour at the feet of a man for whom she has no love; but none of these ways does she find satisfactory. Then she seems to find the key in a national trait. "Norwegian girls, it is said," she tells us, "are more easily led astray than others, because they are so good-hearted."

It is the problem in "Mary" which has occupied her pen, but, with Fredrik Vetterlund in *Nordisk Tidsskrift* (No. 7), the editress of *Nylaende* finds the minor features of the book the most charming and the most impressive—little bits of scene-painting that call up the very breath of the salt sea breeze, pathetic little episodes in which Mary's and Jørgen's dogs play the chief part. Neither of these critics, however, remarks upon any indecency in the book, nor appears repulsed by the "lewdness" of Mary. "Undeniably a stately and dazzling personality, fashioned of the stuff of which the Icelandic sagamaidens and Valkyries were made, and out of which Ibsen moulded his more demoniacal Hjørdis and Hedda-Gabler figures and Björnson his earlier and nobler types, Mary, nevertheless," says Fredrik Vetterlund, "leaves the heart untouched." As for the erotic side of her, what man, he asks, has not encountered "Mary" in every woman he has met?—that half-inviting, half-repelling instinct. Mary has some specially Norwegian traits, and also her own individual qualities. Otherwise one meets her everywhere.

But Fredrik Vetterlund still hopes for some masterpiece from Björnson. "No other writer in Norway can reach him to the knees. Young Norway has many talents, but no genius." And more than all, he longs for the return of the lyric Björnson. "For when the master-bard once more touches his harp we shall get from him what he has failed to give us in 'Mary.'"

II.—MISS GRANT DUFF'S "PERIWINKLE."

If critics are puzzled to account for the veteran novelist's glorification of the misconduct of his latest heroine, how can they explain the theme selected for her first novel by Miss Grant Duff? "Mary" is only discerned to be a fairy by her intimate friends. "Periwinkle" is from start to finish a fairy confessed. She was a fairy before she became a woman. And she was a fairy all the time of her incarnation—an elf, a dryad, a sprite: anything but a woman. But, unfortunately, having

been cursed with the burden of a granted prayer, she was fitted with a woman's body. She was born into the world a girl baby. She grew up into womanhood the fairy princess of her father's home. And then—when the tragedy begins—she marries an excellent, commonplace, devoted husband. Fairies should not marry. It is a mundane condition unsuited to their temperament. Periwinkle becomes a mother, and this was worse still. For fairies should not breed with mortals. A sleepy nurse, who administers poison by mistake for medicine, relieves her from her first baby, and affords her an opportunity for an heroic falsehood.

A FAIRY IN A WOMAN'S BODY.

Baby being dead, Periwinkle sees the road clear for deserting her husband. She first of all falls in love with her husband's friend and guest, to whom she frankly tells her love. Passion it is not. Fairies have no passion. As they live on honeyed dew-drops, so they are swayed by more ethereal emotions than those of ordinary mortals. The man she loves returns her affection, but, being an ordinary man, with some sentiment of honour and morality, he conceals his feelings and escapes from her presence. Then being utterly miserable, and feeling like a captive, caged, cribbed, and confined in the silken meshes of her husband's affectionate solicitude for her welfare, she makes up her mind to run off with a desultory, good-for-nothing, good-natured, complacent young man about town, whose happy-go-lucky, tolerant disposition fitted her like an old glove. This proceeding broke her husband's heart, but it made Periwinkle so supremely happy that it is difficult to realise that her conduct is not being held up to the reader as worthy of imitation. The preface tells us: "This little book is not a treatise on morality, and should therefore not be read by persons under twenty-five or over thirty." Nevertheless the net effect of this sympathetic analysis of a fairy's life as a mortal woman is undoubtedly to suggest, if not to inculcate, much of the same doctrine as Björnson imputes to Mary Krogh. He tells us:—

Mary's idea was that married people should be free. They were free individuals, and ought to decide their own destiny—after marriage as well as before. Love alone had rights. If either ceased to love, the other had to resign, and not either to kill or to condemn. Frans Røy proposed playfully that Mary ought to say, "Married people have full liberty to separate, but they dare not use it." Mary said that he ought to say, "Married people ought as a rule to separate. If they have no real reason they ought to invent one."

Periwinkle's way of phrasing it is slightly different. She tells her husband:—

I'm only a self-opinionated little woman thing. But a worm's a worm because God made it a worm, and that's me, Periwinkle. You can't want to live with a woman who doesn't love you. It's too awful to think of, that, and yet I've thought of it night and day for three years. Let's go our ways, Grabain, like the wise people we are. I suppose there's some legal way of doing it!"

FAIRYLAND ETHICS.

She acts up to her principles, and "under all possible remorse or regret, Periwinkle was at last really happy." At first she did not really feel that she loved the man she eloped with. She rather fancied she loved the other man to whom she had made her first declaration of love. Afterwards, when she found that her lover humoured her in everything, and allowed her to do exactly as she pleased, she discovered that she loved him. But it is a strange, unnatural, imaginary and impossible love that is thus generated. Unlimited devotion such as Tommy's to Periwinkle does not, as a rule, engender affection, but the reverse. Periwinkle was supremely selfish. Her only ideal of life was to be free to please herself always and everywhere, and her ideal of conjugal felicity was to have a husband who was so absolutely a creature of her every caprice that he would make no complaint even if she deserted him, betrayed him, or repudiated him at a moment's notice. This kind of fairyland ethics is much too other worldly for human nature's daily food.

THE FINAL CATASTROPHE.

But there is a deeper and darker stain than her elopement with Tommy Buchran. Much may be forgiven to Miss Grant Duff, to whose remarkable talent and extraordinary promise every reader of "Periwinkle" must bear witness. But I confess I find it very difficult to explain, much less to justify, the final degradation of Periwinkle. After heroically struggling against all manner of temptation, poverty and ill-health, why should Periwinkle have surrendered? There is a curious resemblance between the supreme scenes in the two novels. In both, the man—selfish and sensual—has more or less abandoned the immediate pursuit of his prey, when, in both cases, the woman, unsolicited, makes her way into his room at midnight and courts her doom. For Mary there may be alleged some kind of shadowy excuse. She expected to marry the man. She was sorry for him. But Periwinkle had no hope of any future with Sephard. She despised and almost loathed him. But she was miserable, "the torment in her mind filled her with the desire for mere distraction, no matter how to be achieved." And this is how she achieved it. About midnight she toils through the wet, dark night to Sephard's door, and with a look half of mischief, half apology in her eyes, she says to him as he opens it: "I was so depressed and bored. I thought I'd just come round and see if you were still up." So the final smash came, after which Periwinkle crept back to her friends to die.

THE LONGINGS OF AN EXCITABLE MIND.

As a study in emotions by one who is still standing on the threshold of life, there is, as I have pointed out, a curious resemblance between "Periwinkle" and the companion picture by the older hand that has given us "Mary." Miss Grant Duff

seems to feel very keenly the jar and fret of an intensely nervous temperament, and she may argue, not without some justification, that her book is a faithful, and even a terrifying portraiture of the consequences of unrestrained indulgence—not of passion, for fairies know it not—but of the caprices and longings of an excitable and ill-regulated mind. There are, no doubt, "self-opinionated little women" like Periwinkle in this evil world; but it would be better both for the world and the little women themselves if they had never come into it. That, being in it, they would be rendered happy by finding men capable of such absolute self-devotion as Tommy showed to Periwinkle is the one fundamental fallacy of the book.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BOOK—

Of the book as a story, apart from the ethical questions which it raises rather than discusses, it is only just to say that it is a veritable *tour de force*. In Miss Grant Duff we have a writer who is certain to achieve distinction. There is the immaturity and the ferment of youth in "Periwinkle," but there is also originality, individuality, and flashing insight. Amid much that is crude, and some things that are unpleasant, we come from time to time upon sayings that reveal the deeper soul. Here, for instance, is Periwinkle's definition of love: "That which begins with one atom attracting another atom and ends with God dying for the object." The real message of this book, so far as it has a message, is to be found in the following passage:—

I believe that, really, everyone loves everyone, because we are all only detached bits of Love Itself. Circumstances, the limitations of time and space, the why and wherefore of which we don't yet know, make it necessary to keep some of our love unexpressed, while of some of it we ourselves never discover the existence. Ultimately we reach Heaven, where there are no barriers. Yet as long as we are content to live only in the spirit, we can go there at any time.

—AND ITS APPLICATION.

And the practical application of this message is supplied by Periwinkle's explanation to Tommy why she is not jealous of Lady Basilton:—

I think I've cared for too many people not to know that one's love for one never really interferes with one's love for another. If you were to love Lady Basilton, it would mean, I expect, there was some part of you I had failed, probably always would fail, to satisfy. Some part of you that probably hardly existed before you knew her as well as you do now.

There is a great and subtle truth in that observation. We are all congeries of diverse personalities, having for the nonce our body, a temporary tenement of which our physical consciousness is but the *concierge* in the basement. Every now and again the making of a new friend apprises us of one of these other tenants, of whose reality we were but dimly aware, with whom our older friends had not sufficient affinity even to recognise his existence. Miss Grant Duff has before her a future so brilliant as to make it tolerably certain she will one day regret that she made her *début* with so doubtful a book as "Periwinkle."

LEADING BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

- Criticism and the Old Testament. Rev. H. T. Knight... (Stock) net 3/6
 The Influence of Jesus. Phillips Brooks...(Allenson) net 2/6
 Vital Values. Canon Scott Holland ... (Wells, Gardner) 3/6
 The Restitution of All Things. Rev. S. Baring-Gould... (Skeffington) 3/6
 Life's Mystical Links. A. C. Maclaren ... (Simpkin) 3/6
 The Message of Judaism. Rev. Morris Joseph ... (Routledge) net 4/6
 Education and National Progress. Sir Norman Lockyer (Macmillan) net 5/0
 The Public Schools from Within ... (Low) 3/6

HISTORY, POLITICS, TRAVEL, ETC.

- Studies in Biography. Sir Spencer Walpole...(Unwin) net 15/0
 Society in the Country House. T. H. S. Escott ... (Unwin) 16/0
 Mediæval London. Sir W. Besant ... (Black) net 30/0
 Geography in Relation to War. Col. E. S. May ... (Rees) net 2/0
 Commerce in War. L. A. Atherley Jones...(Methuen) net 21/0
 The Life of an Empire. H. Meakin ... (Methuen) net 6/0

SOCIOLOGY.

- London County Council Finance. J. H. Schooling ... (Murray) net 2/6
 The Sanitary Evolution of London. H. Jephson ... (Unwin) net 6/0
 The Manufacture of Paupers. Sir A. Clay and others (Murray) net 2/6

LITERARY BIOGRAPHY, ESSAYS.

- Essays. J. H. Balfour Browne. 2 vols. ... (Longmans) each net 7/6
 The Common Heritage. M. Catharine Albright ... (Headley) net 2/6
 The Philosophy of Goethe's "Faust." T. Davidson ... (Ginn) net 3/0

SCIENCE.

- The Mind and the Brain. A. Binet ... (Paul) 5/0
 The Cosmic Mechanism. Carl Snyder ... (Longmans) net 9/0
 The Evolution of Matter. G. Le Bon ... (Scott) 6/0

POEMS, DRAMAS.

- Pruella. (Drama.) Laurence Housman and H. Granville Barker ... (Bullen) net 3/0
 Sir Walter Raleigh. (Drama.) H. A. A. Cruso ... (Unwin) net 5/0
 The Dawn in Britain. (Poem.) C. M. Doughty. Vols. V., VI. ... (Duckworth) net 9/0

ART, MUSIC.

- Antonio Pollaiuolo. Maud Cruttwell ... (Duckworth) net 7/6
 Perugino. Edward Hutton ... (Duckworth) net 2/0
 Van Dyck. L. Cust ... (Bell) 5/0

NOVELS.

- Appleton, G. W. The Duchess of Pontifex Square ... (Long) 6/0
 Bindloss, H. The Dust of Conflict ... (Long) 6/0
 Burnett, Frances Hodgson. The Dawn of a To-morrow (Warne) net 2/6



IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET.

BY H. G. WELLS.

BOOK THE SECOND—THE GREEN VAPOURS.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

All these vast cities have given way and gone even as my native Potteries and the Black Country have gone; and the lives that were caught, crippled, starved, and maimed amidst their labyrinths, their forgotten and neglected maladjustments, and their vast, inhuman, ill-conceived industrial machinery have escaped—to life. Those cities of growth and accident are altogether gone, never a chimney smokes about our world to-day; and the sound of the weeping of children who toiled and hungered, the dull despair of over-burdened women, the noise of brute quarrels in alleys, all shameful pleasures, and all the ugly grossness of wealthy pride have gone with them, with the utter change in our lives. As I look back into the past I see a vast exultant dust of housebreaking and removal rise up into the clear air that followed the hour of the green vapours, I live again the Year of Tents, the Year of Scaffolding, and like the triumph of a new theme in a piece of music—the great cities of our new days arise. Come, Caerlyon and Armedon, the twin cities of lower England, with the winding summer city of the Thames between; and I see the gaunt dirt of old Edinburgh die to rise again white and tall beneath the shadow of her ancient hill; and Dublin, too, reshaped, returning, enriched, fair, spacious, the city of rich laughter and warm hearts, gleaming gaily in a shaft of sunlight through the soft, warm

rain. I see the great cities America has planned and made; the golden city, with ever ripening fruit along its broad, warm ways, and the bell-glad city of a thousand spires. I see again as I have seen, the city of theatres and meeting places, the City of the Sunlight Bight, and the new city that is still called Utah; and dominated by its observatory dome and the plain and dignified lines of the university façade upon the cliff, the great white winter city of the upland snows. And the lesser places, too, the townships, the quiet resting places, villages half forest with a brawl of streams down their streets, villages laced with avenues of cedar, villages of garden, of roses and wonderful flowers, and the perpetual humming of bees. And through all the world go our children, our sons the old world would have made into servile clerks and shopmen, plough drudges, and servants; our daughters who were erst anæmic drudges, prostitutes, sluts, anxiety-racked mothers, or sere-repining failures; they go about this world glad and brave, learning, living, doing happily and rejoicing, brave and free. I think of them wandering in the clear quiet of the ruins of Rome, of Egypt, of Athens, of their coming to Mainington and its strange happiness, to Orba and the wonder of its white and slender tower. . . . But who can tell of the fulness and pleasure of life; who can number all our new cities in the world?—cities made by the loving hands of men for living men,

cities men weep to enter so fair they are, so gracious and so kind. . . .

Some vision surely of these things must have been vouchsafed me as I sat there behind Mel-

mount's couch, but now my knowledge of accomplished things has mingled with and effaced my expectations. Something indeed I must have foreseen—or else why was my heart so glad?

BOOK THE THIRD—THE NEW WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

LOVE AFTER THE CHANGE.

I.

So far I have said nothing of Nettie. I have departed widely from my individual story. I have tried to give you the effect of the Change in relation to the general framework of human life, its effect of swift, magnificent dawn, of an overpowering letting in and inundation of light, and the spirit of living. In my memory all my life before the Change has the quality of a dark passage, with the dimmest side gleams of beauty that come and go. The rest is dull pain and darkness. Then suddenly the walls, the bitter confines, are smitten and vanish, and I walk, blinded, perplexed, and yet rejoicing, in this sweet, beautiful world, in its fair incessant variety, its satisfaction, its opportunities, exultant in this glorious gift of life. Had I the power of music I would make a world-wide *motif* swell and amplify, gather to itself this theme and that, and rise at last to sheer ecstasy of triumph and rejoicing. It should be all sound, all pride, all the hope of outsetting in the morning brightness, all the glee of unexpected happenings, all the gladness of painful effort suddenly come to its reward; it should be like blossoms newly opened and the happy play of children, like tearful, happy mothers holding their first-born, like cities building to the sound of music, and great ships all hung with flags and wine bespattered, gliding down through cheering multitudes to their first meeting with the sea. Through it all should march Hope, confident Hope, radiant and invincible, until at last it would be the triumph march of Hope the conqueror, coming with trumpeting and banners through the wide-flung gates of the world.

And then out of that luminous haze of gladness comes Nettie, transfigured.

So she came again to me—amazing, a thing incredibly forgotten.

She comes back, and Verrall is in her company. She comes back into my memories now, just as she came back then, rather quaintly at first—at first not seen very clearly, a little distorted by intervening things, seen with a doubt, as I saw her through the slightly discoloured panes of crinkled glass in the window of the Menton post-office and grocer's shop. It was on the second day after the Change, and I had been sending telegrams for Melmount, who was making arrangements for his departure to Downing-street. I saw the two of them at first as small, flawed figures. The glass made them seem curved,

and it enhanced and altered their gestures and paces. I felt it became me to say "Peace" to them, and I went out to the jangling of the door bell. At the sight of me they stopped short, and Verrall cried with the note of one who has sought, "Here he is!" And Nettie cried, "Willie!"

I went towards them, and all the perspectives of my reconstructed universe altered as I did so.

I seemed to see these two for the first time; how fine they were, how graceful and human. It was as though I had never really looked at them before, and, indeed, always before I had beheld them through a mist of selfish passion. They had shared the universal darkness and dwarfing of the former time; they shared the universal exaltation of the new. Now suddenly Nettie, and the love of Nettie, a great passion for Nettie, lived again in me. This Change which had enlarged men's hearts had made no end to love. Indeed, it had enormously enlarged and glorified love. She stepped into the centre of that dream of world reconstruction that filled my mind and took possession of it all. A little wisp of hair had blown across her cheek, her lips fell apart in that sweet smile of hers, her eyes were full of wonder, of a welcoming scrutiny, of an infinitely courageous friendliness.

I took her outstretched hand, and wonder overwhelmed me. "I wanted to kill you," I said simply, trying to grasp that idea. It seemed now like stabbing the stars, or murdering the sunlight.

"Afterwards we looked for you," said Verrall; "and we could not find you. . . . We heard another shot."

I turned my eyes to him, and Nettie's hand fell from me. It was then I thought of how they had fallen together, and what it must have been to have awakened in that dawn with Nettie by one's side. I had a vision of them—as I had glimpsed them last amidst the thickening vapours, close together, hand in hand. The green hawks of the Change spread their darkling wings above their last stumbling paces. So they fell. And awoke—lovers together in a morning of Paradise. Who can tell how bright the sunshine was to them, how fair the flowers, how sweet the singing of the birds? . . .

This was the thought of my heart. But my lips were saying, "When I awoke I threw my pistol away." Sheer blankness kept my thoughts silent for a little while; I said empty things. "I am very glad I did not kill you—that you are here, so fair and well. . . ."

"I am going away back to Clayton on the day

after to-morrow," I said, breaking away to explanations. "I have been writing shorthand here for Melmound, but that is almost over now. . . ."

Neither of them said a word, and though all facts had suddenly ceased to matter anything, I went on informatively, "He is to be taken to Downing-street, where there is a proper staff, so that there will be no need of me. . . . Of course, you're a little perplexed at my being with Melmound. You see, I met him—by accident—directly I recovered. I found him with a broken ankle—in that lane. . . . I am to go now to the Four Towns to help prepare a report. So that I am glad to see you both again"—I found a catch in my voice—"to say good-bye to you, and wish you well."

This was after the quality of what had come into my mind when first I saw them through the grocer's window, but it was not what I felt and thought as I said it. I went on saying it because otherwise there would have been a gap. It had come to me that it was going to be hard to part from Nettie. My words sounded with an effect of unreality. I stopped, and we stood for a moment in silence looking at one another.

It was I, I think, who was discovering most. I was realising for the first time how little the Change had altered in my essential nature. I had forgotten this business of love for a time in a world of wonder. That was all. Nothing was lost from my nature, nothing had gone, only the power of thought and restraint had been wonderfully increased, and new interests had been forced upon me. The Green Vapours had passed, our minds were swept and garnished, but we were ourselves still, though living in a new and finer air. My affinities were unchanged; Nettie's personal charm for me was only quickened by the enhancement of my perceptions. In her presence, meeting her eyes, instantly my desire, no longer frantic but sane, was awake again.

It was just like going to Checkshill in the old time, after writing about Socialism. . . .

I relinquished her hand. It was absurd to part in these terms.

So we all felt it. We hung awkwardly over our sense of that. It was Verrall, I think, who shaped the thought for me, and said that to-morrow then we must meet and say good-bye, and so turned our encounter into a transitory making of arrangements. We settled we would come to the inn at Menton, all three of us, and take our midday meal together. . . .

Yes, it was clear that was all we had to say now. . . .

We parted a little awkwardly. I went on down the village street, not looking back, surprised at myself, and infinitely perplexed. It was as if I had discovered something overlooked that disarranged all my plans, something entirely disconcerting. For the first time I went back preoccupied and without eagerness to Melmound's work. I wanted to go on thinking about Nettie; my mind had suddenly be-

come voluminously productive concerning her and Verrall.

II.

The talk we three had together in the dawn of the new time is very strongly impressed upon my memory. There was something fresh and simple about it, something young and flushed and exalted. We took up, we handled with a certain naive timidity, the most difficult questions the Change had raised for men to solve. I recall we made little of them. All the old scheme of human life had dissolved and passed away, the narrow competitiveness, the greed and base aggression, the jealous aloofness of soul from soul. Where had it left us? That was what we and a thousand million others were discussing. . . .

It chanced that this last meeting with Nettie is inseparably associated—I don't know why—with the landlady of the Menton inn.

The Menton inn was one of the rare pleasant corners of the old order; it was an inn of an unusual prosperity, much frequented by visitors from Shap-hambury, and given to the serving of lunches and teas. It had a broad mossy bowling-green, and round about it were creeper-covered arbours amidst beds of snapdragon, and hollyhock, and blue delphinium, and many such tall familiar summer flowers. These stood out against a background of laurels and holly, and above these again rose the gables of the inn and its signpost—a white-horsed George slaying the dragon—against copper beeches under the sky.

While I waited for Nettie and Verrall in this agreeable trysting-place, I talked to the landlady—a broad-shouldered, smiling, freckled woman—about the morning of the Change. That motherly, abundant, red-haired figure of health was buoyantly sure that everything in the world was now to be changed for the better. That confidence, and something in her voice, made me love her as I talked to her. "Now we're awake," she said, "all sorts of things will be put right that hadn't any sense in them. Why? Oh! I'm sure of it."

Her kind blue eyes met mine in an infinitude of friendliness. Her lips in her pauses shaped in a pretty faint smile.

Old tradition was strong in us; all English inns in those days charged the unexpected, and I asked what our lunch was to cost.

"Pay or not," she said, "and what you like. It's holiday these days. I suppose we'll still have paying and charging, however we manage it, but it won't be the worry it has been—that I feel sure. It's the part I never had a fancy for. Many a time I peeped through the bushes worrying to think what was just and right to me and mine, and what would send 'em away satisfied. It isn't the money I care for. There'll be mighty changes, be sure of that; but here I'll stay, and make people happy—them that

go by on the roads. It's a pleasant place here when people are merry; it's only when they're jealous, or mean, or tired, or eat up beyond any stomach's digesting, or when they got the drink in 'em that Satan comes into this garden. Many's the happy face I've seen here, and many that come again like friends, but nothing to equal what's going to be, now things are being set right."

She smiled, that bounteous woman, with the joy of life and hope. "You shall have an omelette," she said. "you and your friends: such an omelette—like they'll have 'em in heaven! I feel there's cooking in me these days like I've never cooked before. I'm rejoiced to have it to do. . . ."

It was just then that Nettie and Verrall appeared under a rustic archway of crimson roses that led out from the inn. Nettie wore white and a sun-hat, and Verrall was a figure of grey. "Here are my friends," I said; but for all the magic of the Change, something passed athwart the sunlight in my soul like the passing of the shadow of a cloud. "A pretty couple," said the landlady, as they crossed the velvet green towards us. . . .

They were indeed a pretty couple, but that did not greatly gladden me. No—I winced a little at that.

III.

This old newspaper, this first reissue of the New Paper, desiccated last relic of a vanished age, is like the little piece of identification the superstitious of the old days—those queer religionists who brought a certain black-clad Mrs. Piper to the help of Christ—used to put into the hand of a clairvoyant. At the crisp touch of it I look across a gulf of fifty years and see again the three of us sitting about that table in the arbour, and I smell again the smell of the sweet-briar that filled the air about us, and hear in our long pauses the abundant murmuring of bees among the heliotrope of the borders.

It is the dawn of the new time, but we bear, all three of us, the marks and liveries of the old.

I see myself, a dark, ill-dressed youth, with the bruise Lord Redcar gave me still blue and yellow beneath my jaw; and young Verrall sits cornerwise to me, better grown, better dressed, fair and quiet, two years my senior indeed, but looking no older than I because of his light complexion; and opposite me is Nettie, with dark eyes upon my face, graver and more beautiful than I had ever seen her in the former time. Her dress is still that white one she had worn when I came upon her in the park, and still about her dainty neck she wears her string of pearls and that little coin of gold. She is so much the same, she is so changed; a girl then and now a woman—and all my agony and all the marvel of the Change between! Over the end of the green table about which we sit, a spotless cloth is spread, it bears a pleasant lunch spread out with a simple equipage. Behind me is the

liberal sunshine of the green and various garden. I see it all. Again I sit there, eating awkwardly, this paper lies upon the table and Verrall talks of the Change.

"You can't imagine," he says in his sure, fine accents, "how much the Change has destroyed of me. I still don't feel awake. Men of my sort are so tremendously *made*; I never suspected it before."

He leans over the table towards me with an evident desire to make himself perfectly understood. "I find myself like some creature that is taken out of its shell—soft and new. I was trained to dress in a certain way, to behave in a certain way, to think in a certain way; I see now it's all wrong and narrow—most of it anyhow—a system of class shibboleths. We were decent to each other in order to be a gang to the rest of the world. Gentlemen indeed! But it's perplexing——"

I can hear his voice saying that now, and see the lift of his eyebrows and his pleasant smile.

He paused. He had wanted to say that, but it was not the thing we had to say.

I leant forward a little and took hold of my glass very tightly. "You two," I said, "will marry?"

They looked at one another.

Nettie spoke very softly. "I did not mean to marry when I came away," she said.

"I know," I answered. I looked up with a sense of effort and met Verrall's eyes.

He answered me. "I think we two have joined our lives. . . . But the thing that took us was a sort of madness."

I nodded. "All passion," I said, "is madness." Then I fell into a doubting of those words.

"Why did we do these things?" he said, turning to her suddenly.

Her hands were clasped under her chin, her eyes downcast.

"We *had* to," she said, with her old trick of inadequate expression.

Then she seemed to open out suddenly.

"Willie," she cried with a sudden directness, with her eyes appealing to me, "I didn't mean to treat you badly—indeed I didn't. I kept thinking of you—and of father and mother, all the time. Only it didn't seem to move me. It didn't move me not one bit from the way I had chosen."

"Chosen!" I said.

"Something seemed to have hold of me," she admitted. "It's all so unaccountable. . . ."

She gave a little gesture of despair.

Verrall's fingers played on the cloth for a space. Then he turned his face to me again.

"Something said 'Take her.' Everything. It was a raging desire—for her. I don't know. Everything contributed to that—or counted for nothing. You——"

"Go on," said I.

"When I knew of you——"

"I looked at Nettie. "You never told him about me?" I said, feeling, as it were, a sting out of the old time.

Verrall answered for her. "No. But things dropped; I saw you that night, my instincts were all awake. I knew it was you."

"You triumphed over me? . . . If I could I would have triumphed over you," I said. "But go on!"

"Everything conspired to make it the finest thing in life. It had an air of generous recklessness. It meant mischief, it might mean failure in that life of politics and affairs, for which I was trained, which it was my honour to follow. That made it all the finer. It meant ruin or misery for Nettie. That made it all the finer. No sane or decent man would have approved of what we did. That made it more splendid than ever. I had all the advantages of position and used them basely. That mattered not at all."

"Yes," I said; "it is true. And the same dark wave that lifted you, swept me on to follow. With that revolver—and blubbing with hate. And the word to you, Nettie, what was it? 'Give'? Hurl yourself down the steep."

Nettie's hands fell upon the table. "I can't tell what it was," she said, speaking bare-hearted straight to me. "Girls aren't trained as men are trained to look into their minds. I can't see it yet. All sorts of mean little motives were there—over and above the 'must.' Mean motives. I kept thinking of his clothes." She smiled—a flash of brightness at Verrall. "I kept thinking of being like a lady and sitting in an hotel—with men like butlers waiting. It's the dreadful truth, Willie. Things as mean as that! Things meaner than that!"

I can see her now pleading with me, speaking with a frankness as bright and amazing as the dawn of the first great morning.

"It wasn't all mean," I said slowly, after a pause.

"No!" They spoke together.

"But a woman chooses more than a man does," Nettie added. "I saw it all in little bright pictures. Do you know—that jacket—there's something— You won't mind my telling you? But you won't now!"

I nodded, "No."

She spoke as if she spoke to my soul, very quietly and very earnestly, seeking to give the truth. "Something cottony in that cloth of yours," she said. "I know there's something horrible in being swung round by things like that, but they did swing me round. In the old time—to have confessed that! And I hated Clayton—and the grime of it. That kitchen! Your mother's dreadful kitchen! And besides, Willie, I was afraid of you. I didn't understand you and I did him. It's different now

—but then I knew what he meant. And there was his voice."

"Yes," I said to Verrall, making these discoveries quietly, "yes, Verrall, you have a good voice. Queer I never thought of that before."

We sat silently for a time before our vivisectioned passions.

"Gods!" I cried, "and there was our poor little top-hamper of intelligence on all these waves of instinct and wordless desire, these foaming things of touch and sight and feeling, like—like a coop of hens washed overboard and clucking amidst the seas."

Verrall laughed approval of the image I had struck out. "A week ago," he said trying it further, "we were clinging to our chicken coops and going with the heave and pour. That was true enough a week ago. But to-day—?"

"To-day," I said, "the wind has fallen. The world storm is over. And each chicken coop has changed by a miracle to a vessel that makes head against the sea."

IV.

"What are we to do?" asked Verrall.

Nettie drew a deep crimson carnation from the bowl before us, and began very neatly and deliberately to turn down the sepals of its calyx and remove, one by one, its petals. I remember that went on through all our talk. She put those ragged crimson shreds in a long row and adjusted them and readjusted them. When at last I was alone with these vestiges the pattern was still incomplete.

"Well," said I, "the matter seems fairly simple. You two"—I swallowed it—"love one another."

I paused. They answered me by silence, by a thoughtful silence.

"You belong to each other. I have thought it over and looked at it from many points of view. I happened to want—impossible things. . . . I behaved badly. I had no right to pursue you." I turned to Verrall. "You hold yourself bound to her?"

He nodded assent.

"No social influence, no fading out of all this generous clearness in the air—for that might happen—will change you back. . . . ?"

He answered me with honest eyes meeting mine, "No, Leadford, no!"

"I did not know you," I said. "I thought of you as something very different from this."

"I was," he interpolated.

"Now," I said, "it is all changed."

Then I halted—for my thread had slipped away from me.

"As for me," I went on, and glanced at Nettie's downcast face, and then sat forward with my eyes upon the flowers between us, "since I am swayed and shall be swayed by an affection for Nettie, since that affection is rich with the seeds of desire, since to see her yours and wholly yours is not to

be endured by me—I must turn about and go from you; you must avoid me and I you. . . . We must divide the world like Jacob and Esau. . . . I must direct myself with all the will I have to other things. After all—this passion is not life! It is perhaps for brutes and savages, but for men—no! We must part and I must forget. What else is there but that?"

I did not look up. I sat very tense with the red petals printing an indelible memory in my brain, but I felt the assent of Verrall's pose. There were some moments of silence. Then Nettie spoke. "But—" she said, and ceased.

I waited for a little while. I sighed and leant back in my chair. "It is perfectly simple," I smiled, "now that we have cool heads."

"But *is* it simple?" asked Nettie, and slashed my discourse out of being.

I looked up and found her with her eyes on Verrall. "You see," she said, "I like Willie. It's hard to say what one feels—but I don't want him to go away like that."

"But then," objected Verrall, "how——?"

"No," said Nettie, and swept her half-arranged carnation petals back into a heap of confusion. She began to arrange them very quickly into one long straight line.

"It's so difficult— I've never before in all my life tried to get to the bottom of my mind. For one thing, I've not treated Willie properly. He— he counted on me. I know he did. I was his hope. I was a promised delight—something, something to crown life—better than anything he had ever had. And a secret pride. . . . He lived upon me. I knew—when we two began to meet together, you and I—— It was a sort of treachery to him——"

"Treachery!" I said. "You were only feeling your way through all these perplexities."

"You thought it treachery."

"I don't now."

"I did. In a sense I think so still. For you had need of me."

I made a slight protest at this doctrine and fell thinking.

"And even when he was trying to kill us," she said to her lover. "I felt for him down in the bottom of my mind. I can understand all the horrible things, the humiliation—the humiliation! he went through."

"Yes," I said, "but I don't see——"

"I don't see. I'm only trying to see. But you know, Willie, you are a part of my life. I have known you longer than I have known Edward. I know you better. Indeed I know you with all my heart. You think all your talk was thrown away upon me, that I never understood that side of you, or your ambitions or anything. I did. More than I thought at the time. Now—now it is all clear to me. What I had to understand in you was something deeper than Edward brought me. I have

it now. . . . You are a part of my life, and I don't want to cut all that off from me now I have comprehended it, and throw it away."

"But you love Verrall."

"Love is such a queer thing! . . . Is there one love? I mean, only one love?" She turned to Verrall. "I know I love you. I can speak out about that now. Before this morning I couldn't have done. It's just as though my mind had got out of a scented prison. But what is it, this love for you? It's a mass of fancies—things about you—ways you look, ways you have. It's the senses—and the senses of certain beauties. Flattery, too, things you said, hopes and deceptions for myself. And all that had rolled up together and taken to itself the wild help of those deep emotions that slumbered in my body; it seemed everything. But it wasn't. How can I describe it. It was like having a very bright lamp with a thick shade—everything else in the room was hidden. But you take the shade off and there they are—it is the same light—still there! Only it lights every one!"

Her voice ceased. For awhile no one spoke, and Nettie, with a quick movement, swept the petals into the shape of a pyramid.

Figures of speech always distract me, and it ran through my mind like some puzzling refrain, "It is still the same light. . . ."

"No woman believes these things," she asserted abruptly.

"What things?"

"No woman ever has believed them."

"You have to choose a man," said Verrall, apprehending her before I did.

"We're brought up to that. We're told—it's in books, in stories, in the way people look, in the way they behave—one day there will come a man. He will be everything, no one else will be anything. Leave everything else; live in him."

"And a man, too, is taught that of some women," said Verrall.

"Only men don't believe it! They have more obstinate minds. . . . Men have never behaved as though they believed it. One need not be old to know that. By nature they don't believe it. But a woman believes nothing by nature. She goes into a mould hiding her secret thoughts almost from herself."

"She used to," I said.

"You haven't," said Verrall, "anyhow."

"I've come out. It's this comet. And Willie. And because I never really believed in the mould at all—even if I thought I did. It's stupid to send Willie off—shamed, cast out, never to see him again—when I like him as much as I do. It is cruel, it is wicked and ugly, to prance over him as if he were a defeated enemy, and pretend I'm going to be happy just the same. There's no sense in a rule of life that prescribes that. It's selfish. It's brutish. It's like something that has no sense.

"I—!" there was a sob in her voice; "Willie! I won't."

I sat lowering, I mused with my eyes upon her quick fingers.

"It is brutish," I said at last, with a careful unemotional deliberation. "Nevertheless—it is in the nature of things. . . . No! . . . You see, after all, we are still half brutes, Nettie. And men, as you say, are more obstinate than women. The comet hasn't altered that; it's only made it clearer. We have come into being through a tumult of blind forces. . . . I come back to what I said just now; we have found our poor reasonable minds, our wills to live well, ourselves, adrift on a wash of instincts, passions, instinctive prejudices, half animal stupidities. . . . Here we are like people clinging to something—like people awakening—upon a raft."

"We come back at last to my question," said Verrall, softly: "what are we to do?"

"Part," I said. "You see, Nettie, these bodies of ours are not the bodies of angels. They are the same bodies—. I have read somewhere that in our bodies you can find evidence of the lowliest ancestry; that about our inward ears—I think it is—and about our teeth, there remains still something of the fish, that there are bones that recall little—what is it?—marsupial forebears—and a hundred traces of the ape. Even your beautiful body, Nettie, carries this taint. No! Hear me out." I leant forward earnestly. "Our emotions, our passions, our desires, the substance of them, like the substance of our bodies, is an animal, a competing thing, as well as a desiring thing. You speak to us now a mind to minds—one can do that when one has had exercise and when one has eaten, when one is not doing anything—but when one turns to live, one turns again to matter."

"Yes," said Nettie, slowly following me, "but you control it."

"Only through a measure of obedience. There is no magic in the business—to conquer matter, we must divide the enemy, and take matter as an ally. Nowadays it is indeed true, by faith a man can remove mountains; he can say to a mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; but he does it because he helps and trusts his brother men, because he has the wit and patience and courage to win over to his side iron, steel, obedience, dynamite, cranes, trucks, the money of other people. . . . To conquer my desire for you, I must not perpetually thwart it by your presence; I must go away so that I may not see you, I must take up other interests, thrust myself into struggles and discussions—"

"And forget?" said Nettie.

"Not forget," I said; "but anyhow—cease to brood upon you."

She hung on that for some moments.

"No," she said, demolished her last pattern and looked up at Verrall as he stirred.

Verrall leant forward on the table, elbows upon it, and the fingers of his two hands intertwined.

"You know," he said, "I haven't thought much of these things. At school and the university, one doesn't. . . . It was part of the system to prevent it. They'll alter all that, no doubt. We seem"—he thought—"to be skating about over questions that one came to at last in Greek—with variorum readings—in Plato, but which it never occurred to any one to translate out of a dead language into living realities. . . ." He halted and answered some unspoken question from his own mind with, "No. I think with Leadford, Nettie, that, as he put it, it is in the nature of things for men to be exclusive. . . . Minds are free things and go about the world, but only one man can possess a woman. You must dismiss rivals. We are made for the struggle for existence—we are the struggle for existence; the things that live are the struggle for existence incarnate—and that works out that the men struggle for their mates; for each woman one prevails. The others go away."

"Like animals," said Nettie.

"Yes. . . ."

"There are many things in life," I said, "but that is the rough universal truth."

"But," said Nettie, "you don't struggle. That has been altered because men have minds."

"You choose," I said.

"If I don't choose to choose?"

"You have chosen."

She gave a little impatient "Oh! Why are women always the slaves of sex? Is this great age of Reason and Light that has come to alter nothing of that? And men too! I think it is all—stupid. I do not believe this is the right solution of the thing, or anything but the bad habits of the time that was. . . . Instinct! You don't let your instincts rule you in a lot of other things. Here am I between you. Here is Edward. I—love him because he is gay and pleasant, and because—because I like him! Here is Willie—a part of me—my first secret, my oldest friend! Why must I not have both? Am I not a mind that you must think of me as nothing but a woman? imagine me always as a thing to struggle for?" She paused; then she made her distressful proposition to me. "Let us three keep together," she said. "Let us not part. To part is hate, Willie. Why should we not anyhow keep friends? Meet and talk?"

"Talk?" I said. "About this sort of thing?"

I looked across at Verrall and met his eyes, and we studied one another. It was the clean, straight scrutiny of honest antagonism. "No," I decided.

"Between us, nothing of that sort can be."

"Ever?" said Nettie.

"Never," I said, convinced.

I made an effort within myself. "We cannot

tamper with the law and custom of these things," I said; "these passions are too close to one's essential self. Better surgery than a lingering disease! From Nettie my love—asks all. A man's love is not devotion—it is a demand, a challenge. And besides"—and here I forced my theme—"I have given my self now to a new mistress—and it is I, Nettie, who am unfaithful. Behind you and above you rises the coming City of the World, and I am in that building. Dear heart! you are only happiness—and that— Indeed that calls! If it is only that my life blood shall christen the foundation stones—I could almost hope that should be my part, Nettie—I will join myself in that." I threw all the conviction I could into these words. . . . "No conflict of passion," I added a little lamely, "must distract me."

There was a pause.

"Then we must part," said Nettie, with the eyes of a woman one strikes in the face.

I nodded assent. . . .

There was a little pause, and then I stood up. We stood up, all three. We parted almost sullenly, with no more memorable words, and I was left presently in the arbour alone.

I do not think I watched them go. I only remember myself left there somehow—horribly empty and alone. I sat down again and fell into a deep shapeless musing.

V.

Suddenly I looked up. Nettie had come back and stood looking down at me.

"Since we talked I have been thinking," she said. "Edward has let me come to you alone. And I feel perhaps I can talk better to you alone."

I said nothing and that embarrassed her.

"I don't think we ought to part," she said.

"No—I don't think we ought to part," she repeated.

"One lives," she said, "in different ways. I wonder if you will understand what I am saying, Willie. It is hard to say what I feel. But I want it said. If we are to part for ever I want it said—very plainly. Always before I have had the woman's instinct and the woman's training which makes one hide. But — Edward is not all of me. Think of what I am saying—Edward is not all of me. . . I wish I could tell you better how I see it. I am not

all of myself. You, at any rate, are a part of me and I cannot bear to leave you. And I cannot see why I should leave you. There is a sort of blood link between us, Willie. We grew together. We are in one another's bones. I understand you. Now, indeed, I understand. In some way I have come to an understanding at a stride. Indeed, I understand you and your dream. I want to help you. Edward—Edward has no dreams. . . . It is dreadful to me, Willie, to think we two are to part."

"But we have settled that—part we must."

"But *why*?"

"I love you."

"Well, and why should I hide it, Willie?—I love you. . . ." Our eyes met. She flushed, she went on resolutely: "You are stupid. The whole thing is stupid. I love you both."

I said, "You do not understand what you say. No!"

"You mean that I must go."

"Yes, yes. Go!"

For a moment we looked at one another, mute, as though deep down in the unfathomable darkness below the surface and present reality of things dumb meanings strove to be. She made to speak and desisted.

"But *must* I go?" she said at last, with quivering lips, and the tears in her eyes were stars. Then she began, "Willie——"

"Go!" I interrupted her. . . . "Yes."

Then again we were still.

She stood there, a tearful figure of pity, longing for me, pitying me. Something of that wider love, that will carry our descendants at last out of all the limits, the hard, clear obligations of our personal life, moved us, like the first breath of a coming wind out of heaven that stirs and passes away. I had an impulse to take her hand and kiss it, and then a trembling came to me, and I knew that if I touched her, my strength would all pass from me. . . .

And so, standing at a distance one from the other, we parted, and Nellie went, reluctant and looking back, with the man she had chosen, to the lot she had chosen, out of my life—like the sunlight of my life. . . .

Then, you know, I suppose I folded up this newspaper and put it in my pocket. But my memory of that meeting ends with the face of Nettie turning to go.

(To be continued.)



INSURANCE NOTES.

The report and balance-sheet of the Citizens' Life Assurance Company Ltd., for the year 1906, shows that an excellent year has been passed through. New policies were issued for £1,040,704 in the Ordinary branch, producing a new annual premium income of £36,608. The total receipts of this branch for the year were £278,714, against a total of £255,129 in 1905 and £239,819 in 1904. This satisfactory progress is accompanied by a substantial reduction in expenses. For the current year it is claimed that the branch will be conducted at an expense rate of 10 per cent. of the premiums' income, the lowest in Australasia. An addition of £181,184 was made to the funds of the branch for the year, which now stand at £1,239,757. The total income of the Industrial branch for the year amounted to £205,909, and an addition to the funds was made of £83,053, raising them to £542,852. The expense ratio of this branch was 38.6 per cent. of the premium income, being 5.4 per cent. less than the rate for the previous year, and is a world's record. The great Prudential of London last year worked at 39.9 per cent. of its premiums' income. The total funds of the company at the close of the year were £1,802,690, the increase for the year being £264,237, the largest yet recorded. The average rate of interest earned was £4 8s. 3d., and a gratifying feature is that again there is not a penny of interest due outstanding. The valuation was made on a 3 per cent. basis for all policies issued up to December 31st, 1905. For those after that date a 2½ per cent. basis was adopted, and the Citizens' Life are the first in the world to employ so low a valuation. The effect of this is that the reserves are on a considerably larger scale, and its possibility of paying higher bonuses in the future is increased. There remained a surplus of £50,384 on the year's transactions, and reversionary bonuses for the year were declared from £3 to £1 5s. per £100 assured, according to the age of the policy. The management are to be congratulated on the success of the company's operations, and particularly on the exceedingly strong position they have brought the company to.

A fire which nearly produced serious results broke out on the 22nd ult. in the Queensland exhibit at the Australian Natives' Association Exhibition, Melbourne. The exhibit was one of the most attractive at the Exhibition and was covered with cotton wool and kapok decorations. The outbreak occurred about 11 in the morning, when only attendants were about, and it is presumed was caused by some person smoking near the exhibit. The flames rapidly mounted up the stands, which were very high, and the ceiling of the Exhibition Building began to scorch. The attendants brought hoses to bear on the flames, and the fire brigade was soon on the scene, when the outbreak was extinguished, being confined almost entirely to the Queensland Court, which was ruined. The Exhibition Building and contents are insured for £39,030, and it is extremely fortunate that timely aid was available before the buildings themselves took fire.

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ROYAL BANK CHAMBERS, MELBOURNE.

Another casualty has been added to the long list of Australian bound ships burnt at sea of late. News has been received that the iron barque "Carnarvon Castle," on her voyage from Liverpool to Melbourne, was burned at sea in the Indian Ocean on January 31st. The vessel had a full general cargo, and the fire was discovered amidships. The crew were unable

to master the flames, and the vessel was abandoned to its fate. The captain and crew put off in two boats, and sail was set for Cape Leenwin, West Australia, 1100 miles off, and port was safely made, two of the crew dying on the journey. The vessel was formerly known as the "Red Rock," and on one occasion was "posted as missing" at Lloyds, being over 100 days out on her voyage from Townsville to New Caledonia. The underwriters were in the act of making settlements when, to their astonishment, the vessel arrived at her destination all well.

The settlement by the British offices over the San Francisco conflagration are practically completed, and total over £12,000,000 sterling. The settlement is a monument to the stability of British companies, the heaviest shock they had ever known having been met without the slightest default. The value of shares in the various companies has shown a substantial shrinkage, but will probably recover their former position in due course.

An alarm of fire was raised on board the A.U.S.N. Co.'s s.s. "Kanowna" a few minutes prior to her casting off from Queen's Wharf, Melbourne, on the 2nd inst. The vessel had a large number of passengers on board and a full cargo. It was found that the fore hold was on fire, and burning fiercely. Passengers were hurried off the steamer, and the ship's hoses brought to play, and in a few minutes the brigade was on the scene. An enormous quantity of water was poured into the hold, but it seemed to have little effect. The services of the tug "Eagle" were then requisitioned, but it was some four hours after the outbreak was discovered before her pumps got to work. The "Eagle" pumped water from the river into the hold at the rate of 6000 gallons to the minute, and in an hour's time the fire was extinguished. An examination showed that a lot of cargo had been destroyed by fire and water. This was discharged, and the vessel itself was found to be uninjured.

A serious fire occurred on the 1st inst. in the bonded store situate at the corner of Little Collins and King streets, Melbourne, known as Western "A." The store was packed with goods of a highly inflammable nature, principally spirits. The fire burned with great fury, and it was nearly two hours before the flames were quelled. The contents of the building were very severely damaged, and the loss is estimated at £10,000. The building was severely damaged also, but the fire was confined to the one store, the adjoining building, known as Western Bond "B," being unharmed.

The British Parliament recently passed an amending Workmen's Compensation Act, which throws heavy liabilities on employers for accidents happening to their employés. The question has been raised whether the Government could not undertake the insuring of the employers against their liability, and a committee has been appointed to inquire into the practicability and desirability of the Post Office providing facilities in connection with the Savings Bank to insure employers.

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